THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Valentine by James Jones

Alexander Haig, Jr. Exclusive Interview

NORMAN ROCKWELL

In Loving Memory

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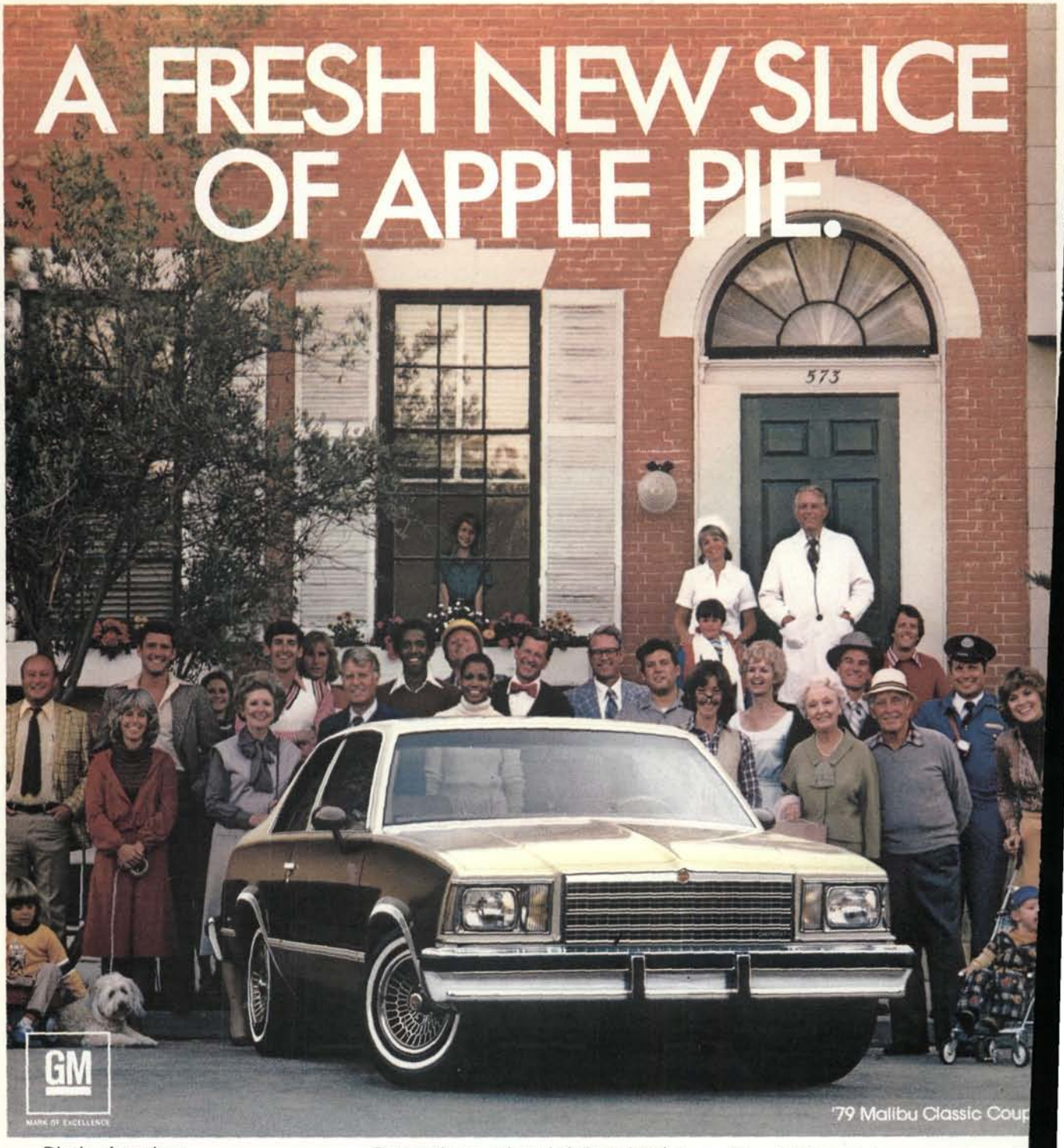
A FRESH NEW SLICE OF APPLE PIE.



Dig in, America.
Dig in deep.

Because the deeper you dig, the more you're going to love this crisp new mid-size Malibu of ours.

A lot of folks are finding Malibu to be just the right size—with just the right room, the right look, the right feel, the right ingredients, the right name.

The right ingredients.

Malibu's beautiful Body by Fisher sits on a tough full-perimeter frame, with 14 noise-absorbing body mounts, front stabilizer bar, and Full Coil suspension for a smooth and quiet ride.

Front disc brakes, fiberglass-belted radial ply tires, full carpeting, extensive corrosion-resisting treatments, High Energy Ignition system and a Delco Freedom battery that never needs refilling are all standard.

The right name.

The fact that Malibu is a Ch makes it all the more appealing a lot of people. People who've owned Chevys over the years ar know the kind of value we build into all our cars.

Talk to your Chevrolet deale soon about buying or leasing a crisp new '79 Malibu.

You're going to eat it up.

'79 CHEVY MALIBU

Chevrolet

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When your doctor treats your child

OPYRIGHT 1943, THE UPJOHN COMPANY

This advertisement was one of a series sponsored by The Upjohn Company more than a generation ago. It seemed to us then, as it does now, that Norman Rockwell could uniquely capture on canvas the importance of good health and the dynamics of health practices in American life. Norman Rockwell is gone now, but his illustrations live on to remind us of the richness of our American experience.

Upjohn

Your doctor diagnoses and treats illness in his little patients quite differently than in adults. For children present medical problems all their own—a subject which constituted an important part of his medical studies and training.

Since small children are unable to describe their illness, your physician diagnoses it by studying his patient's behavior, as well as by the physical signs of the disease. Recognizing such behavior and interpreting its meaning are as much a part of his professional knowledge as knowing how to guard against complications—complications which can make the consequences of disease a more serious matter in children than in grownups by interfering with normal growth and development. Similarly, he knows how children differ from adults in their reactions to the medicines he prescribes, and how those reactions differ at various ages.

It is because only your doctor is qualified to determine the special medical care which children need that you should consult him whenever you are concerned about your child's health.

Upjohn
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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THE UPJOHN COMPANY

★ FINE PHARMACEUTICALS SINCE 1886 ★ ★

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CO.,
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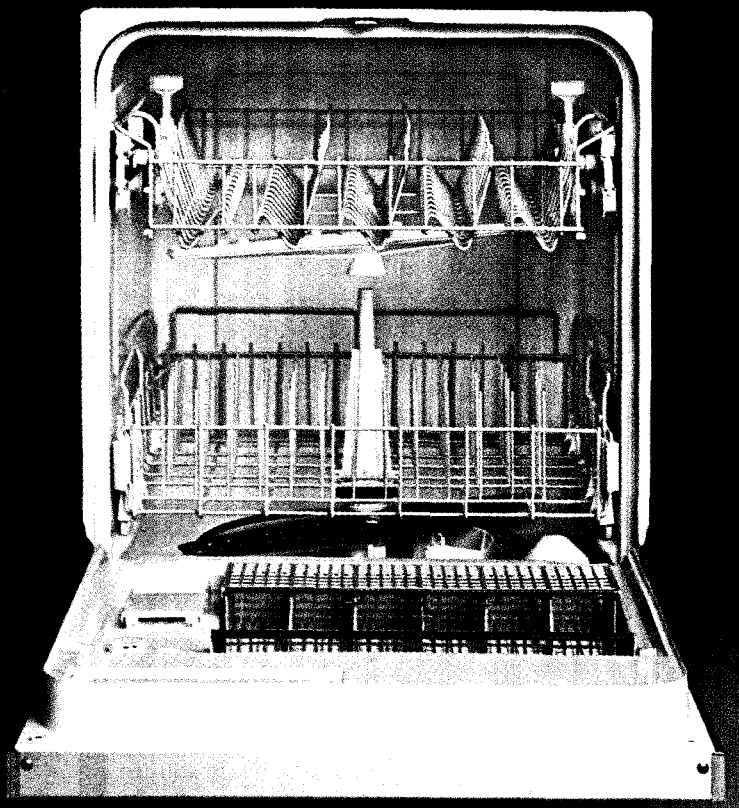
More than a promise.



At Whirlpool, we begin with a promise. A promise that the Whirlpool appliance you buy will be built to a standard of quality that meets your expectations as well as ours.

Of course, promises of quality are easy to make. Proof of that quality takes a little more time.

Our dishwasher, for example. We designed it to clean dishes, of course. But we wanted it to do even more.

So we included a top rack that tilts easily to accommodate unusual loads.

We built the silverware and cutlery baskets in the door. It makes loading easy and helps keep sharp cutlery out of your way.

We included sound insulation so our dishwasher runs quietly. And we installed an energy saving switch that allows you to air dry your dishes.

We also designed a Super Scour cycle that will handle the drudgery of pots, pans and casseroles for you.

Then of course, we developed several programs and services to help our customers long after the sale is made.

We do this because at Whirlpool, we believe a promise is only a beginning.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Quality. Our way of life.

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INTRODUCTION

An artist has exited the American scene quietly and with dignity, exactly as he lived. The writers and the pundits who decide for history why it is we do what we do have labored mightily to explain why we Americans so treasure the things Norman Rockwell gave us. It's nostalgia, they said, a nation painted as we wished it were, too accurate in detail and hopelessly optimistic. Rockwell was a kindly man, they acknowledged, but certainly not a historian.

Many of Rockwell's paintings were filled with pathos. In Breaking Home Ties *the father and the collie sense that things will never be the same.*

The influence of Norman Rockwell can nowhere be better felt than in the editor's office at *The Saturday Evening Post.* Hardly a day goes by without a call from someone wanting to tell us about a relative who modeled for a painting, or wanting us to print a favorite cover.

Post readers have made us scholars of Norman Rockwell. One by one, we have reviewed the massive amount of work he turned out, and we find him remarkably true to history. Perhaps there were some rabid dogs, but cuddly puppies abounded, so Rockwell painted those. Throughout the country, teen-agers gathered at the soda fountain to sip milk shakes through straws. The aunts, uncles, and grandparents we remember were cheerful, plump, and a bit puckish just like Rockwell showed us on canvas.

Where I grew up in Iowa, we thought Norman Rockwell was painting *us.* The eager boy anticipating the future was everyone's little brother who went off to Iowa State College, leaving an empty nest. The saddened father was every Iowa farmer who ever lost a son to the big city.

Rockwell's subtle brush was prophetic. He knew the eager boy wouldn't come back to help his dad on the farm—he probably knew that the father with the cigarette would succumb to lung disease (page 98) and give up the farm. But he painted us as we were—happy and oblivious most of the time, the way we wanted to be.

Of course, there was evil in the land; there was bigotry and hunger, too. After all, Norman Rockwell's era spanned the Great Depression. But by and large, the American people endured with humor. To be bitter and sad would have been easy. We survived that frugal era with good will and hard work. Norman Rockwell, one of the hardest workers of all of us, chronicled how we did it. No doubt there were demented children hidden in upstairs rooms and deserting parents, too. We don't believe it would have been better to rail against these exceptional injustices and thereby distort the picture of wholesomeness and good humor so abundant in America at the time.

Norman Rockwell invariably takes the rap for distorting and romanticizing World War II. He painted the soldiers and sailors as wholesome kids from next door, and that's exactly what they were. They were not trained killers. Those soldiers, our national leaders, President Roosevelt, all of us believed, along with Norman Rockwell, that victory over Hitler and his evil friends would bring the Four Freedoms to the world. Indeed we tried, and Norman Rockwell gave us credit for that. We weren't completely wrong. The world is a lot better than it might have been.

There are those who think that art and artists must show how bad things are with the worst of us so that we might lance those boils with a hot knife. Norman Rockwell drove himself and worked without rest to show how decent and pleasant America was—not just for the best, but for the most of us—so we could cherish and hold dear that which we had in such abundance.

Millions of Americans who could never define art, or care to, have treasured a magazine cover or poster done by Rockwell. That's exactly the way we were. Those were our values, that's the way we are today and, with God's help, the way we will be tomorrow.

Post *editor and N. R. share a laugh about his New York City roots. "In Iowa, we thought you were a 'one room country school boy.'"*

In a beautiful letter on page 18, President and Mrs. Carter say, "His death after a full and enormously productive life deprives us of the artist, but not, happily, of his art."

Norman Rockwell's work will not be soon forgotten. We know! Readers will be prodding future editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* to print their favorite Rockwells long after we are dead and gone.

Cory Sevbas

Editor

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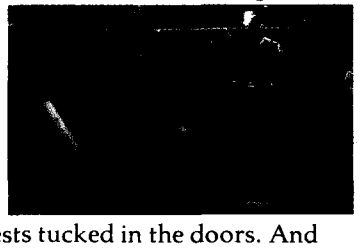
Introducing America's great new Efficiency Machine: Olds Cutlass Salon

Space Efficiency



Inside, Salon is engineered for lots of headroom: 38.7" in front, 37.7" in back. Lots of legroom: 42.8" up front, 38.0" in back. And plenty of rear hip-room, thanks to armrests tucked in the doors. And lots of comfort, in a solid Body by Fisher.

Outside, Salon is engineered to be lean and trim. One nimble machine on the road. Try it. Maneuver it through city traffic. Zip in and out of a few tight parking spots. You'll like its response.

Space efficiency applies to the trunk as well. Its 16.1 cubic feet have been designed with the compact spare tire standing to the side, out of the way, to accommodate big pieces of luggage.

Fuel Efficiency

Salon offers outstanding fuel economy because only Oldsmobile offers you a new diesel V8 designed especially for mid-size cars!

With the newly available 4.3-litre diesel V8 and automatic transmission, the EPA ratings are a whopping 32 mpg highway, 24 mpg city! Or choose from a range of gasoline engines, including the standard 3.8-litre (231 CID) V6 or the available 4.3-litre (260 CID) V8 with a 5-speed overdrive transmission (except Calif.).

All EPA ratings are estimates, of course, and your mileage may vary depending on how you drive, your car's condition and equipment. Salons are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Cutlass Salon—America's great new Efficiency Machine. Test-drive it today.

Oldsmobile

Cutlass Salon

Have one built for you.

GM

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THE DAY IS DONE

This poem was written in 1844 by an American poet who has been described by the critics as a fireside rhymer and not an artist of note. It illustrates better than we can why Americans will long remember and treasure Norman Rockwell.

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

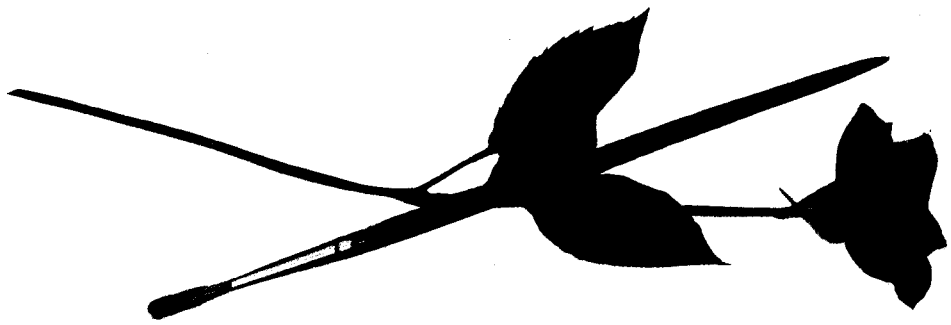
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.



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Since 1955 Crest has helped over 40 million kids prevent cavities.

©1974, The Procter & Gamble Company

Over 19 years ago Crest toothpaste with fluoride was introduced. And since then, Crest has helped over 40 million kids prevent millions and millions of cavities.

We know Crest's fluoride works because there have been over 20 clinical studies proving it. The kids who have been helped by Crest know it works because they have the good checkups to prove it.

So make sure your kids cut down on treats. Take them to the dentist every six months for a regular checkup and have them brush regularly with a fluoride toothpaste you know you can trust. Have them brush with Crest.

Why trust your family's teeth to anything else?

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

You can't beat Crest for fighting cavities.

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Letters to the Editor

Suiciders

Having just read "Suiciders Anonymous" in your November issue, I would like to extend my appreciation to Drs. Schuller, Merkle, and Steinberg—and, of course, to the *Post* for making this self-help group known.

Maybe, by helping someone, somewhere, our daughter, with so much inner beauty, will not have died in vain. Debra Ann November had so much kindness, tenderness, and love for everyone that her senseless suicide had to have some meaning.

I am writing to you because I have a story of 20 agonizing, torturous months. I am so crazed with grief over the loss of our only very precious daughter that more times than I care to relate I have seriously tried to commit suicide. During these times I blocked out of my mind how terrible it would have been for me to compound the tragedy for the rest of my loving family.

I hope, then, to be able to help form a group like Dr. Schuller's in the city in which I live, simply because, having been there, I know the need for a group such as this. Losing a loved one to suicide must be the most painful mental agony on earth—it is like living every second in Hell.

Phyllis November
Cleveland, Ohio

About Dunk

What a "treasure trove" your October issue is! There is truly something for every taste and interest.

I particularly enjoyed the delightful travel piece so intriguingly entitled "Get Lost On Dunk" by Helen H. Forsmann. Although I didn't leave my armchair, I felt that I, too, had visited this far-off, exotic paradise and enjoyed a most unusual experience.

A unique feature of this article, to my mind, was the privilege of meeting some of the colorful people living or working on the island. This adds a dimension of pleasure that most other travel pieces lack.

I hope we shall be able to enjoy more "magic carpet" trips with this author in the future via your magazine.

Margaret H. Richards
Houston, Texas

Norman Rockwell

In 1936 I fell in love with Norman Rockwell's *Tom Sawyer, Aunt Polly, and the Cat* frontispiece of the *Post*. I had read the story by Mark Twain, and since then Norman Rockwell has been my favorite artist, depicting "America" in his portraits.

His covers seem to say: "How wonderful is America" despite all of the challenges. We still go forward, and I think that Rockwell's depictions of life in his paintings show his profound desire to portray growth and development in everyday life.

Mrs. Alma Inez Kaegi
Tegucigalpa, Honduras

South Africa

May I send one line to congratulate you, Mr. van der Merwe, on the splendid article on South Africa in a recent issue?

Your piece (and an earlier one by Mr. SerVaas) will do much to correct and improve the South African image in America.

As a fellow journalist newly arrived in your country, I would like to think that many of the appallingly inaccurate notions about America could be so articulately corrected in a leading South African magazine. I hope I will have the pleasure of seeing more of your work in future issues, and in the meantime, I am sending copies of your article to several of my friends in the Washington press corps.

Neil Letson
Johannesburg, South Africa

I was very sorry to hear of the death of my favorite painter, Norman Rockwell. I will miss his pictures that you used to place in the *Post*. I think you could find no better remembrance of him than to place his pictures in your magazine for those like me who cannot afford originals. I started a book of his pictures from my son's *Post*. He subscribed for me at that time, but recently there have been none. If you do print more, I know many people will be grateful.

Bonnabel Maxon
Kendall, New York

The article in your November issue entitled "The Rising Star of John Connally" was an eloquent portrayal of the only man who can unite the Republican Party, who can fully articulate what is now the majority philosophy in the United States—and translate that philosophy into electoral success.

This country respects a fighter, a man who is spirited, decisive, even audacious in his reach and boldness. These qualities Governor Connally will offer America as 1980 unfolds.

Curt Smith
Clinton, New York

I couldn't have been more disappointed in your front page article, "The Rising Star of John B. Connally" (November '78). Unlike most of your articles, which are usually well-written, it read more like a campaign pamphlet than a magazine cover story.

Your description of the former treasury secretary makes him sound like a combination of Abraham Lincoln, Albert Schweitzer, and Albert Einstein.

From now on, would you please keep the magazine's opinions on the editorial page?

Mark Tooley
Arlington, Virginia

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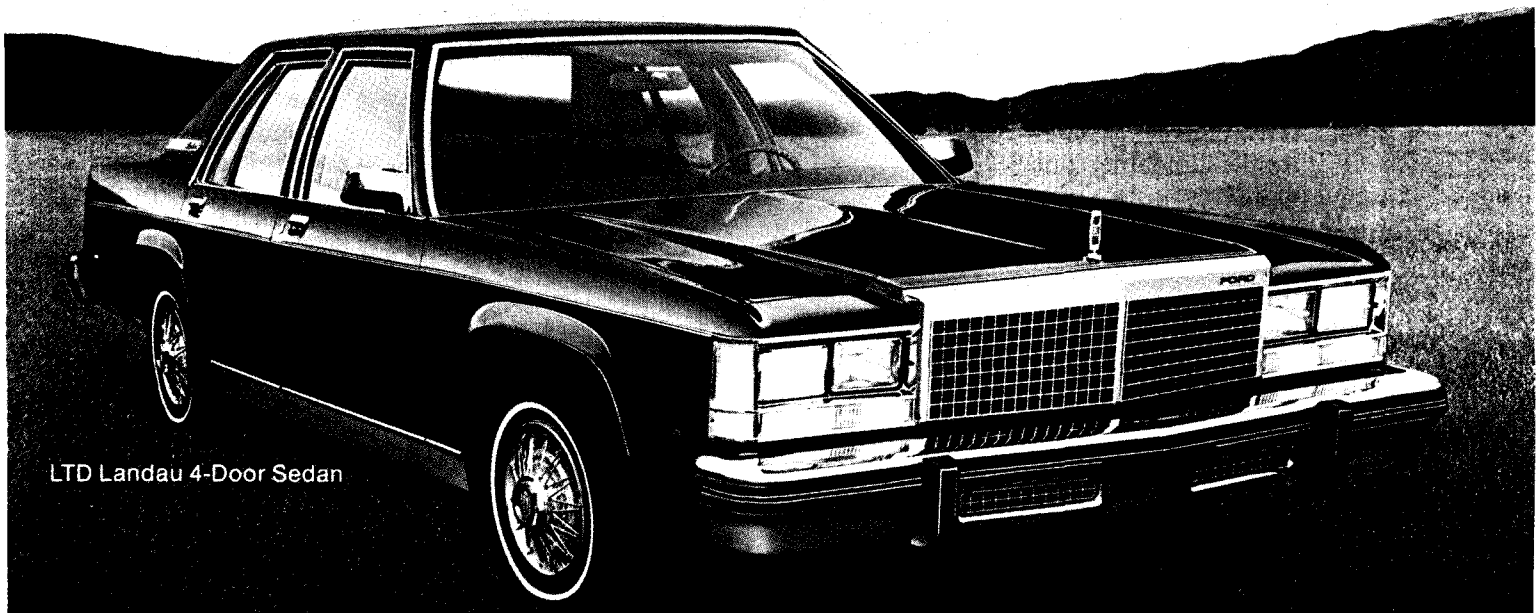

LTD Landau 4-Door Sedan

More front seat room
More rear seat room
More handling ease
More window area
More driver convenience
...than the 1978 LTD.

The 1979 LTD was engineered to make driving on today's American Roads a pleasure. With a new combination of roominess, handling ease and driver convenience for the LTD. This new LTD is a beauty.

This year's LTD has been designed with more passenger room inside to help give you comfort on even the longest trips—with more head room, leg room and shoulder room—front seat and back—than last year's LTD. Yet the new LTD is actually easier handling and easier parking than before, even in tough city traffic.

In addition to its standard 5.0 litre V-8 engine, the full-size 1979 LTD offers you an impressive list of standard features, in 2-door, 4-door and Wagon models.

Ford LTD for 1979. A New American Road Car designed to take you across town or across the country in full-size roominess. See your local Ford Dealer, and test drive the new LTD on your own roads.

LTD Landau 2-Door Sedan

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION Ford

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BLUEBERRY PIE WITH TOOTHBRUSHES

"Don't color the teeth blue." Lunch with artist Norman Rockwell included toothbrushes served with the blueberry pie and a number of other surprises.

by John Mack Carter

If it is true that youth is too good to be wasted on the young, so it was with my experiences with Norman Rockwell.

Norman certainly had one glaring failure as an illustrator, at least in the years when I knew him. It was his inability to say no to an assignment. This was especially true when the assignment came from a friend, which is understandable, but Norman didn't have any enemies. He was overdue as it was with every editor or art director who had gotten to him.

This was why once in New York Rockwell dropped into my office, lit his ever-present pipe to envelop us both in a small blue cloud, made the effort to straighten his face into a businesslike mien, and opened his cardigan to show a note pinned to his shirt. On it was printed just one word: NO.

John Mack Carter, one of America's most distinguished magazine editors, tells of trying to lure Norman Rockwell away from the Post *and into* McCall's *stable in the 1960's. As usual, the wry Rockwellian humor comes into play.*

One assignment Rockwell never missed was the famous series of portraits of the Presidential nominees. Every four years he would journey to the White House and then to the opposition camp to do the studies and then the portraits. What a vote-getter he was! Today I hear that television is such a powerful influence on the electorate that a "smooth" actor might sweep into the top office of the land with few meaningful qualifications. But I say that television is as nothing compared to one of Rockwell's portraits. Eisenhower twinkled as grandfather to the world. Even LBJ didn't say that it was the ugliest thing he had ever seen. Perhaps his masterpiece in this genre was JFK—squared jaw, piercing eyes, heavy hair mopped to the side, looking absolutely vital. Kennedy knew a political resource if any man ever did, and he set out to win Norman over.

One of his real disappointments in this series came in the primaries. With tight magazine deadlines, Rockwell had to be prepared to spring into action with convention results to get his portraits completed. So he followed the primary campaigns carefully as the candidates developed. When the Democrats met in 1968, he was disappointed that Senator Muskie failed in his bid. He told me, "I really wanted to do Muskie. He's the closest I'll ever get to painting Lincoln."

One year, as a switch, Otto Storch and I asked him to paint the wives of the candidates, and the November 1964 *McCall's* carried portraits of Lady Bird Johnson and Peggy Goldwater. That's when I realized that Norman didn't paint prominent women as well as he did prominent men. Or perhaps the cause was numbness from the royal treatment. Mrs. Johnson had insisted on sending Norman back to the airport in a White House limousine. "The driver even offered to take me right out on the runway to the plane," he exclaimed when he got back.

Perhaps it was his fondness for the rugged Goldwater that was reflected in the livelier treatment of Peggy. Or maybe his blood was flowing better because he rushed to do her while the Goldwaters were still in the hotel suite at the Republican Convention at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. The elevators were so crowded that Norman *walked* up the 12 floors to get to his subject.

It is my opinion that Norman never really did great work with any consistency after leaving *The Saturday Evening Post* because he left his heart at The Curtis Publishing Company. After all, *Post*-philes find it hard to answer the riddle of which came first, the *Post* or Norman Rockwell. Certainly Rockwell changed the face and finally the flavor of the weekly publication by becoming its

Continued on page 12

Editor's Note: Mr. Carter is Editor-in-Chief of Good Housekeeping, *after previously being top man at* McCall's *and* Ladies' Home Journal. *He was recently voted a national "Headliner of the Year" by Women In Communications, Inc.*

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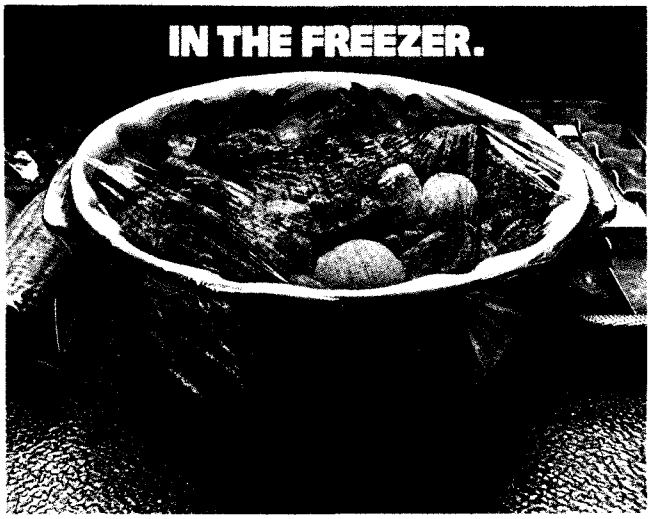

Seldom does a product recommendation go to such extremes.

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premier cover illustrator, in an incredibly long productive period that started in 1916 and recorded its greatest impact during World War II. His humor and his patriotism spoke for us all. Through 317 covers, the great illustrator never lost his awe of the *Post* and felt a most fortunate man to be permitted to serve the magazine.

I remember the day when Norman Rockwell resigned from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Or tried to. It was probably 1963, a time when Herbert Mayes had instructed Otto Storch and me to get Rockwell to do covers for *McCall's*, but Rockwell felt that this would be disloyal to a troubled *Post* even though its new editors had made it clear that they no longer wanted his work. Finally he made up his mind to resign and made the journey to New York from his Stockbridge, Massachusetts, home to explain his decision to the top *Post* team of Clay Blair, Don Schanche, and Bill Emerson. He came downtown to my office after the meeting to report that he had discharged his obligation and was ready to work. When I asked what their response had been, Rockwell's eyes twinkled as he said, "I was in Mr. Blair's office for an hour while they told me about all their plans for modernizing the magazine, and I waited for the chance to tell them my news. When they finished they had to rush off to another meeting, so I just left a note."

One of the fond memories I have of the earlier wooing season is a trip I made to Stockbridge to visit Norman and have lunch with him and his wife, Molly, in the dining room of their modest white house. The Rockwells in their home were just as warm and unpretentious as all his admirers might have hoped. When Molly served a big slab of blueberry pie that day, Norman, with a straight face, was right behind her to add a new toothbrush at each place setting, which he said would clean up the damage done by his favorite dessert.

I never thought of Norman Rockwell as painting an idealized America that never existed. I think the critics have made this such a common comment that it has been accepted almost without challenge. I challenge it. So many times I've walked through a church vestibule, by a drugstore booth, or passed a street corner and heard the question, asked with a chuckle, "Did you see the *Post* cover this week?"

This great following was not due to gags or sentimentality, nor to a longing for times passed, but to an honest and delighted recognition of fact and experience. This recognition occurred in Joplin and Oskaloose and Boise and Paducah. . .and in New York City, where Norman Percevel Rockwell was born.

The author recalls how much fun Norman Rockwell got out of small things. His serving of toothbrushes with blueberry pie was in character.

"Yes, I would like to do a Christmas cover for you," Norman said to Otto Storch and me one day in my office. "I think I have one more good one in me." He was an ageless 70 at the time.

Otto explained the scene we had in mind. It was eminently forgettable, but Norman listened politely. Then Norman explained what he wanted to do—or rather acted out what he wanted to do, because he jumped to his feet to dramatize a holiday cocktail party in progress with guests crowded together in a hubbub of conversation, with cigarettes in one hand and drinks in the other. Here, Norman raised his pipe and held it as a cocktail. Then rapidly he acted out the positions of a dozen of the guests, grabbing at imaginary canapés, drinking and talking.

"Then in the dark at the top of the stairs," Norman said, his eyes sparkling and his face seeming to flow, "sits this little girl in pajamas with her rag doll at her side, unnoticed by any of the grown-ups." Norman stepped quickly to the chair as he talked and assumed the little girl's position, arms around his knees, bringing alive for us the bustle of the scene and the message of returning Christmas to the child.

That scene, complete with the expressions and "body language" as Norman had enacted, would come back to us later on the canvas, with a bonus. There, at the foot of the stairs, were likenesses of Otto and me among the guests. But I've always wondered, who was the pretty young woman that Norman slyly put between us?

Nor did social injustices escape Rockwell. One of his own favorite illustrations, one that he referred to more and more in his conversations as he grew older, was the big color spread for *Look* showing a little black girl, starched and spotless, marching off to school between burly U.S. Marshals along the streets of Faubus' Little Rock.

In the heyday of our space flights, NASA decided to capitalize on public interest by creating a more lasting celebration of the space operations than could be gained in the televised blastoffs. So NASA invited a number of artists to visit Cape Kennedy and capture the technological miracle. With the challenge of painting complex futuristic machinery so mind-bending as to be beyond the comprehension of most of us, I was surprised when *Look*'s Allen Hurlburt gave the assignment to Norman Rockwell, beloved artist of another age and another world. I shouldn't have been surprised. Rockwell with a new world to paint was like a child with a new toy. He talked with such excitement and awe about the beauty of the machinery, the greatness of the astronauts, and the recognition that space was our new frontier.

And on the American frontier, Norman Rockwell was right at home. ☒

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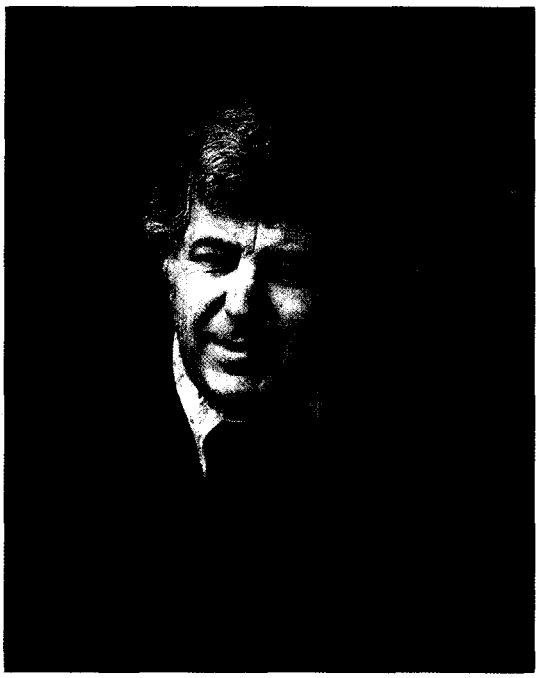
A GOOD SCOUT

North Carolina artist Robert Timberlake tells how Norman Rockwell's simple note of congratulations to his Boy Scout son taught him an enduring lesson in the anatomy of greatness.

In the spring of 1974, newly turned octogenarian artist and illustrator Norman Rockwell took time off from his seven-days-a-week schedule to sit down and write a note of congratulations to a young man he did not know and had never met. The recipient of the letter was 14-year-old Ed Timberlake of Rowan County, North Carolina, who had recently received the Eagle Scout award. It's difficult to tell who was more proud of or more impressed by that unexpected missive—the boy, or his father Robert Timberlake, who is himself a noted artist.

"I guess everybody has been a fan of Norman Rockwell's," says Timberlake in his friendly and easy Carolina drawl. "He's a legend, and I admire him very much. I don't mind telling you, when he wrote my son that note, it really impressed me."



Robert Timberlake has been referred to as the Andrew Wyeth of the South. His paintings of rural North Carolina sell at five-digit prices.

Although Rockwell began painting long before Timberlake was born, the two have some common qualities. Like Rockwell, Timberlake paints from life and is a very punctilious worker, a master at the art of detail, who depends on the simplicity of eye-catching minutiae. But Rockwell's forte was always people, and his illustrations tell stories, whereas Timberlake's paintings are evocative depictions of nature, still lifes of old cabins, barns, trees, and natural phenomena from his native state of North Carolina.

Timberlake was still rather new to the world of fame and fortune in 1974, when popular demand for nearly everything that emerged from his painstaking brush led to his inclusion in an Artists of America Exhibit at Philadelphia. Norman Rockwell's work was also part of the exhibition.

At that time, had there been such a thing as a best-sellers list of American artists, Timberlake would have been at the top—at least for percentage of sales—though only seven short years earlier, at age 30, he had been giving away his paintings to friends. Then, noted representational painter Andrew Wyeth had told him to "go home and paint" full-time, and within five years Timberlake had sold out even before the first day of his one-man show at the prestigious Hammer Galleries in New York.

"Mr. Rockwell and I were in the show together in Philadelphia," says Timberlake, "and even though we hadn't had any real personal contact, we had some contact through a friend of mine who put the show together." While preparing the exhibit, Timberlake says, he had occasion to talk with Rockwell, and he mentioned his son was eligible to receive his Eagle Scout award. Rockwell could have made do with a gracious smile and a pleasant, "That's quite an achievement." But instead he made a mental note, and Ed Timberlake received a personal congratulatory letter.

"It was a very simple thing. He just congratulated him," says Timberlake from his 200-year-old log cabin studio. "I can't read it off to you; my son's got it framed in his room.

"Maybe it sounds too little to you," he says, almost apologizing. "Maybe it's not that interesting. To me it was something big."

Was it like getting a letter from the President?

"No. It was more than that. I've gotten a letter from the President. Not that that wasn't great, but it was more than that to me. It was taking time out for somebody he didn't even know. The President knew me in this case."

Rockwell also personalized a print for Timberlake and his wife. "The one of the Eagle Scout standing at attention with his three fingers saluting. But the letter to my son was more," he says. "I guess the reason I admired him is that he was still the sensitive person. I think I understand some of the pressures that he had been under during his life. I get so busy myself sometimes, I can't see straight. Sometimes I get to the point where I can't answer somebody or do something like that. Then, when somebody writes to you like he did, you feel you're a nut if you can't do it when he could.

"If at his age he could still be that way," Timberlake adds, "it sort of gives you a little lift that you might make it one of these days, too." He pauses. "I don't mean make it as an artist. I mean make it as a person."

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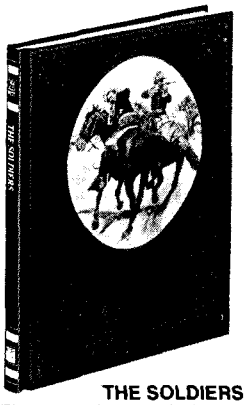

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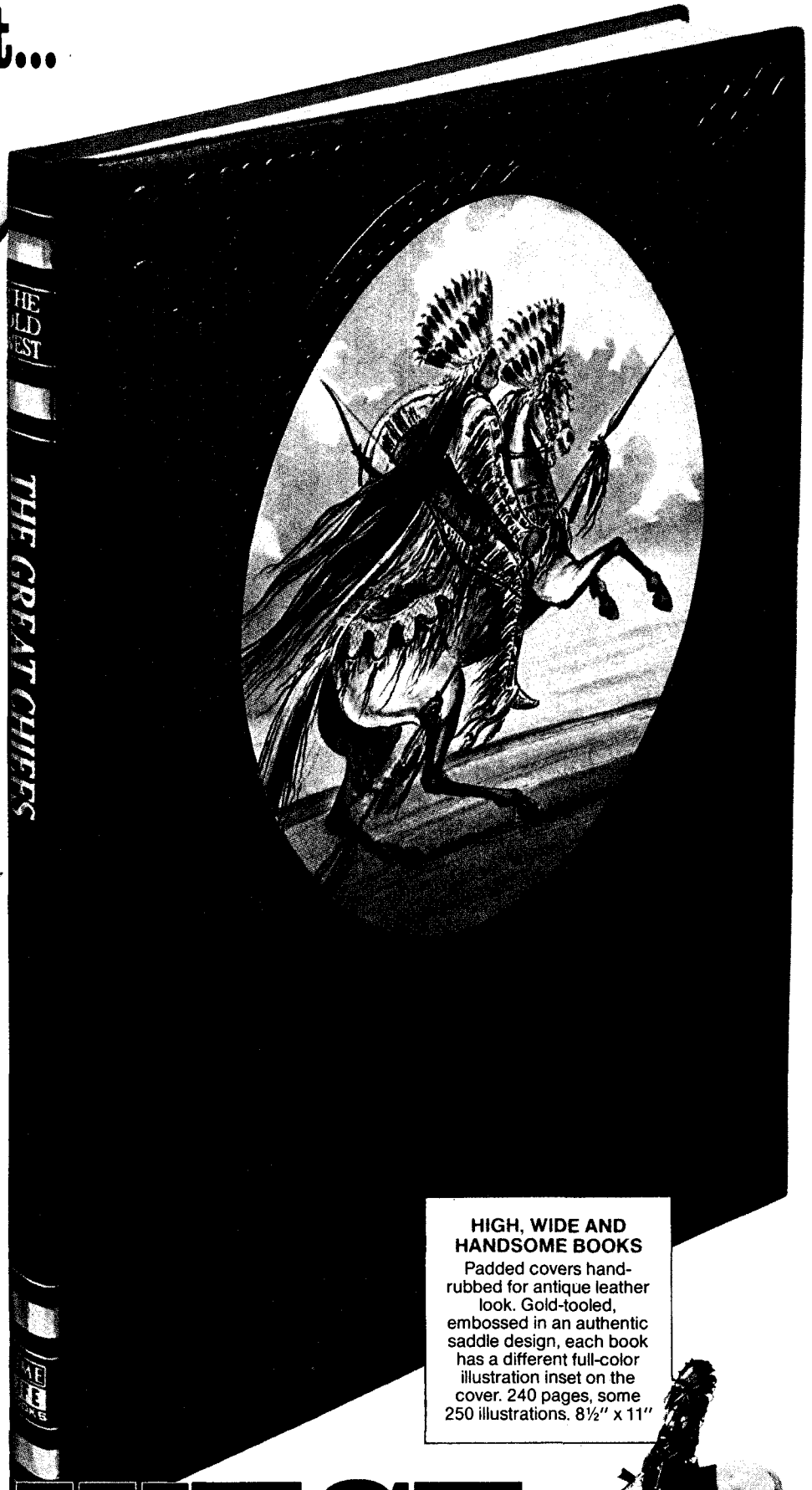

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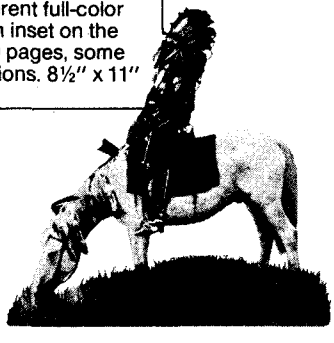

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LETTERS ABOUT THE ARTIST...

Famous Americans in all walks of life reveal the pleasures and the memories provided by Norman Rockwell.

I am proud to join in honoring Norman Rockwell, who gave America style. Hundreds of years from now, when historians poke through the rubble and try to find what this civilization was all about, I hope they find at least one of Norman Rockwell's paintings. He represented the way we'd all like to be remembered.

—Erma Bombeck

The Norman Rockwell portrayal of our people always hit the bull's-eye, whether it was a Boy Scout, a ball player, or some other typical character on the American scene.

His art made you like people of all ages or positions in life as you smiled, laughed, sympathized, or cried.

Norman Rockwell's art always indelibly reflected America as it was at its best.

—Gerald R. Ford

Norman Rockwell gave the people of this country and all over the world treasures of art and images of the American way of life that are unique and endearing. Arch Patterson once said of Rockwell, "He saw America move from the horse and buggy to man on the moon. Through these momentous years, he painted his country and its people with more poignance and power than anyone else. He gave us a legacy of ourselves."

—Senator Howard H. Baker, Jr.

Norman Rockwell's paintings recall my happiest days. I grew up with them. He always captured the people of our wonderful country in the manner you want to see them.

—Senator John Warner

When Norman Rockwell first began painting, I cut his pictures from magazines to frame. I always knew he was the best. I am grateful to him for making my life happier.

—Lillian G. Carter

One of Mr. Rockwell's paintings, *Family Squabble*, is in the Truman Library and has been on display at various times. It was always one of my husband's favorites, and he enjoyed showing it to visitors when they toured the library's museum.

—Bess Truman

Throughout his career as an artist, Norman Rockwell's paintings offered a warm and charming commentary on everyday life in America. Our lives have been enriched by his genius.

It has been said that good art most accurately mirrors the experience of those who view it. Millions of people over several decades have felt that they have seen their worth reflected in Norman Rockwell's work. His *Saturday Evening Post* covers especially caught America in some of its best and most characteristic moments and distinctive expressions. In line and color his figures, in motion or quietude, conveyed the vibrance, humor, tragedy, triumph, innocence, pathos, patriotism, and idealism that, in part, comprise the greatness of the United States and her people. Never eccentric or esoteric, the art of Norman Rockwell helped us better to understand ourselves and value our country. Moreover, the future as well as the present will be indebted to Norman Rockwell as a visual chronicler of our age. We were very fortunate to have had this sensitive master among us.

—Senator Robert Byrd

All of us saw a part of our common life through the eyes of Norman Rockwell. His America was and is a place of warmth, of love, and of sentimentality flavored with the spice of wry humor. His death after a full and enormously productive life deprives us of the artist, but not, happily, of his art.

—President and Mrs. Carter

A Norman Rockwell painting stands for America—in the best way—to me. I care deeply about art, and I consider Mr. Rockwell a true artist.

—Elizabeth Taylor Warner

Historians a thousand years from now will be able to learn a great deal about what life was like in the United States in the twentieth century from studying these warm, human impressions by an artist who obviously loved his subjects.

—Steve Allen

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ONE PICTURE...

. . . is worth a thousand words. Rockwell belongs to the great tradition of storytelling art, the illustration of value as well as of character.

by F. X. O'Connor, Jr.

The story has to be told at a glance. The glance must satisfy, yet there must be deeper satisfactions, corners that reveal the viewer himself, his life, his times, his fellows, and his place in the grander scheme of mankind.

Rembrandt and Vermeer and Dutch-genre painters used the world around them, their studios, their wives and children to contain the dream of art, the myths, the interpretation of religion, the answer to the inexplicable pain of beauty and love.

The narrative element in a painting is never at war with the psychological element. Vermeer, born 26 years later than Rembrandt, concentrates on a porcelain moment in which time takes on a translucent glow and art defies earthly boundaries. Holland is restricted to a map, there are no candles in the brass chandelier, light comes from a realm human eyes can only aspire to in music and painting. Yet there is the sense of wit and humor. Art can never capture the perfection of the model, the warmth of life, though Vermeer with painterly paradox has perfectly portrayed her to show that he is fully capable of so doing.

Rockwell uses similar effects of wit and humor in his self-portrait and in his comments on modern art and the physical labor of moving and framing art. Yet the technique is fine, the anatomy of the figures perfect, the arrangement clear and logical.

In Carel Fabritius' *Salome with the Head of John the Baptist* we see the terrible finale of the familiar story, the corruption of innocence and beauty by the knowledge of its own power. Salome is barely cognizant of what she has ordered. The axman is merely doing a job. The bystanders are puzzled yet too cowardly to demonstrate any grief.

Rockwell is firmly rooted in this tradition of narrative art. He would never have expected to be mentioned with Rembrandt. He was too modest. He did say—in a whisper—once to an artist who commented on a huge Rembrandt print over Rockwell's fireplace, "Rembrandt is my god!"

But history compresses itself with time. And Rockwell's paintings, though done 250 years after the great Dutch masters, elaborate on their simple, storytelling themes. His sincerity is almost religious. It is convincing, all-embracing, and it reveals the larger symbolism of art as a balance in life.

The moment becomes a life with the storyteller. A quiet existence of creative chores—tasks that the same person begins and ends—builds character and contentment. Nothing is prepackaged. Each day challenges man's ability and temper, his talent for triumph. Rockwell uses soft edges, muted colors to capture the strength of blood relationship and the power of example as a force for good in this 1938 illustration for an article by Kenneth Roberts. The quality of the still life, the intensity of the figures as they perform menial tasks, elevates them above the servitude of day to day existence. They become combatants for good, battling the powers of carelessness and sloth.

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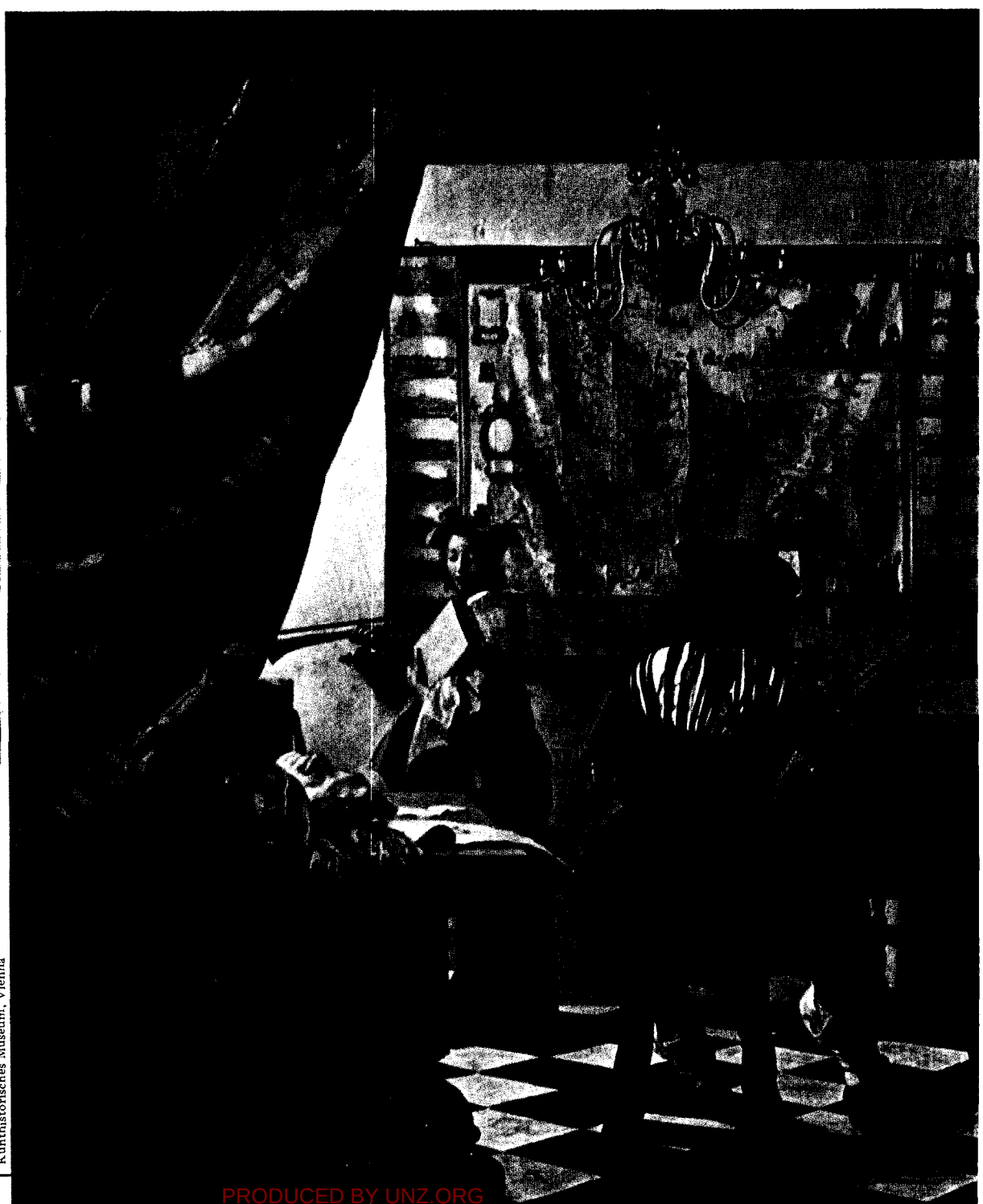
Johannes Vermeer, the master of light, was rediscovered by the light-conscious French Impressionist painters in the late nineteenth century. The momentary isolation of an artist and his model in a Dutch interior invites the viewer to pause and consider whether he has created anything of worth to leave behind for the privilege of having lived. Man confronts woman, realizes his inability to stop the onslaught of time, but freezes this momentary tribute to her beauty. Light streams in through an invisible window, almost in a revelation of the products of humanity, music, painting, the written word, the work of men's hands.



Kunthistorisches Museum, Vienna

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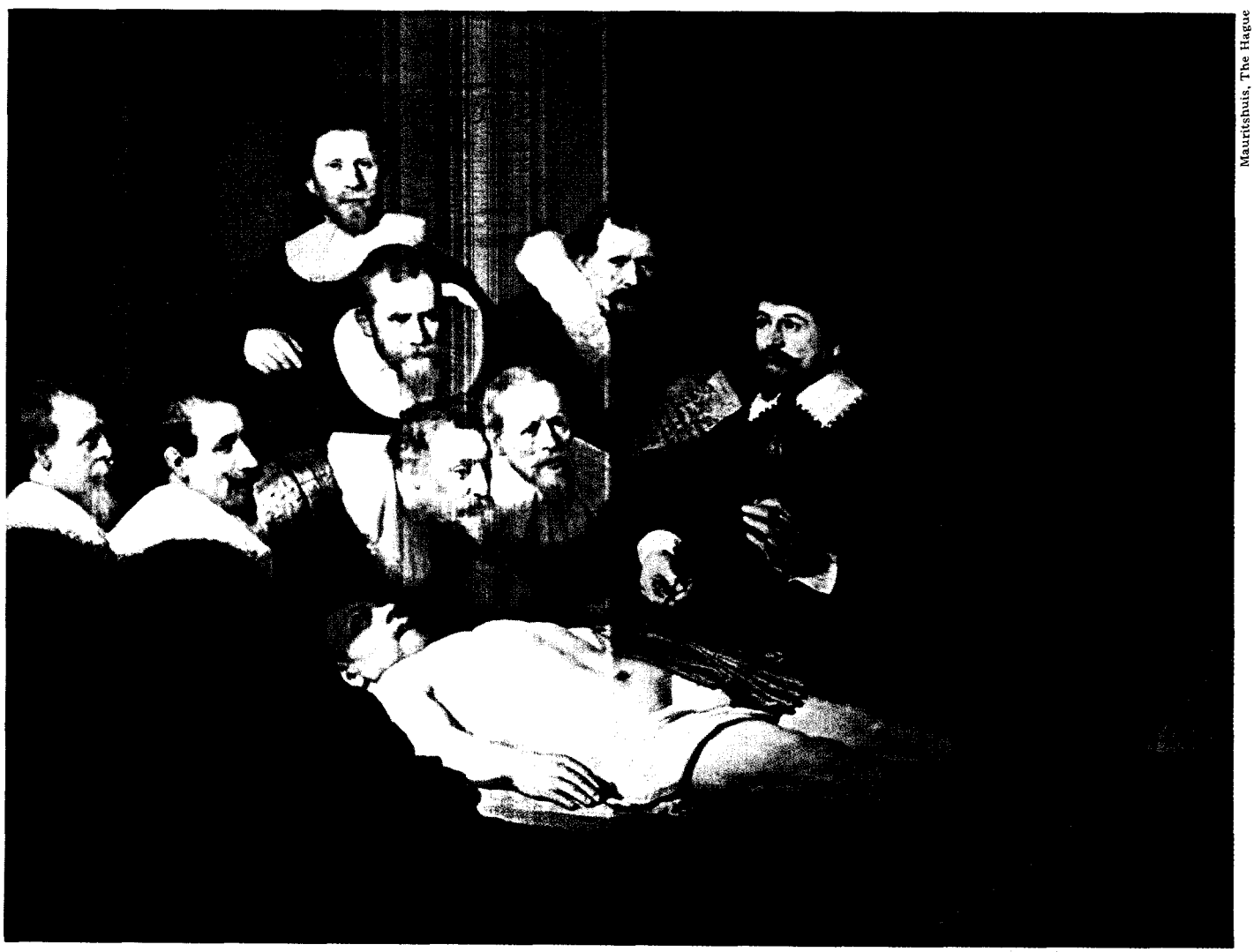
Rockwell captures the intensity of sinew and sound in this detail (left) from the *Blacksmith's Boy—Heel and Toe*, a 1940 illustration. The foreground figure brings the audience into the picture by his shout, his fistful of money. Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp* (below) emphasizes the frailty of human existence, the power of human knowledge and faith to overcome death. The concentration of the students as they follow the master's demonstration points up the enlightenment of medical studies which had at last overcome religious objections to the dissecting of the human body.

Salome (the blond figure portrayed on the opposite page) danced so exquisitely her stepfather, Herod Antipas, offered her anything she desired. Her mother, Herodias, incensed by John the Baptist's criticism of Herod, her lover, for taking her away from her husband's bed and into his own, prompted Salome to demand John's head on a platter. Carel Fabritius, a follower of Rembrandt, portrays Salome as a mindless beauty, barely ruffled by her performance or by the evil of her request. The action of the story is set in motion by forces outside of the characters' wills, proving our vulnerability to random malice and vengeful desire. ☐



Mauritshuis, The Hague

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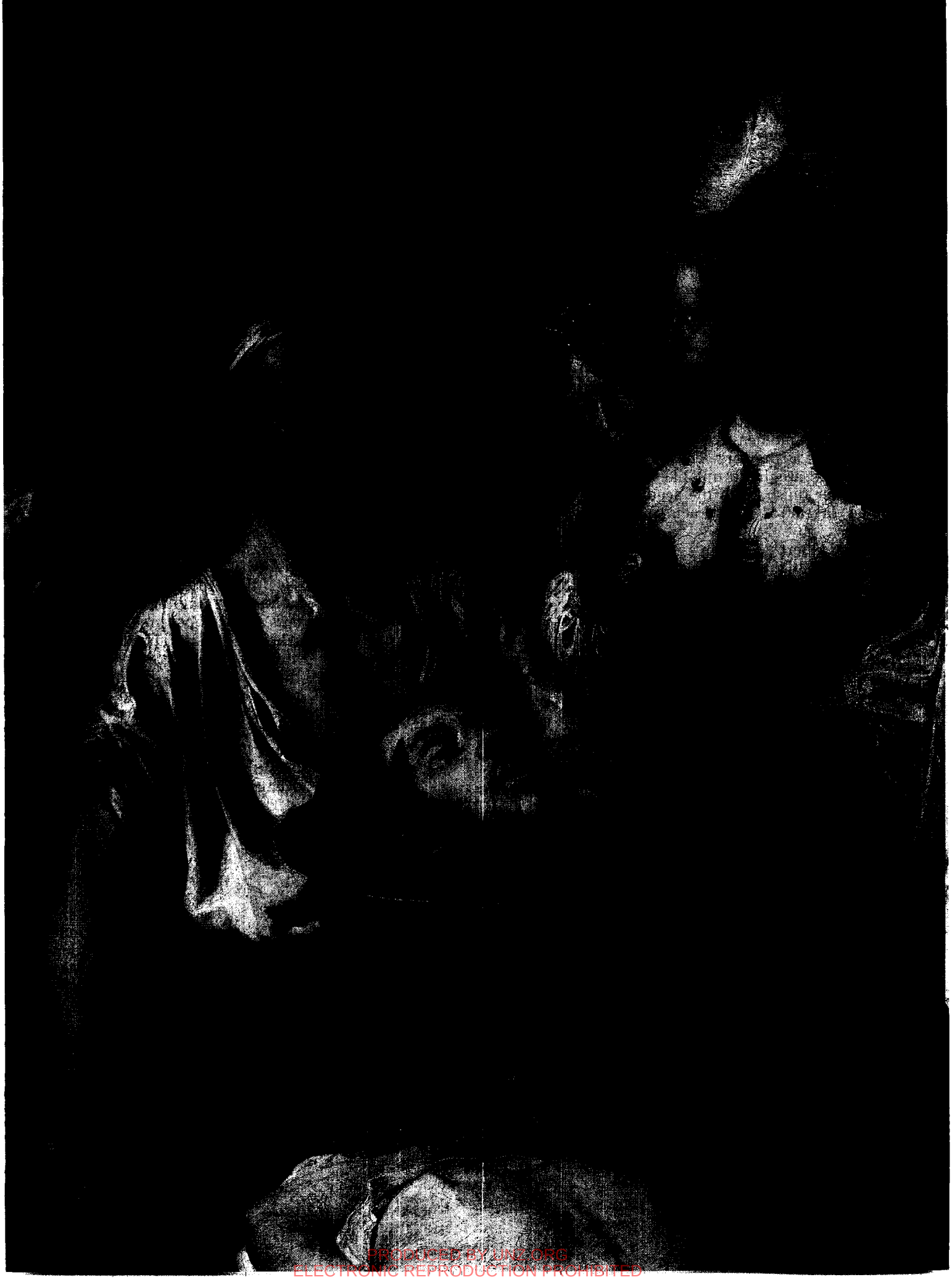

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Gestures of Love

Breakfast in bed, a single red rose, a smooth pebble for the penguin in your life—these are the acts of affection that cause a relationship to blossom and grow.

by Dr. Loy McGinnis

Frederick Speakman once wrote a book which he called *Love is Something You Do*. The title is apt, for when we think of love we tend to think of spectacular emotions and heroic acts for the beloved. But little of life is passed in such moments of intensity, important as they are. The best relationships are built up, like a fine lacquer finish, with the accumulated layers of many acts of kindness.

When Albert Einstein's wife died in 1936, his sister Maja moved in to assist the great genius with his household affairs. In 1950 she suffered a stroke and lapsed into a coma. Thereafter, Einstein spent two hours each afternoon with her, reading aloud from Plato. Although she gave no sign of understanding, his intuition told him that a part of her mind lived, and he knew how much love could be communicated through an attentive act.

"I'm Afraid I Don't Love My Husband Any More"

In my work as a marriage counselor, I am frequently surprised at the naiveté of couples who become disillusioned when the first blush of romantic emotion has faded. With terrible guilt a woman will say, "Doctor, I'm afraid I don't love my husband any more. What's wrong with me?" Nothing is wrong with her, of course, except that she is probably spending too much time analyzing her feelings. The experts at love realize that emotions ebb and flow, and they look for gestures of love even when their emotions are on the wane. What's more, they are never content with telling the beloved that they care—they show it in small expressions of affection. "Love seems the swiftest, but it is the slowest of all growths," Mark Twain once said.

A husband takes a long lunch hour and drives 20 miles home to take his wife to her favorite restaurant; a man sees a new book in the shop, buys it, and mails it to his friend's office with a note; a woman hears an acquaintance say that she could eat watercress every day of her life, and so she never has her for dinner without having watercress especially for her plate—these are the gestures that bond people together and prevent fractures when the relationship is under strain.

The Significance of Rituals

Robert Brain, an anthropologist who has studied friendship in several widely separated cultures, says that ritual is one of the universally important ingredients in good relationships. When we stop to think about it, husbands and wives cement their love with many ceremonies: good-night kisses, anniversary celebrations, giving jewelry, telephoning when apart, bringing each other breakfast in bed, taking an evening walk together.

The person sensitive to the deepening of friendship will be on the lookout for similar rituals. A weekly lunch together, a regular golf date, or a yearly fishing trip can be important events. Handshakes, hugs, joking and roughhousing, baking a cake for a neighbor, hanging your friend's picture in your office—all these gestures put love in the bank and gain interest for the future.

When my son was in junior high I began driving him to school each morning, and it became our habit to eat breakfast together on the way. We tried several eateries

Continued on page 138

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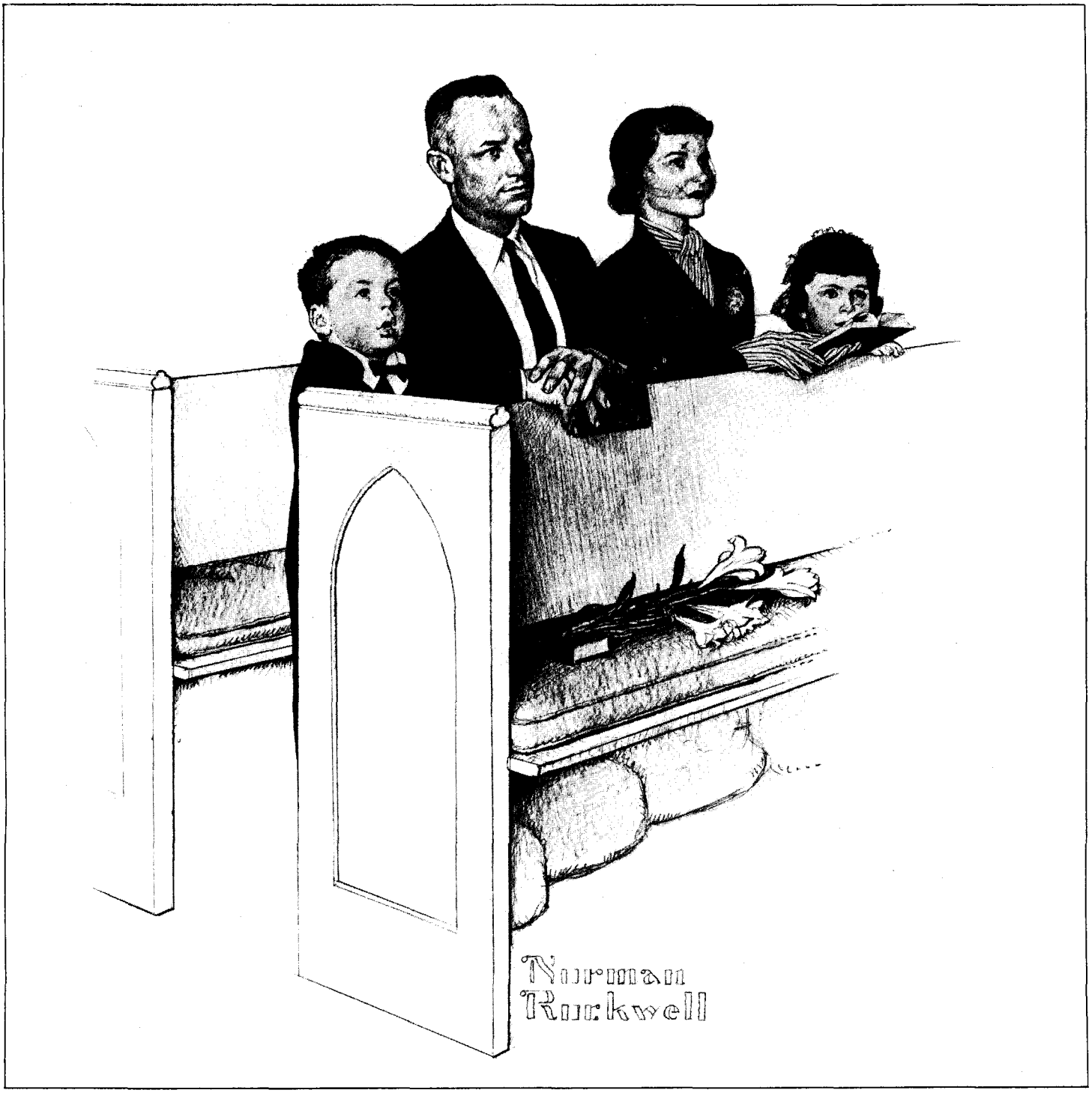

In this season...it is well to remember

This ad appeared for 10 consecutive years in *The Saturday Evening Post* beginning in 1955. It was one of a series of Rockwell illustrations used by Massachusetts Mutual starting in 1950.

The hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future. Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility of helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

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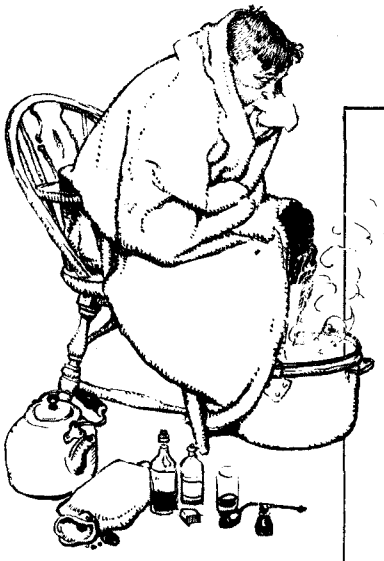
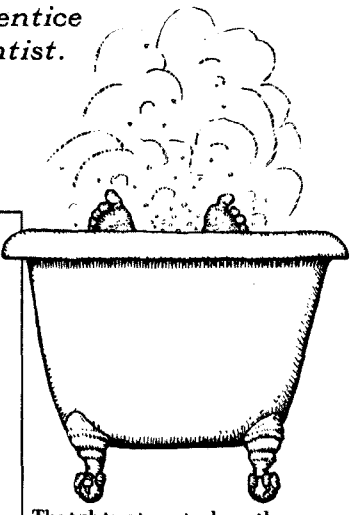
A CASE OF THE VAPORS

"My ideas are hard to swallow," says Dr. Pauling. Perhaps the magic of the Norman Rockwell touch will entice readers into this serious treatise by a dedicated scientist.

by Linus Pauling



The all-out remedy for the patient who is all in.



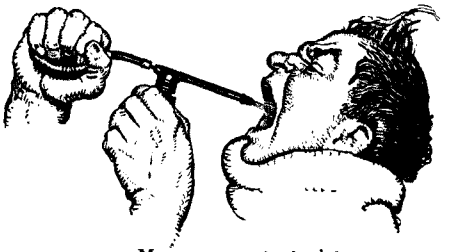
The tub treatment relaxes the patient while drowning the germs.

The common cold is an inflammation of the upper respiratory tract caused by infection with any one of a large number of viruses. This infection alters the physiology of the mucous membrane of the nose, the paranasal sinuses, and the throat. The symptoms are runny nose, sneezing, roughness or soreness of the throat, fullness and irritation of the chest, headache, general malaise, chills, and sometimes fever. Most people have two or three colds per year, losing days from school or work or enjoyable vacations.

Some people, estimated to be six to ten percent of the population, never have colds. It is likely that these people have such effective natural powers of resistance as to overcome the infection before it gets a good start. Other people can resist colds after exposure to the virus if they are in good general health, but develop the cold if they are fatigued, chilled, poorly nourished, or under some other stress. There is much evidence that a good intake of vitamin C and other vitamins, as well as the ordinary nutrients, protein, fat, and carbohydrate (but not sucrose, ordinary sugar), strengthens the natural protective mechanisms of the body and decreases both the number of colds and their severity.

Vitamin C has been found in laboratory experiments to inactivate viruses of many different kinds. It seems to have a general antiviral activity, and may help to control colds by a direct attack on the cold viruses. In addition, it strengthens the connective tissues and, together with vitamin E, protects the cell membranes against damage by peroxidation, and probably in these ways makes it harder for the invading virus particles to enter the cells. Vitamin C is known to be involved in the manufacture of the substances that give immunity against disease and in

Officer Clancy needs no whistle. When he says "Stob!" he means "Dode go."



Many germ strategists prescribe the direct frontal attack.

He promised to love, honor and ah-choo! A faithful wife must share his flu.

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the protection against viral disease by the natural substance interferon. It helps to remove toxic substances of many kinds from the body. It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that vitamin C provides a large amount of protection against the common cold.

Vitamin C Checklist

	mg Vit. C
Asparagus, cut spears cooked—¾ cup=6 oz.	40
Lima beans cooked—¼ cup	30
Broccoli spears cooked—¾ cup	140
Brussels sprouts cooked—¾ cup	130
Mustard greens cooked—¾ cup	90
Green peas cooked—¾ cup	30
Sweet peppers, green pod cooked—1 pod	100
Spinach cooked—¾ cup	50
Tomato juice canned—¾ cup	30
Cantaloupe, raw, medium size—one-half	60
Grapefruit juice, frozen reconstituted—¾ cup	70
Lemon juice, fresh—¾ cup	80
Orange juice, fresh or reconstituted frozen—¾ cup	90
Strawberries, frozen—¾ cup	90
Tomato soup—¾ cup	8

It is my opinion that a far greater amount of protection can be obtained by adjusting the intake of vitamin C to the circumstances. I think that everyone needs at least 250 milligrams per day, and that the optimum daily dose for most people is larger, 1,000 milligrams per day or more. These regular doses will stop most colds, but not all. If you have been exposed to a cold, or feel tired or listless or are under some strain, take one or two grams more, and continue every hour until you feel better. It is especially important to begin this high hourly intake at the very first sign of a cold—the first sneeze, shiver, or nasal secretion. Usually your body can then stop the cold—which no cold medicine can do. Even if the cold is not stopped, the high intake of vitamin C, 10 to 30 grams per day, will ameliorate it so greatly that you will have much less suffering than with your usual colds. Also, I believe, you will be in much less danger of contracting a secondary bacterial infection and of developing such diseases as mastoiditis and meningitis. Vitamin C has a general antibacterial activity. An intake of 6 grams per day is needed during a cold or other infection to keep the level in the white blood cells high enough to enable them to attack invading bacterial cells effectively.

If you begin to catch a cold and treat it by an increased intake of vitamin C, so that you feel better, do not then drive yourself to extra exertion, or the cold may succeed in overcoming your defenses. Instead, live an easy life for a day or two, while you continue your high intake of the vitamin.

Several investigators have reported that an intake of 3 grams of vitamin C per day, beginning some hours or a day after the cold was contracted, has little effect on the cold. A larger intake is needed, and it must be started early.

The principal side effects of large doses of the vitamin are intestinal disturbances—looseness of the bowels, formation of intestinal gas, diarrhea—usually only for a day. People who experience these difficulties should take the vitamin with food, and may have to limit their intake. Most people can take 15 to 30 grams per day, in divided doses, without trouble. I find there is no basis for the statements that an increased intake of vitamin C destroys vitamin B_{12} and can cause pernicious anemia, or can cause the formation of kidney stones.

Vitamin C tablets (1,000 mg) can be purchased retail for less than $20 per 1,000 ($20 per kilogram), nearly three years' supply at 1,000 milligrams per day. Pure crystalline vitamin C is even cheaper, less than $10 per kilogram. Vitamin C tablets are quite stable; the recent newspaper articles about their decomposition to form toxic products were not based on reliable studies.

A good intake of vitamin C is known to be needed for the healing of wounds, broken bones, and burns. It provides a large amount of protection against the common cold. It is an important substance, which you may need to take in extra amounts, even if you eat well-balanced meals. ☐

SALLY STRUTHERS TALKS ABOUT HER CHILD.

"Her name is Marites. She lives in the Philippines. And she's the special child I sponsor.

"Four years ago Marites' father died, leaving her sickly mother as the only means of support for six children. Extreme poverty forced eight-year-old Marites and her two older sisters to go to work just to survive.

"Then thanks to the Christian Children's Fund I was able to sponsor her. To help give her food, clothing and a chance to go to school without taking her away from the family she loves.

"Marites and I got to know each other, and now we share a very personal affection for each other.

"For just $15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites. You can become a sponsor in the Christian Children's Fund.

"Don't send any money now. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return. Then you can decide if you want to help.

"Please send in the coupon today. Because these kids are all in our family—yours and mine."

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills NSAP10
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

The Pleasures of Friendship

By C. S. LEWIS

To the Ancients, Friendship seemed the happiest and most fully human of all loves; the crown of life and the school of virtue. The modern world, in comparison, ignores it. We admit, of course, that besides a wife and family a man needs a few "friends." But the very tone of the admission, and the sort of acquaintanceships which those who make it would describe as "friendships," show clearly that what they are talking about has very litttle to do with that *philia* which Aristotle classified among the virtues.

Why? The first and most obvious answer is that few value it because few experience it. The possibility of going through life without the experience is rooted in that fact which separates Friendship so sharply from other loves. Friendship is—in a sense not at all derogatory to it—the least *natural* of loves; the least instinctive, organic, biological, gregarious, and necessary. It has least commerce with our nerves; there is nothing throaty about it; nothing that quickens the pulse or turns you red and pale. It is essentially between individuals; the moment two men are friends they have in some degree drawn apart together from the herd. Without Eros none of us would have been begotten and without Affection none of us would have been reared; but we can live and breed without Friendship. The species, biologically considered, has no need of it. The pack or herd—the community—may even dislike and distrust it. Its leaders very often do.

This (so to call it) "non-natural" quality in Friendship goes far to explain why it was exalted in ancient and medieval times and has come to be made light of in our own. The deepest and most permanent thought of those ages was ascetic and world-renouncing. Affection and Eros were too obviously connected with our nerves, too obviously shared with the brutes, too close to nature. You could feel these tuggings at your guts and fluttering in your diaphragm. But in Friendship—in that luminous, CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

About the Author

Clive Staples Lewis, born in Belfast in 1898, gained worldwide recognition for his writings in Christian apologetics, the best known of which is *The Screwtape Letters*. Among his other works are *Mere Christianity*, a collection of radio essays delivered over the BBC; *Out of the Silent Planet*, written in 1938, the first of a trilogy of science fiction novels written at a time when that genre was practically unknown; and his ever-beloved Narnia tales, a series of seven books for children in which Lewis makes use of much Christian allegory. From 1954 until his death in 1963 Lewis was professor of medieval and Renaissance English at Cambridge University. *Photograph by Wolf Suschitzky*

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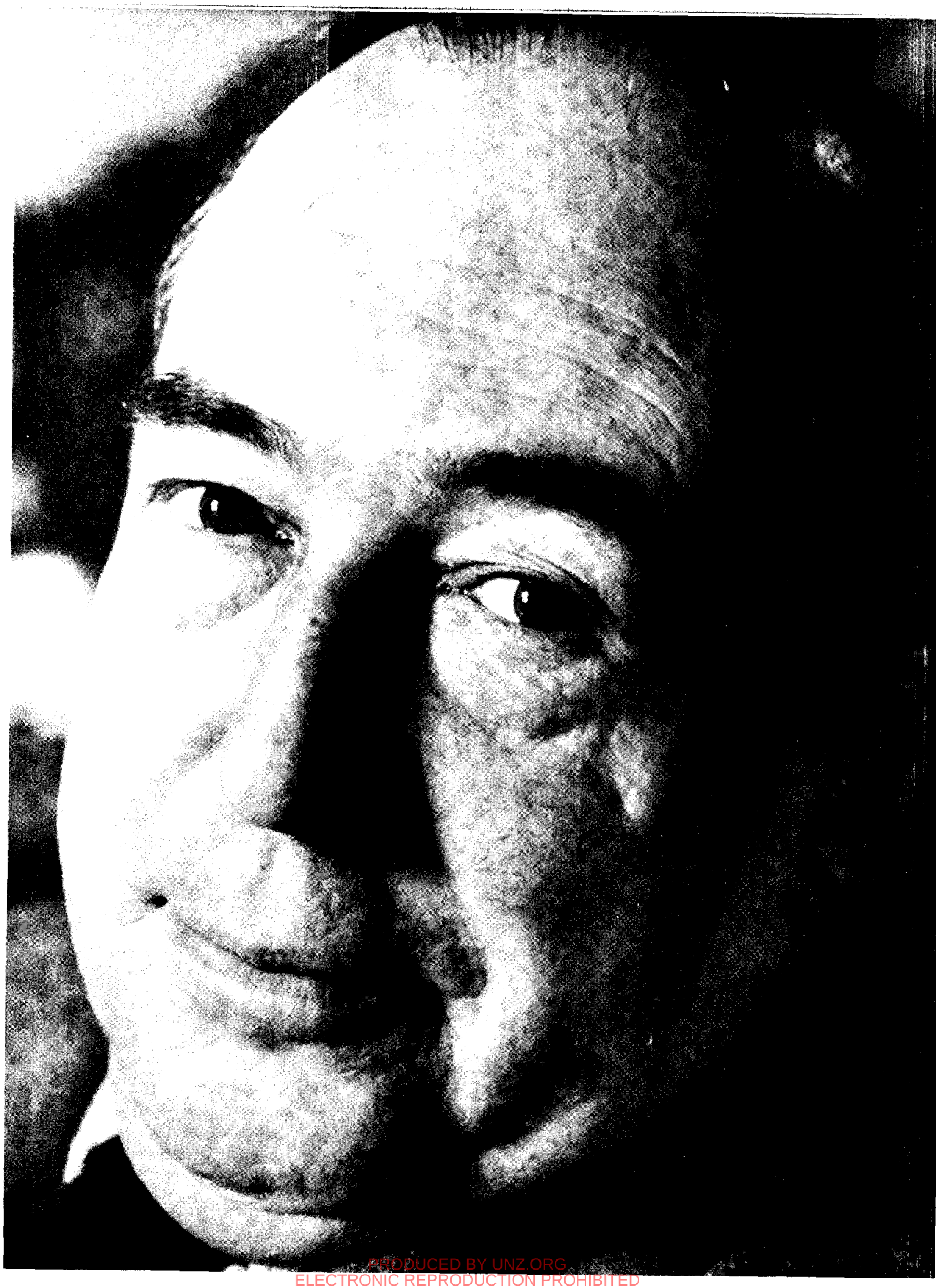

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ANOTHER TOWN

He was a townsman, the eulogist said, never a hermit, a part of town meetings, square dances, basketball games. His models became his ideals, and the town became the vision, the green hill far away.

It is an ordinary day in a little town that specializes in ordinary days. Several hundred people pop in and out of shops, zip across the street without much regard for traffic—of which there is not a great deal—shake hands, smile, embrace. There is color in their faces to match the last fragments of fall paint in the air, and their actions, however simple, are actions you have seen before in pictures. They are all cover girls, these women, and the men have been portrayed as heroes.

In a few minutes they will walk into the gray stone church to say good-bye to the man who made their honest faces the happy and joyous coin of the realm.

Norman Rockwell is to be buried today. Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts line the pathways into the churchyard. They look like patches of bright pigment from the artist's palette. They are solemn for a while, then their youthful nature, like the cowlicks that won't stay down under their caps, springs up. Rockwell would've liked that.

"Let's make the rafters of this old church ring with our singing," says the young minister, Theodore Evans, Jr. That is always an appeal to the tone deaf, and we respond—townspeople, visitors, family, friends from the past—blending our less than perfect voices in "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," "Now Thank We All Our God," and "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

The bulletin says this is "a service of thanksgiving for the life of Norman Rockwell," and eyes are dry because he never pulled any long faces. His handsome sons, Peter, a sculptor in Rome, Tom, a writer, and Jarvis (or Jerry, as Stockbridge calls him), an illustrator, stand tall next to Molly Rockwell, her clear, beautiful eyes looking straight ahead. "He died of being 84," she told the inquisitive press. Molly Rockwell taught English for 37 years and knows words have work to do, that they can't loiter.

Charles McKim of the famous firm of architects, McKim, Mead, and White, who worked on the White House, the Boston Public Library, and Penn Station, designed this Romanesque revival church. Daniel Chester French, sculptor of the great seated Lincoln in Washington, the standing Lincoln in Lincoln, Nebraska, of John Harvard in the Harvard Yard, and the Minute Man at Concord, worshiped here. There is a Tiffany stained glass window. St. Gaudens, who designed the $20 and $10 gold pieces, carved the baptistry. But it is a summer church, and these men were on vacation when they worked here and gave their designs to the church. Rockwell drew the church for the church bulletin's cover. The clock in the tower says nine o'clock, and the little drawing has a kind of 9:00 in the morning optimism.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Stockbridge

David Wood, the director of the Old Corner House where Rockwell's paintings are on display across the street, reads "Abou Ben Adhem" (may his tribe increase!):

" 'I pray thee, then
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

"Norman liked it," Mr. Wood says later at a reception, "and they asked me if I'd read it." Real food and the glorious fall day bring the guests up to the level of Molly Rockwell's bravery. Mr. Wood has a matter-of-fact voice, the sort of voice that can read poetry and not make it sound like sugar syrup. And the organist, Tom Frost, knows how to play "Were You There," the richly sonorous spiritual, without dragging sentimentality.

People say it is a day Norman Rockwell would have liked. A little girl stares into the hearse, her lovely and innocent curiosity mirrored in the window. A man climbs out on the roof of his building on Main Street and nails a last shingle before the cold weather descends. Boys on skateboards tempt the skills of orthopedic surgeons until they can put their real efforts into the skiing season. Shops open up again. The man who made America home, the townsman Norman Rockwell, has, suggests Mr. Wood, gone to live in another town. ☒

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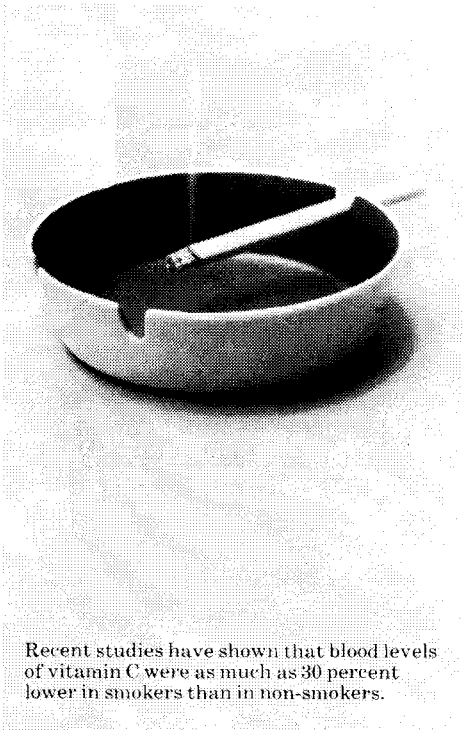
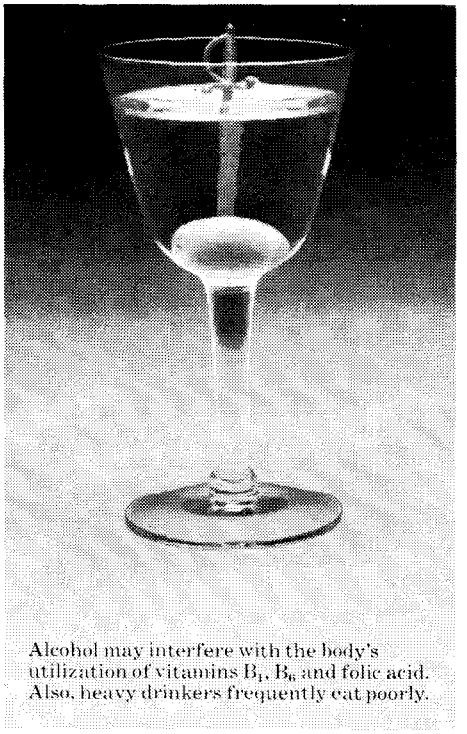
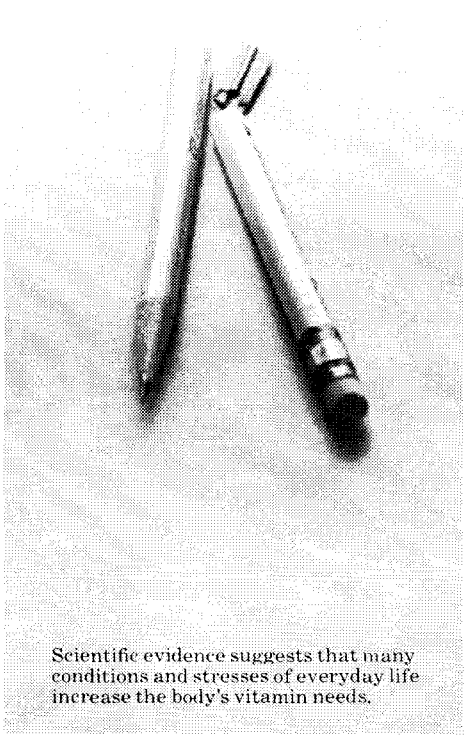


Recent studies have shown that blood levels of vitamin C were as much as 30 percent lower in smokers than in non-smokers.



Alcohol may interfere with the body's utilization of vitamins B_1, B_6 and folic acid. Also, heavy drinkers frequently eat poorly.

If you're dieting or skipping meals, you may be eliminating foods that contain many vitamins including A, C, E and B-complex.



Scientific evidence suggests that many conditions and stresses of everyday life increase the body's vitamin needs.

With finicky eaters, the sick, the snacker and children, much of the meal and its vitamins often end up in the garbage.

If you take birth control pills, you may need folic acid and two to ten times the normal amount of vitamin B_6. Ask your physician.

Six ways you may be robbing your body of vitamins.

Vitamins are essential to life and good health. So you should try to eat balanced, nutritious meals. When you're shopping, read the labels, because today many vitamin-fortified foods are available.

One sure way to get enough. Buy supplements—and make sure you take them daily. After all, vitamins are really low-cost insurance. Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., Nutley, New Jersey 07110.

ROCHE

Your health is our concern.

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A Treasure Trove of Rediscovered Art and Humor by

Norman Rockwell

Rockwell's little cast of captivating kids—Master Reginald Claude Fitzhugh visiting his country cousins, Tubby, Rusty, Chuck and Patsy the Pooch—take you capering in the country from 1917 into the Twenties. This trusty crew, as you'll see above and below (and much, much more in the issue) have a corking time introducing Reggie to the rustic delights of worms, fishing, turkeys and flying buggies.

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An unveiling of the
34 Norman Rockwell Country Gent Covers
beginning in this memorable issue.

Four humorous Rockwell covers, suitable in size and presentation for framing, will be included in this issue, with complete instructions for mounting and framing. Superb Rockwellian touches of rural humor, showing youngsters, oldsters and hamsters cavorting back on the farm painted by the beloved master when he and all the world were young. Simply pick up quill pen, sign yonder subscription order, dust with sand, receive free this gem of an issue.

Free

This offer for the Norman Rockwell Edition will be available on a first-come first-served basis, due to the fact that only a limited number of copies will be printed.

The Country Gentleman Quarterly

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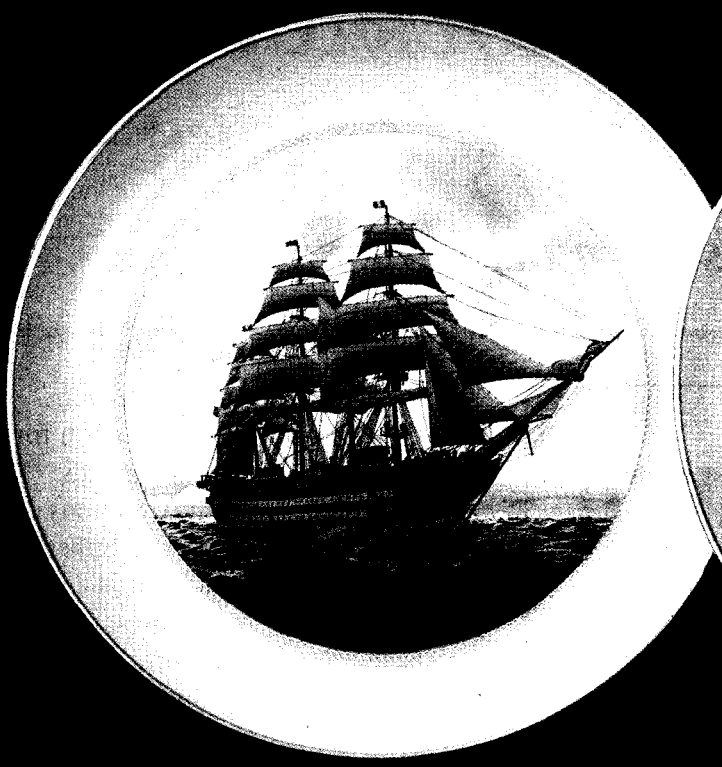
Announcing

The Official Tall Ships



Amerigo Vespucci – Italy

Gorch Fock – West Germany

Plates shown smaller than actual 8½" diameter.

An heirloom collector's edition in lustrous fine china which beautifully portrays twelve of the world's fabled Tall Ships.

Each plate decorated with precious 23 karat gold.
Issued in a strictly limited edition.
Advance subscription deadline: February 28, 1979

Feel the wind rising! See the whitecaps on the waves! The Tall Ships are coming – racing across the Atlantic to form a grand armada in honor of America's birthday.

Who can forget Operation Sail (July 4, 1976) – the most spectacular event in sailing history? People by the tens of thousands gathered to gaze as the Tall Ships sailed by.

It was ships like these that took Captain James Cook and his fellow explorers on their voyages of discovery, carried Columbus and his men to the New World, and brought many of our ancestors to the shores of America.

And now the Tall Ships are coming again! The Danbury Mint is proud to announce the limited availability of *The Official Tall Ships Fine China Plate Collection.*

Twelve Tall Ships from Operation Sail

The *Eagle*, training ship of the United States Coast Guard. Norway's magnificent *Christian Radich*. The *Sagres*, named for the Portuguese city from which many of the great explorers and navigators launched their expeditions. The *Sir Winston Churchill*, pride of Great Britain. The *Amerigo Vespucci*, named for the Italian explorer who gave America its name. Twelve magnificent Tall Ships in all – the most memorable from Operation Sail.

An Official Collection of Original Works of Art

This *definitive* collection is being issued under the auspices of the American Sail Training Association, co-sponsor of the spectacular transatlantic Tall Ship race, which culminated in Operation Sail.

Robert Devereaux, one of America's most gifted nautical artists, was commissioned to create the original paintings for this collection. A sailor himself, Devereaux has portrayed the Tall Ships at their finest – at sea, wind billowing in the sails. His paintings are accurate down to the smallest details and the realism is astonishing. And each painting is signed by the artist, denoting each plate's status as a true limited-edition work of art.

Richly Decorated with 23 kt. Gold

And to bestow a crowning touch of luxury, each plate will be decorated with a rope of gold encircling the ship and a band of gold on the rim of the plate.

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The Official Tall Ships Fine China Plate Collection will be issued in a strictly limited edition – available only directly from the Danbury Mint by advance reservation. It will not be available in retail stores. The U.S. edition of this extraordinary collection will be limited to the number of reservations postmarked by February 28, 1979, and then will be closed forever.

Convenient Acquisition Plan

You may reserve your subscription to *The Official Tall Ships Fine China Plate Collection* by simply completing and

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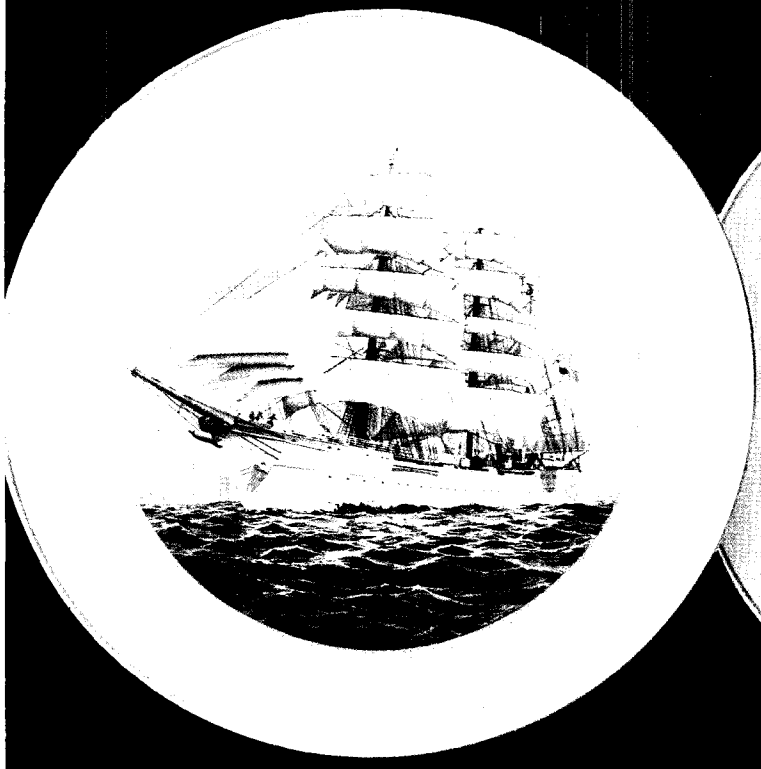
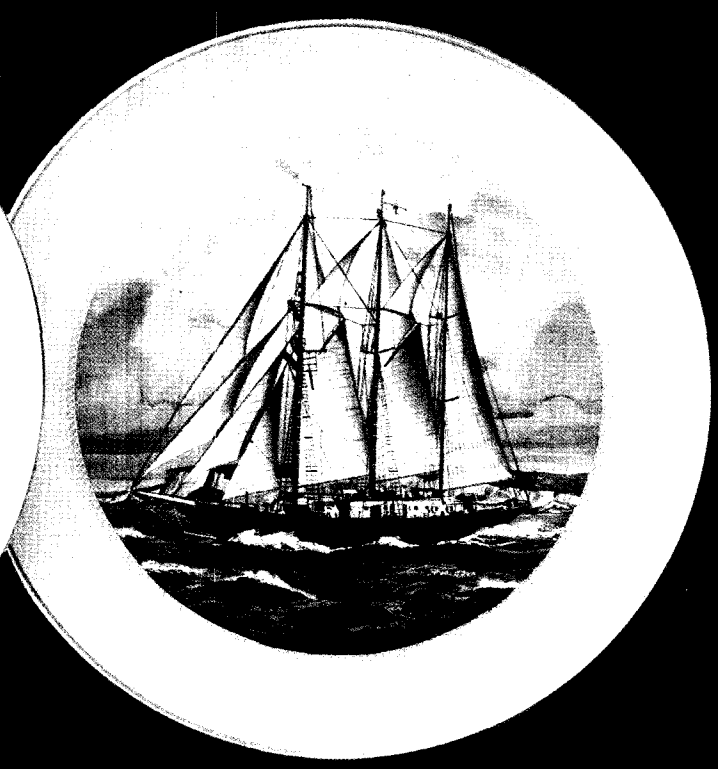
Fine China Plate Collection



Eagle – United States



Sir Winston Churchill – England

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returning the reservation application. You need send no money now. You will be billed separately for each of the 12 plates in the collection at the rate of one plate every two months. The original issue price is guaranteed to subscribers throughout the entire collection.

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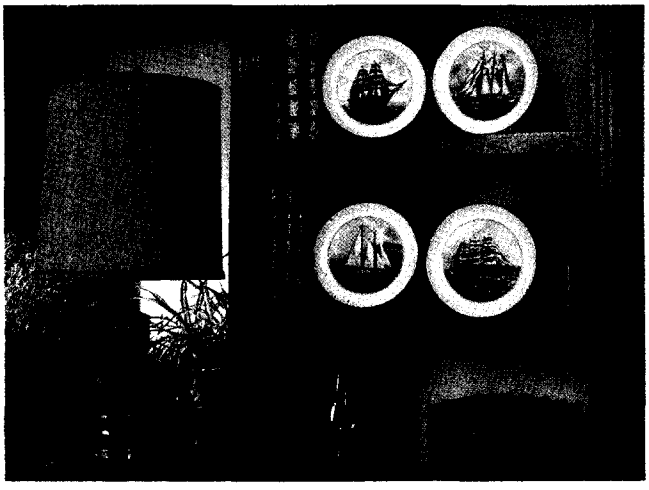
Please Act Promptly!

Please bear in mind that subscriptions for this limited edition can be guaranteed only through February 28, 1979. Do not miss your chance to own this unique tribute to the Tall Ships.



The Official Tall Ships

FINE CHINA PLATE COLLECTION

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NORMAN ROCKWELL: THE LAST GENTLE MAN

His facile brush and whimsical eye have almost—but not quite—obscured one of the rarest gifts of our time, his gentle touch of nobility.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

A true gentleman is one who is never unintentionally rude.
—Oscar Wilde

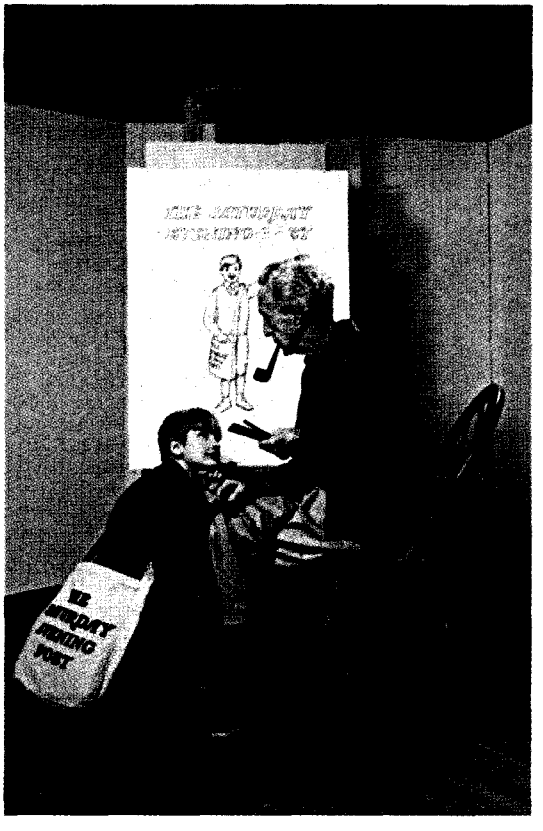
The first time I met Norman Rockwell was one frosty winter morning in a tiny New England village. There was a kind of blessing on the day that only a Charles Dickens could describe. And to make it almost supernaturally Rockwellian, I was accompanied by a mere spit of a freckle-faced boy and a giant St. Bernard dog, who was self-elected to be our bodyguard.

As we walked down the quiet, white Main Street, the only sounds the crunch and squeak of snow under our feet (and paws), it seemed only fair to stop and cry *halt-this-just-can't-be-there's-no-such-cast-of-characters-except-on-a-*Saturday-Evening-Post*-cover-stop-putting-me-on*, but there it all was, just the same.

For this was Norman Rockwell Country, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where nature copies art, and which gazetteers of the future might well refer to as Norman Rockville. It is his canvas come to life. To face up to it here, nature couldn't have *dared* do otherwise, not as long as the old master was there to peer out of his studio window, brushes in hand, to check on the northern light, and stand, instead, enraptured by the antics of a crow dancing on the branches of a tall pine, dislodging blobs and splashes of snow to create a three-dimensional pattern, white on white, on the frozen ground below.

It was the perfect stage—perhaps the only stage—on which to meet Norman Rockwell, portraitist of country ways in America.

This is Berkshire country—not exactly mountains as they would say it around the Tetons down Wyoming way, but still a flange of the Appalachians, with a wild look to the hills and every now and then a rocky peak, ancient and gnarled. This is handsome country, the peaks running in chains with deep valleys between, fertile and firry and lush, curved to the oxbows of meandering streams and rivers. The blood of settlers tainted the brooks not very long ago as the Indians gave them their own kind of welcome. Now, in the evening, the white frame houses light up the snow like Christmas cards, and Main Street is the model for a thousand dreams. The hills look down serenely on the "Happy Valley" as this is traditionally called, and the Housatonic River marks the edge of town, mirroring the birches on its banks. The town has been thus since 1739, and its population has now swollen to 2,417 inhabitants.



Mix one Rockwell and one kid in person, and you have a wow of a combination. Rockwell and model Bryan bridge the years with subjects they mutually enjoy. In his serious, old-fashioned way, Rockwell simply addressed the youngster as "boy."

Molly and Norman Rockwell lived in a classic white frame house close to the road. Behind it is a red barn which was made into his studio. It overlooks a meadow which cannot make up its mind whether it is a part of the Housatonic River or merely a shelf of land running back from its west bank.

The man whose autograph has been beseeched in Moroccan bazaars, French *boîtes*, and Italian gardens, whose paintings are cherished by Americans above all others, opened his studio door with a look of surprise on his face, which seemed to say: "Goodness, could it be someone here to see *me*?"

The surprise was genuine. Norman Rockwell was unaffectedly humble. That morning he had over 75 years behind him in which to discover how superior he was to the rest of us; all he had done was cultivate a respect for

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each of his fellow men. As aristocrat of creativity, his was the most democratic of hearts. Standing there making a small gesture of welcome in all his simple distinction, he seemed almost the Last Gentle Man of our time.

Rockwell was all quiet charm. Slender in his years, he had still a tensile strength about him. The word "courtly" came to mind. His mother would have approved of that, for she had named him after an English ancestor of hers, Sir Norman Percevel, who, said Norman, "reputedly kicked Guy Fawkes down the stairs of the Tower of London after he tried to blow up the House of Lords."

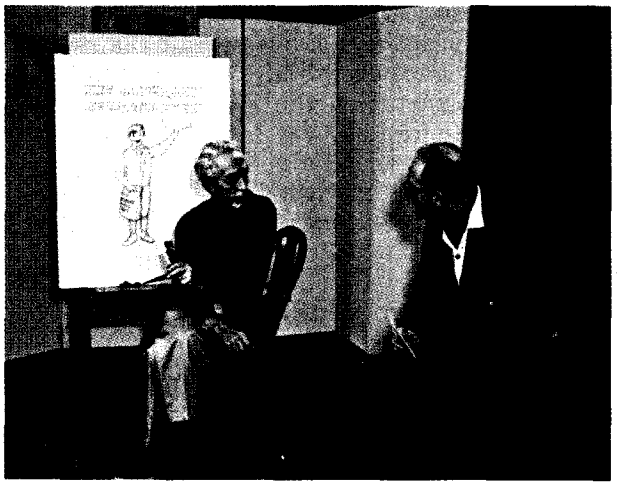
So he was Norman Percevel Rockwell, a name he spent a lifetime trying to hide, having dropped the middle cognomen the minute he left home and his mother's influence. But it is not altogether inappropriate, considering that subtle aura of distinction which clung to him.

Being able to paint as he did set Rockwell aside from other men. And in his case, the creative gift was fused with a personality happily amplifying it. His eye was that of a kindly philosopher. That is what makes his old men faintly comic while yet wearing crowns of dignity; his old ladies fragile as Dresden china, but with a devil lurking somewhere inside; his boys and girls, even while bearing clouds of glory from heaven, are still imps of mischievousness, never very far from needing either a good tanning or a kiss or both. The entire world and its inhabitants are Rockwell's models.

All this was packed away in that small frame, for although Rockwell was a giant in fame, he stood slight, even fragile, in stature.

Attempting to capture this quicksilver personality is a challenge. Certain words kept haunting me until I went back to Geoffrey Chaucer and found them in his "Portrait of the Knight" penned some 500 years ago when our English language was very young:

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he first bigan
To riden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisye. . .
And though that he were worthy, he was wis,
And of his port as meeke as is a maide.
He nevere yit no vilainye ne saide
In al his lif unto no manere wight:
He was a verray, parfit, gentil knight.



Rockwell "takes five" at his easel to chat with the author. Both are native New Yorkers and graduate choirboys from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Fro the time that he first bigan To riden out. . . how could Chaucer have ever known? Molly and Norman Rockwell made it a daily habit *to riden out* on their bicycles every day they could in Stockbridge, and yet this publicist's dream was taken for granted. Not a head turned. For the N. R.'s were part of their community, having earned that right by the New Englander's traditional 20 years of residence.

Molly Rockwell, a figure of patrician elegance and beauty, pauses for a moment before sketches of members of the Rockwell clan. She is an author in her own right and untold numbers of former pupils praise her as a wise and loving teacher.

In 1972 the whole area was suddenly filled with visitors from all parts of the country, some of them recognizably household names in their own right, who had come to Stockbridge to honor Norman Rockwell at the premiere of a TV special built around his life and career. At the first showing, I was happy to be there early, before the Rockwells arrived. When they did, it was clear once again from his expression that he had no inkling of his own importance—he started looking for a couple of seats in the back . . .that is, before the gathering in the Town Hall rose as one to applaud his entrance, and the couple was escorted to their front row seats of honor. I remember him so well, the small figure, the conservative yet sporty clothes—moccasins, grey flannel slacks, navy blue jacket, button-down shirt, and inevitable small bow tie—but it was his gesture which made the moment so memorable. Surprised, pleas-

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ed, quite flustered at the continuous applause, Norman made little waves of his hands over and around his head, as one wards off a swarm of yellow jackets, smiling the while at everybody, as if to apologize for his embarrassment at all the fuss. Afterwards at the party in his honor, he was his usual gracious self, thoughtful of everyone else's comfort and enjoyment, and discussing with me what might be the earliest possible moment, within propriety, to escape the lionization and retire to the solitary pleasures of an evening at home.

There you have Norman Rockwell.

One who knew him well, Ben Hibbs, who worked with the artist over many years as editor of the *Post*, said, "somehow he himself was like a gallery of Rockwell paintings—friendly, human, deeply American, varied in mood, but full, always, of the zest of living."

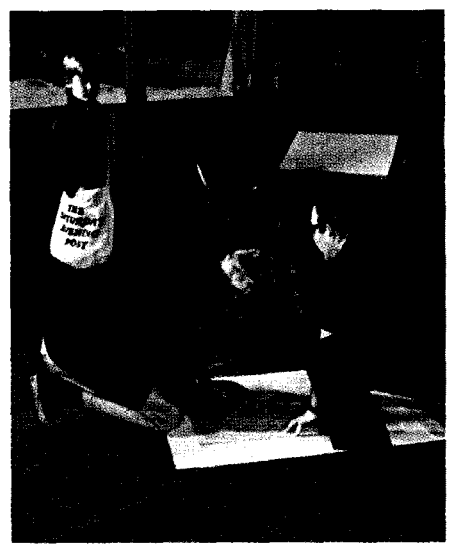
Zest is right. When a man has a place all to himself—studio or library or workshop—you can tell a lot about him by just looking around. Gaze with me back at his studio: a tiny gilt angel suspended from the high ceiling; a ship model mounted far up on the wall. Here is his library of art books: Monet, El Greco, twentieth century art from the Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller Collection. Jack Levine is on the shelf in between Caravaggio and the art treasures of the Louvre.

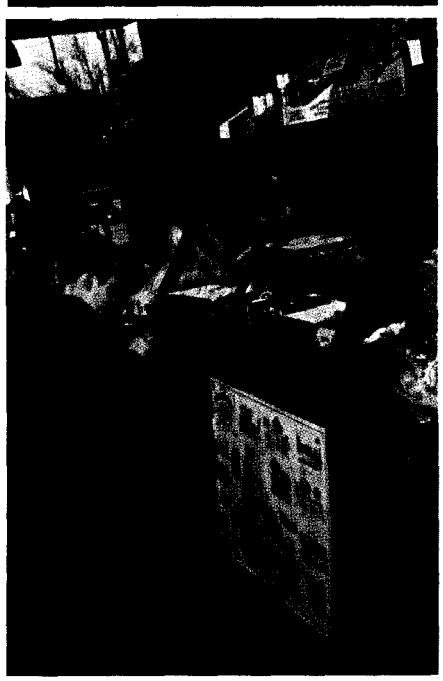
This was a man of the world, virile and curious. There are weapons everywhere: a Winchester rifle with his nameplate on it; flintlocks and ancient pistols; a curved creese; a holster and cartridge belt half filled with bullets; spears from the Pacific; noble helmets from the heavy cavalry of Napoleonic wars; the shield, mace, and headgear, complete with steel webbing to protect the sides and back of the neck, that once adorned a Saracen warrior. Pipes, the Rockwell trademark, are everywhere. There are dolls from all over the world: the Far East, Eskimo country, Russia, Africa. Sleigh bells on the door jingle as you enter. There's a huge Russian samovar, filled with artist's brushes. On the front of the studio, a high wall is filled with Rockwell paintings, a fresh one on the floor showing an animated scene at the Stockbridge firehouse. There are echoes from the past: a postcard from the Nassau Inn in Princeton, New Jersey, where Rockwell's famous painting *Yankee Doodle Went To Town* adorns the wall of the taproom behind the bar; an up-to-the-second memento, a photograph of the crew of Apollo 11 inscribed to Norman Rockwell and signed by Edward E. Aldrin, Neil Armstrong, and Michael Collins; a mosaic sign: *Shalom.*

Continued on page 89

Below, genial host Jack Fitzpatrick of the classic Red Lion Inn in Rockwell hometown Stockbridge, Massachusetts, smiles a welcome to the visitors from the Post*'s home base.*

Norman Rockwell, ever the worker, takes to the floor to sketch out a cover theme with visiting Post *Art Director Edward F. Cortese and to talk over the mysteries of form and design.*





Bryan, confronted by the world's greatest collection of jawbreakers, jelly beans, and lollipops in the general store, confers with himself over shooting the works. A Rockwell portrait?

"Buy a Satiddy Evenin' Post?" chirps the hopeful young magazine salesman to a somewhat astonished Post *cover artist, reenacting a scene that has taken place millions of times across America.*

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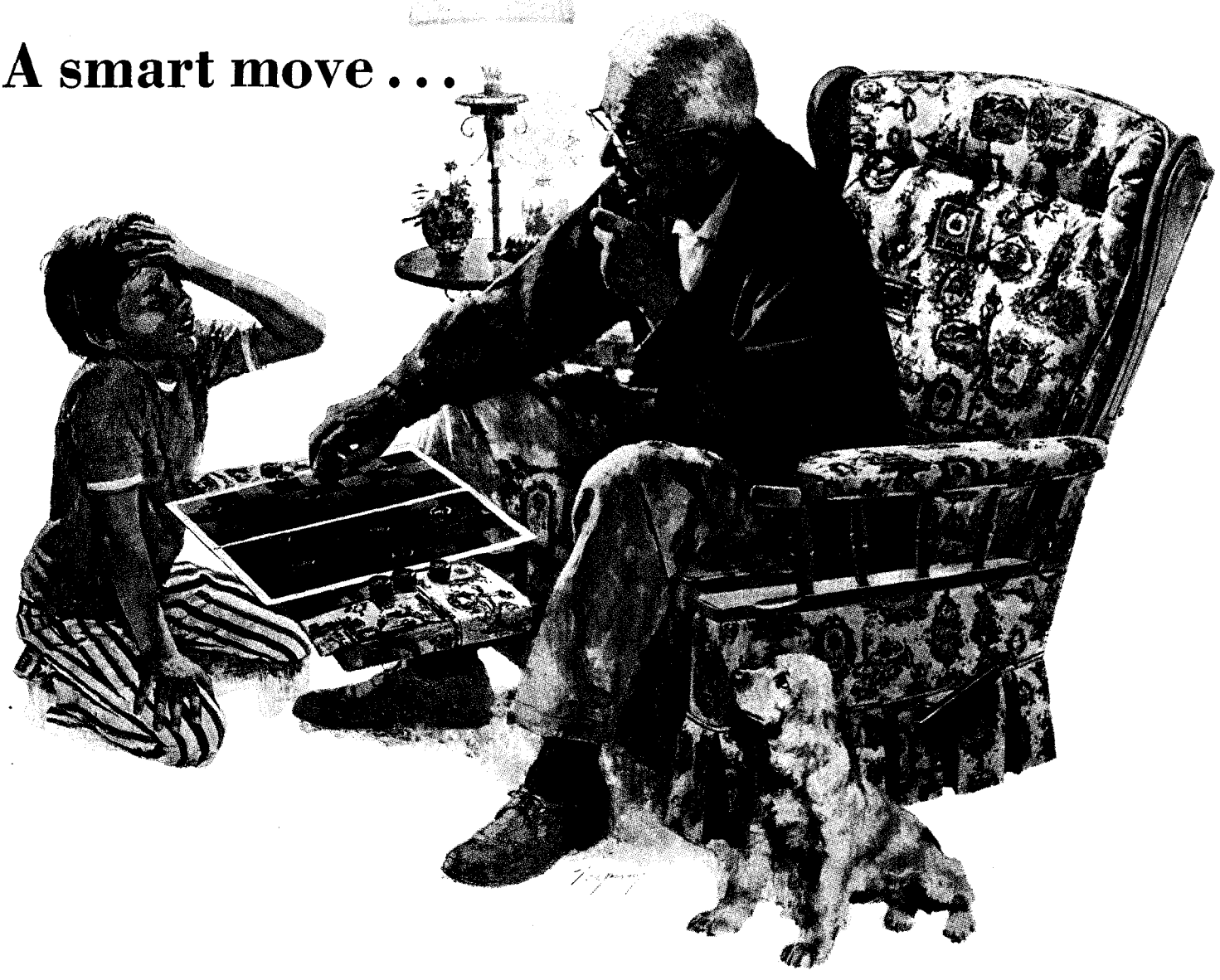

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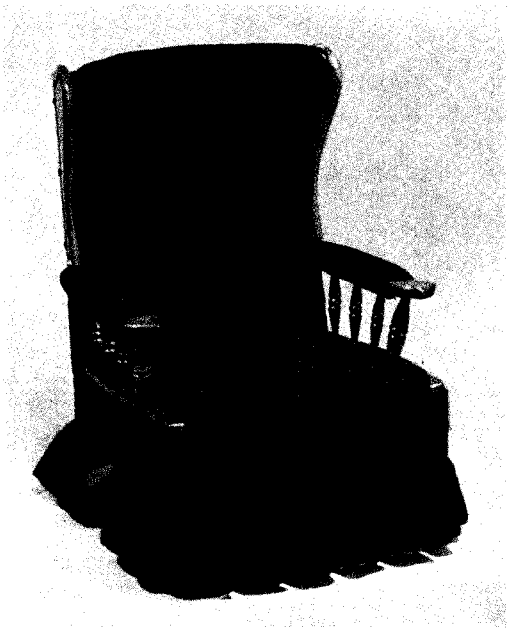

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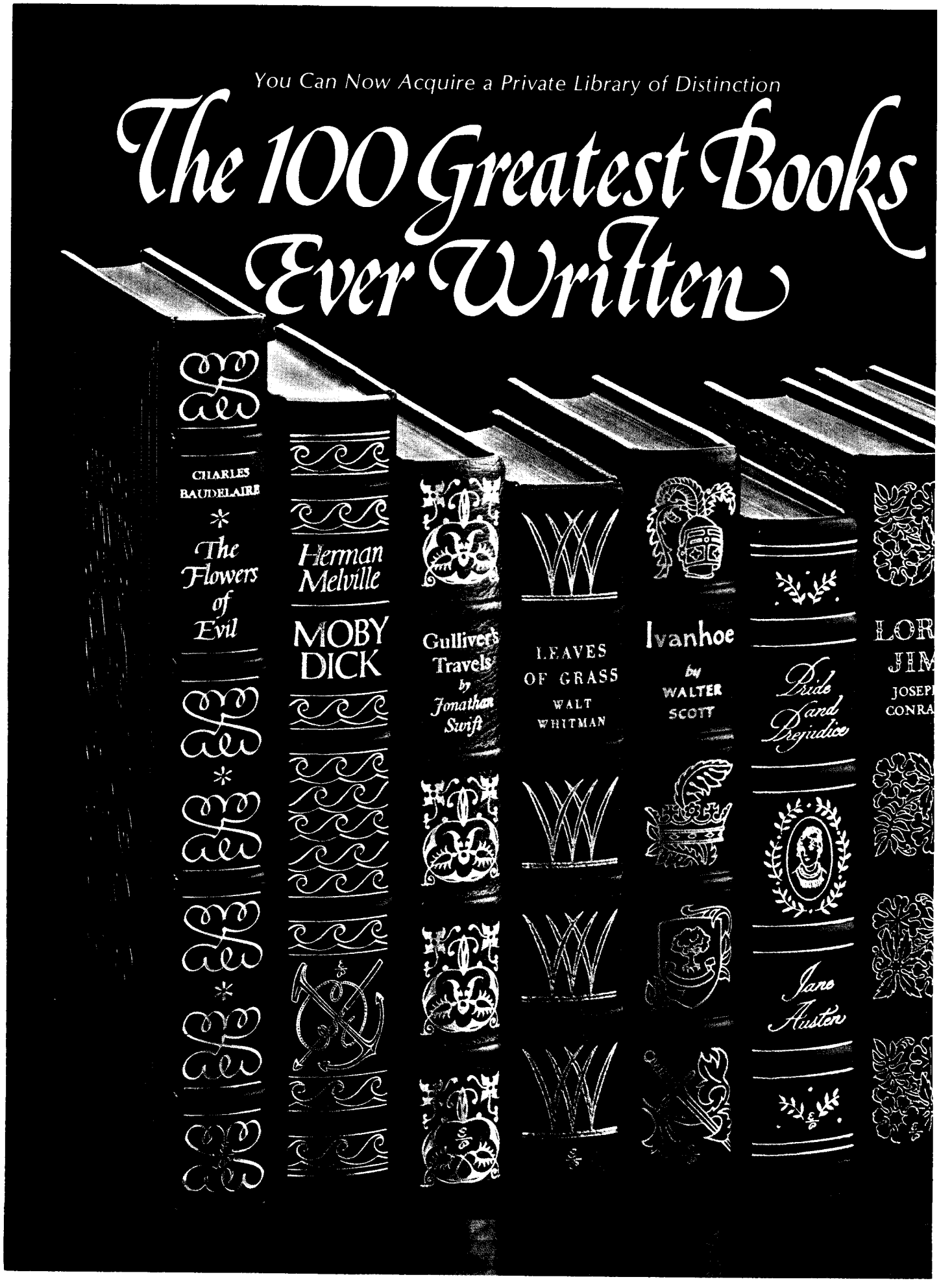

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(Continued from previous page)

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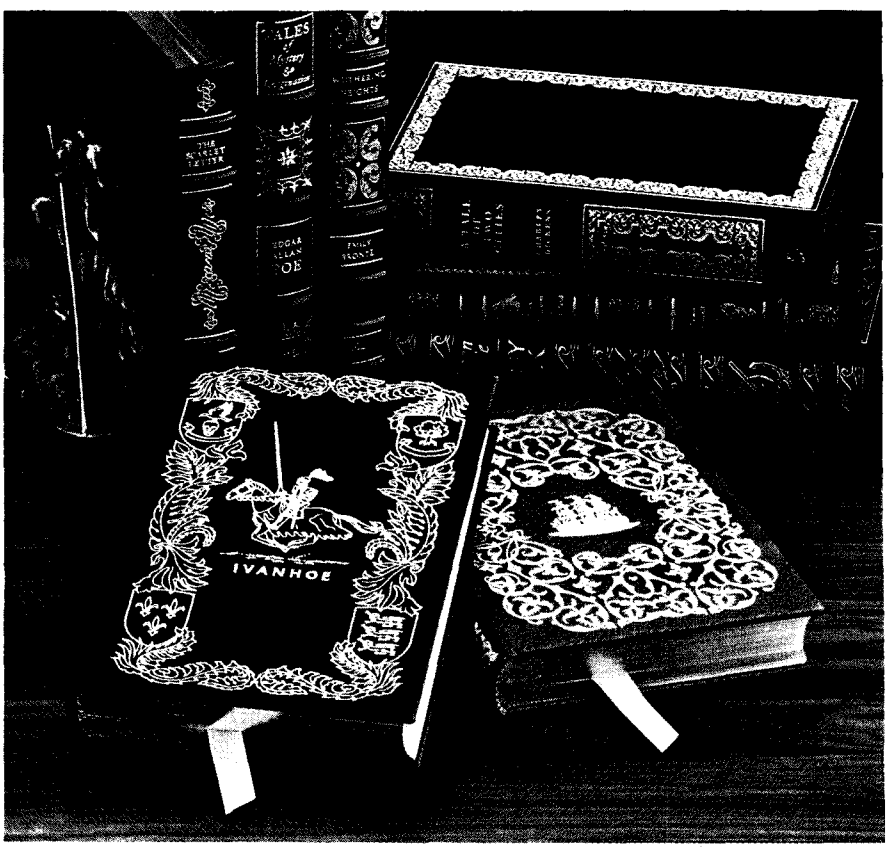

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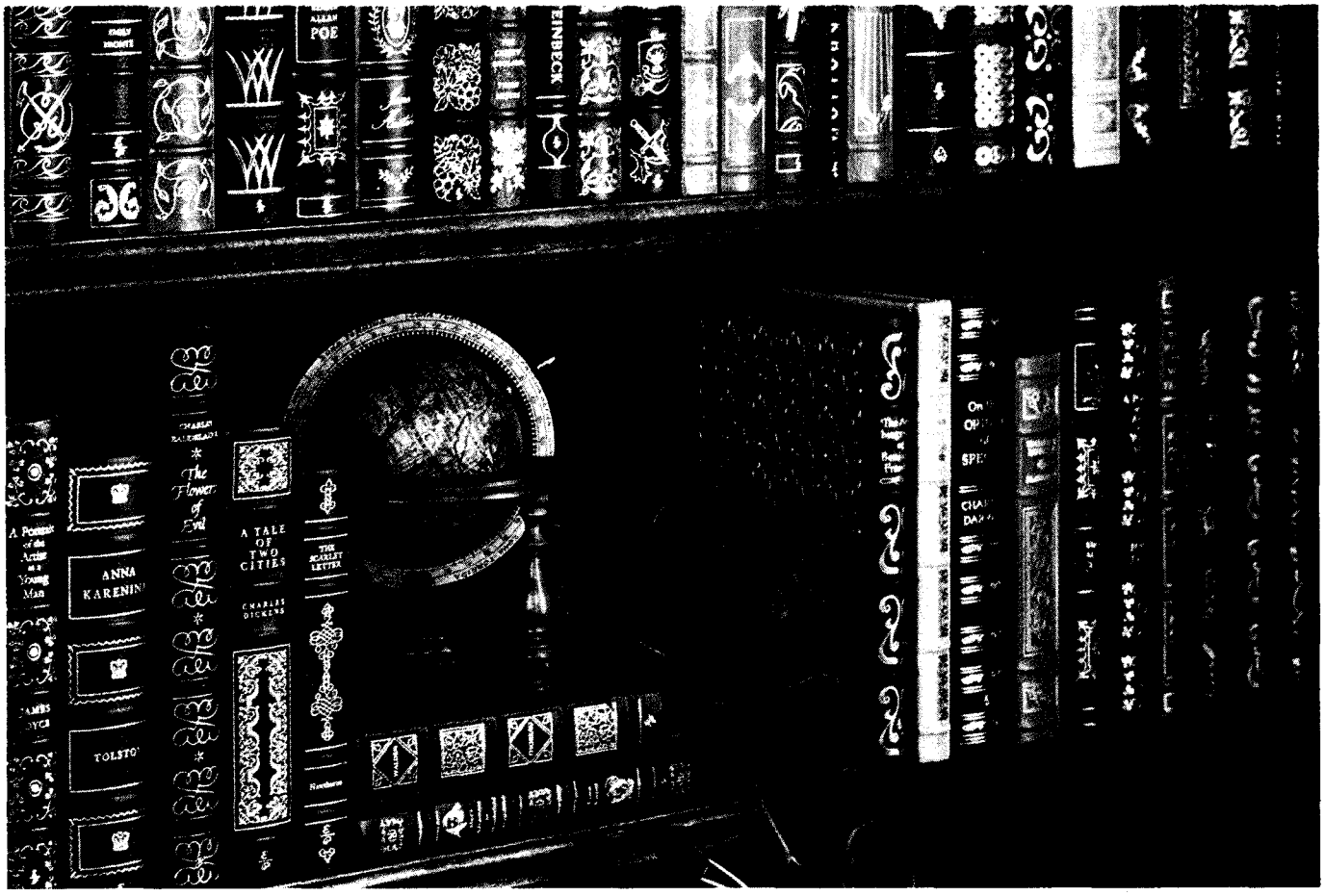

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RELIGION

A MESSAGE OF FAITH

Many of us search for ways to encourage a friend who has lost a devoted spouse. We hope this author's heartfelt words of faith will help any reader who has lost a loved one.

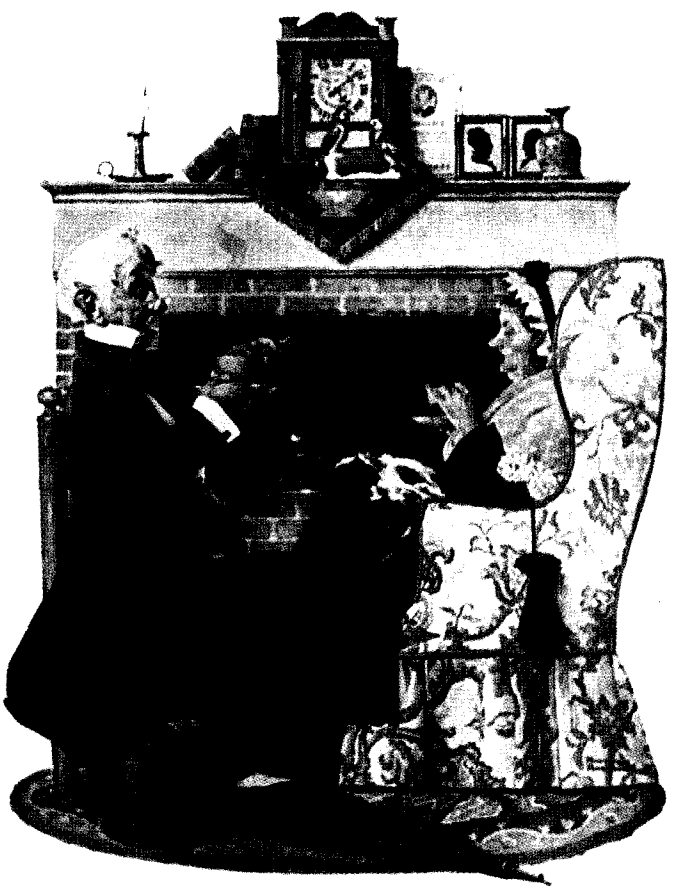
by Hortense Myers

There is no way to go except on for those who believe in an On.

Unexpected death has become a term associated with traffic collisions, but death comes quickly in other ways. It can be something called in medical terminology a cerebral vascular accident, which was the cause of death for my husband, Stanley M. Myers, December 1, 1971, at the age of 61.

After friends and relatives who provided comforting sympathy return to their own work, the surviving spouse faces the question: how to live alone without the companionship and support of the dead mate?

One possibility is to deteriorate into a glob of self-pity; other possibilities are to shrivel into a recluse or to transmute into a cynic. But none of these unsatisfying alternatives is open to one who believes that beyond this life is another life. The choice becomes one of continuing to live in this life but with a greater awareness of that eternity that lies beyond this life.



Lesson In Values

The pain of bereavement can be a corroding force or a lesson in values for the survivor.

The long-planned camping trip with a recently acquired camper now sitting idly in the garage and maps of the Northwest stacked on a desk can be a source of bitter regret over a dream unfulfilled. But it also can be a lesson in the importance of doing now the happy, kind things people plan on doing next month or next year.

The coat tossed carelessly over the living room couch by an owner who never will wear it again can be a source of useless tears. It also can be a lesson in the unimportance of a neat home with everything in its place as compared with the importance of the humans who occupy that home.

The Siamese cat crying vainly through the house for a human friend who will not return can be a twist of pain or a lesson in the sharingness of all living things.

Can't Be Erased

The blue willow-ware dishes can trigger a round of self-pity over future meals to be eaten alone when a 23-year-old son has other interests. Or they can be a remembrance of nearly a quarter-century of companionship that cannot be erased.

An artificial red tomato dangling from a dead vine in the garden can be a rattle of grief over the man who will plant no more earthly gardens, or it can provide a tender smile of recollection at a joke played by a neighbor who convinced him he had the first ripe tomato of the growing season.

Yes, death for the surviving spouse of a marriage is a time of standing on a dangerous spot in life with the decision to go on or to go back.

I must take On, because I believe it is there.

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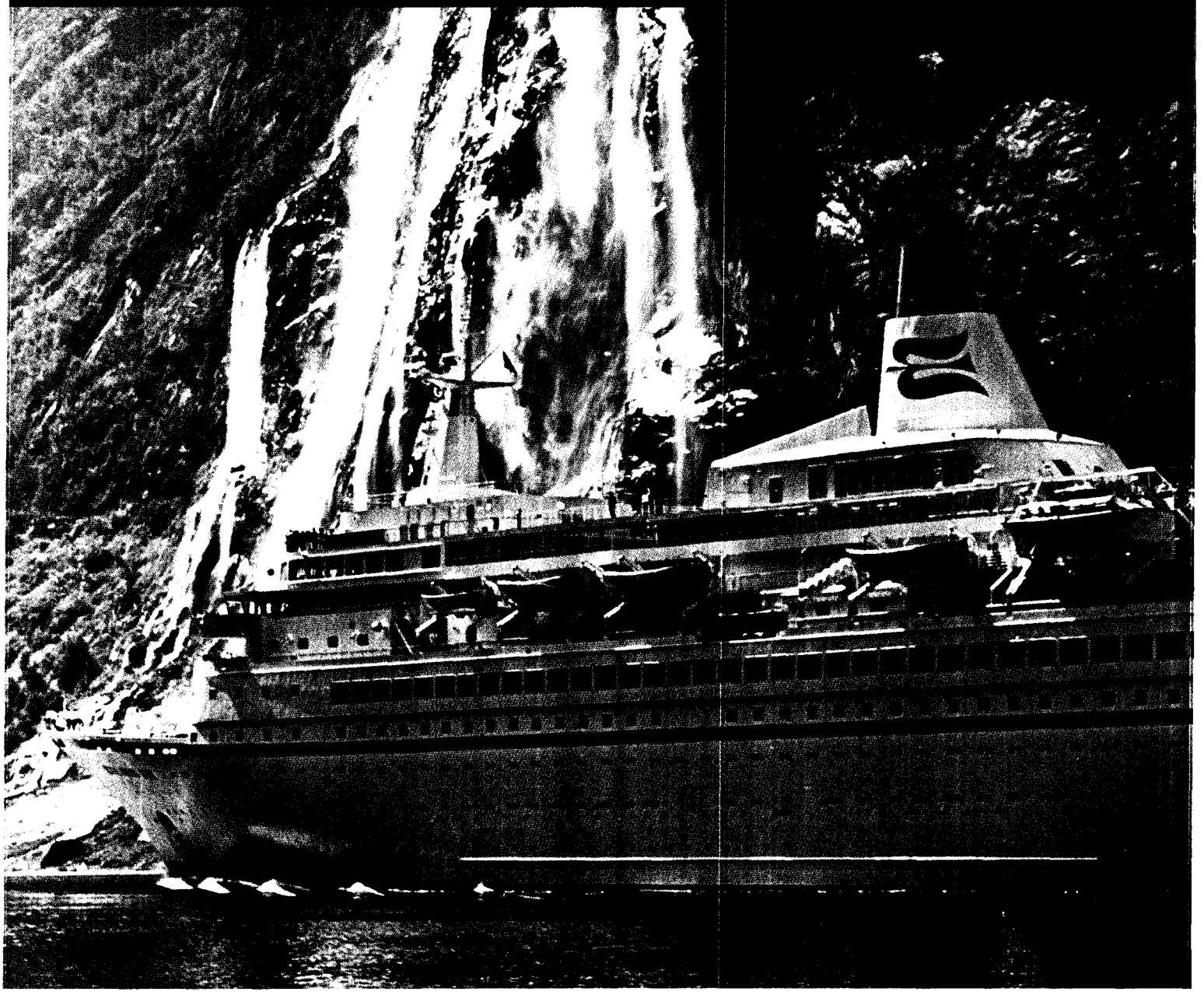

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ROYAL VIKING LINE

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MR. LINCOLN FOR THE DEFENSE

The charge was murder and the outlook was grim. But Abe was willing to halt his campaign for the Senate in order to help an old friend.

by Elisa Bialk

My name is Hannah Armstrong, and I've got a story to tell you. It's a true one, too, about someone who came to be mighty well known.

I got to thinking about how we first knew Abe while I was waiting for him at the inn in Beardstown. He was still over at the courthouse, where the circuit cases was being tried. He'd come out of Springfield, and I'd come to see him from New Salem.

I can tell you I was more than a mite nervous as I waited. Abe was now the biggest man in Illinois—some said the biggest next to Steve Douglas, but I always said the biggest next to nobody. It'd been years since I seen him last, and I wasn't sure he'd remember me or be willing to do the big favor I'd come to ask. But I'd promised Jack on his deathbed that I'd ask.

This was in the spring of 1858. A window in the lounge of the inn where I waited was open, and the air smelled sweet with lilacs. It reminded me of the bushes we had back at the place in New Salem. We'd worked hard for that place, Jack and me. It was all we'd had, but maybe it would have to go. Jack had said, "Sell everything you got, if you have to—but clear Duff."

That was what I was here for now. To clear our son Duff of a murder charge. Abe Lincoln was the only one who could do it. But would he? Should I even ask? Dast I ask? We'd been friends once, it's true, but that was a long time ago. Abe had come a long way since. Waiting for him to come from the courthouse, smelling the lilacs outside the open window of the inn, I got to remembering how far he'd come.

First time I seen him, I never thought he'd amount to much. He sure was scrawny-looking, even if he was tall as a sapling. I guess I was used to chunky, well-muscled men like my Jack. Then I saw him wrastle Jack, and I changed my mind.

Guess you heard about that wrastling match. It all started in the fall of 1831 when Denton Offutt was bragging on the new clerk in his grocery, young Abe Lincoln just up from Kentucky. He said Abe was not only the smartest fellow of his age he'd ever seen, but the strongest, too, and that he could outrun, outwork, and outwrastle any man in the county.

Well, that was just a bit more than Bill Clary could swallow. My Jack was one of the boys used to hang out at Clary's place. The Clary's Grove boys, people called them. They was rough and tough, the lot of them, and I guess Jack Armstrong was the roughest and toughest of them all. The upshot was that Bill Clary bet Denton Offutt that Abe Lincoln couldn't beat Jack, and once the bet was made, it was hard for either one of them to back down. Not that Jack wanted to. There was nothing he liked better than a good wrastling match. As for Abe Lincoln, he was new in town; and though I'd heard he wasn't willing to fight someone he had no grudge against, with Denton Offutt egging him on, there was nothing else he could do.

Nobody expected Abe to win, least of all Jack Armstrong and the Clary's Grove boys. But that Abe was a fooler. He looked scrawny, sure, but he was as hard as the sapling he took after. And he was a fighter. He never gave an inch he didn't have to, then or ever. That sure was a good match, real close, but it was Abe who got Jack to the ground finally, not the other way around like everybody expected.

The Clary's Grove boys started moving in on Abe. Those boys always stuck together. But Jack did something that made me real proud of him. He yelled to the boys to stand back, and he got up and said, "Abe Lincoln, you beat me fair and square! You're the better man, and here's my hand on it!" From that day on, Abe Lincoln was Jack Armstrong's friend. My friend, too. He called me "Aunt Hannah," though I wasn't much older'n him, in the polite way a man used to speak to a woman who was married out in our neck of the woods.

Abe used to come and see us quite a bit. He even stayed with us once in a while between times, when things wasn't going so well for him. Truth to tell, things didn't go so well for Abe most of

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the time. Denton Offutt's store winked out after a while, so Abe and a fellow named Berry went into partnership in another store, and that didn't turn out so good neither. Berry drank up the profits, and Abe's nose was always in a book, and neither one collected debts that was owed them but kept going deeper and deeper into debt themselves.

Abe always joshed me about my good cooking, I remembered. Can't say that it was ever extra-special, but it didn't cost him nothing, and that was a help. Not that Abe ever took anything for nothing. Whatever he'd eat, he'd pay for by doing chores around the place, like chopping wood and fixing things my Jack never got around to fixing.

Sitting there in the inn at Beardstown I kind of choked up when I remembered how Abe took a shine to our twins when they come, especially to the one we called Duff. That was a nickname that Jack hung on the baby because he was always laughing like an Irishman we knew named Duffy. The "Duffy" was shortened to Duff, and it stuck. The other twin passed on with the fever. Maybe I spoiled Duff some 'cause he was all we had, I simply don't know. He was never bad, though, just full of high spirits, his father all over again.

I didn't want to sit there at the inn and start bawling in public, so I started remembering other things about Abe. I remembered the time I had foxed his breeches with a pair of buckskins he'd got as pay for a surveying job. Surveying was something he'd boned up on in his spare time so's he could earn some extra money. He was the postmaster, too—I could see a letter he was going to deliver up the road later stuck in his hat.

Knowing what I did—that he already had a couple of jobs in order to make ends meet besides running the store—I was surprised when he told me, real excited, that a fellow had gone by the other day heading west, and had sold him a barrel he didn't have room for, for half a dollar. I said to him, "And you give him a half dollar for nothing but an ole barrel! Oh, Abe Lincoln!"

"Now, hold on, Aunt Hannah!" Lincoln told me. "That's where you're fooled. You know what was on the bottom of that ole barrel? A whole edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries*! They're the most important law books ever written. I been reading them, and I'm fixing to be a lawyer."

"Abe, Abe," I said, "make up your mind! You got a store, and you're letting it wink out. You're the postmaster, and you carry your post office around in your hat. You're a surveyor and get paid in buckskins! Now you want to be a lawyer. What next?"

Abe said in that funny way he had of talking, half laughing and half shy, "I'll tell you what next. I want to run for state assembly. Sounds pretty silly for someone who's only had about a year of schooling, don't it?"

I spoke right out like I always do.

"I say it'd be silly if you didn't win out, Abe. You got more friends than anybody in New Salem."

Abe fixed me with those deep eyes of his that sometimes made him almost good-looking. "But will they vote for me, Aunt Hannah?"

"Try 'em out and see, Abe," I told him. "Try 'em out and see."

Well, the upshot of it was that Abe did try 'em out, and he got himself elected to the state legislature. We sure missed him in New Salem when he went to Vandalia, which was then the capital of Illinois. No one could touch him when it came to telling funny stories, but that wasn't all. He had a good mind, Abe did, and was as honest as the day is long. We used to say it was like losing our entertainment, our constable, and our guardian angel all in one.

When I look back I can see that Abe Lincoln never really came back, once he went to Vandalia. Oh, sure, he returned to New Salem when the legislature was over, but he had things on his mind. You somehow couldn't get close to him like you used to. Then that summer Ann Rutledge died, and the village didn't seem the same without her. Abe took her passing hard, too, and he went back to Vandalia a more serious man than he used to be. That was

Continued on page 96

'What?'

You may have a hearing problem without even knowing it. Here's how you can tell.

Hearing loss can be painless and gradual. By the time it happens, it may already have had an adverse effect on your life. Hearing loss can be isolating. In the elderly it is often confused with senility.

How can you find out if you have a hearing loss? Here are 10 simple questions you can answer for yourself.

1. Do you find yourself saying "What?" frequently?

2. Do people complain that you turn up the TV too loud?

3. When talking on the phone, do you hear better with one ear than the other?

4. Do loud sounds seem to bother you more than they do others?

5. Do you keep missing the punchline of jokes. Or confuse the number 50 for 60?

6. Do you have trouble understanding someone speaking from another room?

7. Do people complain that you talk too loud?

8. Do people accuse you of not paying attention?

9. Have you experienced ringing in your ears?

10. Do you feel tired or tense trying to follow group conversations?

If your answer to these questions is "Yes," even to some of them, you may be suffering from a loss of hearing. Fortunately, hearing loss is treatable in many ways. Do something about it. See your general physician or hearing health care professional.

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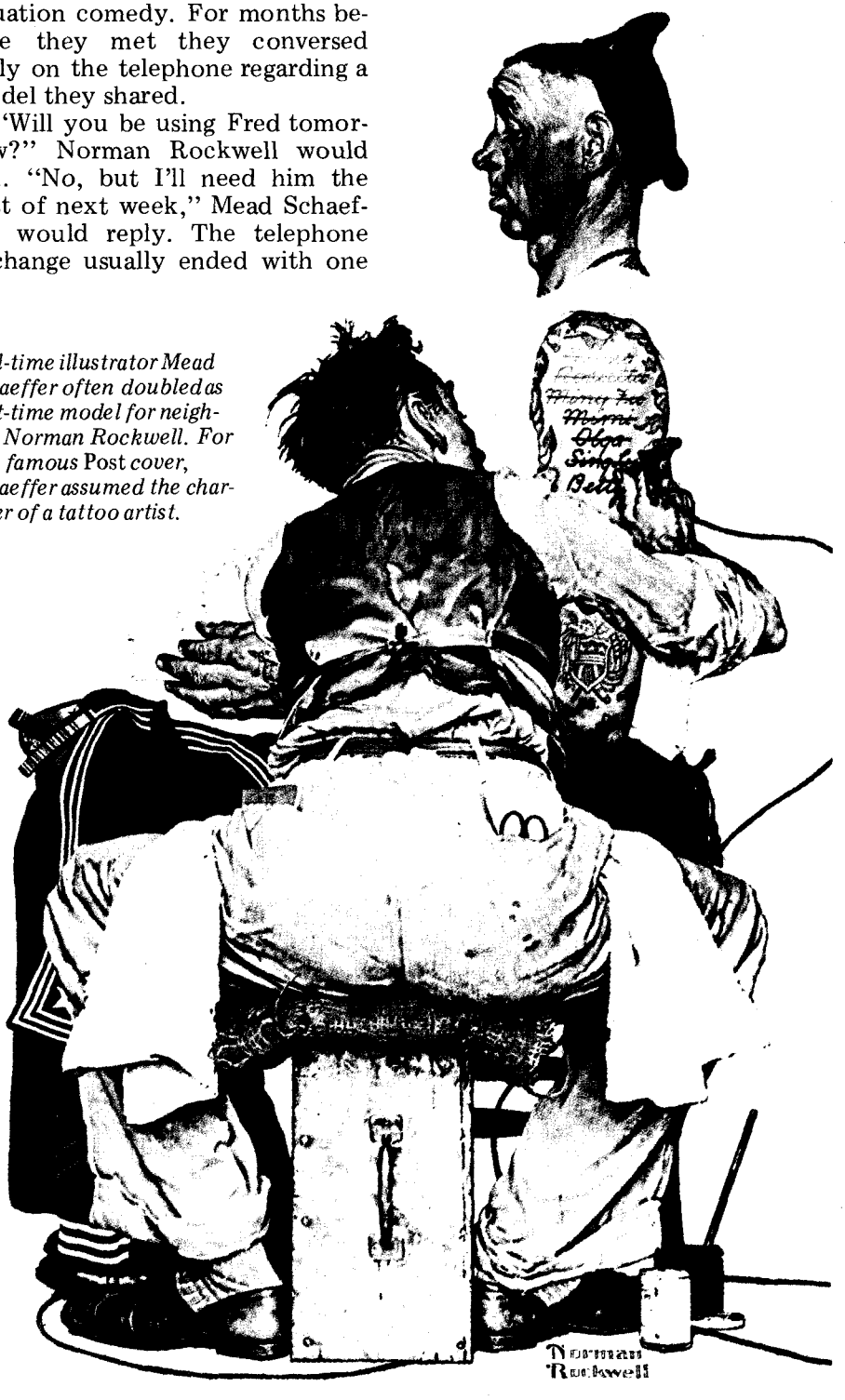
ARTISTS AND FRIENDS

Post illustrators Rockwell and Schaeffer swapped jokes, models, ideas, and sketches during their 13 years as neighbors, pals, and traveling companions.

by Holly Miller

Their friendship might have been the basis for a television situation comedy. For months before they met they conversed daily on the telephone regarding a model they shared.

"Will you be using Fred tomorrow?" Norman Rockwell would ask. "No, but I'll need him the first of next week," Mead Schaeffer would reply. The telephone exchange usually ended with one or the other *Saturday Evening Post* artist exclaiming that they really *must* get together sometime. The problem was time. Or lack of it. As America's two most successful illustrators, Rockwell and Schaeffer seldom strayed from their respective studios where they did battle with the ever present enemy they also shared—magazine deadlines.



Full-time illustrator Mead Schaeffer often doubled as part-time model for neighbor Norman Rockwell. For this famous Post *cover, Schaeffer assumed the character of a tattoo artist.*

The inevitable finally occurred. The two men were introduced at a party in New Rochelle, New York, and an instant friendship sprouted. For the next 13 years the artists fished together ("Norman was lousy at it," jokes outdoorsman Schaeffer), critiqued one another's work, swapped sketches, and endured dry spells when cover ideas flowed slower than maple syrup from the trees that bordered their adjoining properties. The families celebrated Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays together, the Rockwell boys and the Schaeffer girls attended the same school, and the wives often shouldered the responsibility of finding suitable models for their artistic spouses.

"I had no intention of moving from New Rochelle," explains Schaeffer. "But when Norman and I finally met at that party, he mentioned he had just bought some property on the Batten Kill River in Vermont. I said, 'You mean you've got a place on the greatest fishing river in New England?' We went up before he even installed the heat. Our mutual model, Fred, went along too. Norman didn't fish, but he loved the companionship. He always said he got swell cover ideas during our fishing trips."

The well-stocked Batten Kill eventually lured the New York Schaeffers to relocate in the picturesque village of Arlington, Vermont, right next door to the Rockwell compound. A well-traveled path soon was worn between the side-by-side studios.

"It was really stimulating," says Schaeffer. "There we were, two people working together to come up with fresh ideas. Norman was good at picking your brain, but he never took anyone else's ideas. He'd say, 'That's good, but it's your idea, not mine.' "

Arlington's lack of professional

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models might have been a problem for a less ingenious duo. But Rockwell and Schaeffer discovered they could manage very nicely, thank you, with the folks who lived just over the bridge, in town. Many Arlington residents posed for both illustrators. In a pinch, the artists would sit for one another, and Schaeffer daughters were forever popping up in Rockwell paintings, and Rockwell sons were equally at home in a Schaeffer scenario.

"Our painting styles were very different," says Schaeffer. "I did romantic, adventurous types of illustrations. I'd take a photograph and use it as a suggestion for a painting, while Norman would copy a photo exactly. Once when he was doing his famous *Post* cover of the little girl coming home from summer camp with all her mementos, he wanted to include a snake in a jar. Well, it was winter in Vermont, and no snakes were available. Norman insisted he had to have a live snake in order for the painting to look real, so he had one shipped all the way up from Florida."

The battle of meeting magazine deadlines continued in Arlington, but the Rockwell-Schaeffer team presented a united front and generally emerged victorious. Whenever a question of procedure arose, the answer usually was as near as the neighbor's workshop. Each artist critiqued the other's work, although outside opinions were invited. "Norman listened to all criticism," recalls Schaeffer. "The farmer next door was just as important as a professional art critic."

Sometimes deadline delays were caused by mechanical, not creative, failures. The local bus line offered sightseeing tours past both studios. The buses periodically backed onto the lawns, broke down, and released onto the Rockwell-Schaeffer properties autograph-hungry fans to peek into studio windows and wave at the popular artists.

Occasionally the illustrators took to the lecture circuit to accommodate *Post* readers who wanted to meet the men behind the covers. "Norman was one of the best speakers around. I'd sit back and watch his big Adam's apple bounce up and down while he told his funny stories. Me? I was scared to death of audiences."

Although Schaeffer, now 80, was five years Rockwell's junior, he always planned an early retirement and was beginning to curb his professional obligations during the Arlington years. While his best friend Rockwell continued in the business for two more decades, Schaeffer began fishing in earnest, traveling for variety, and painting for fun. The memories of his years in Vermont are dear, but Schaeffer, who now lives on Long Island in a home overlooking the ocean, is not one to dwell in the past.

"Past is past, so let's get on with it," he says. Still, a wave of nostalgia occasionally will wash over him when he reminisces about the "old" days. "I'll see one of the paintings I did years ago and I'll think, 'Gee whiz, that's not bad. Did I do that?' " ☐

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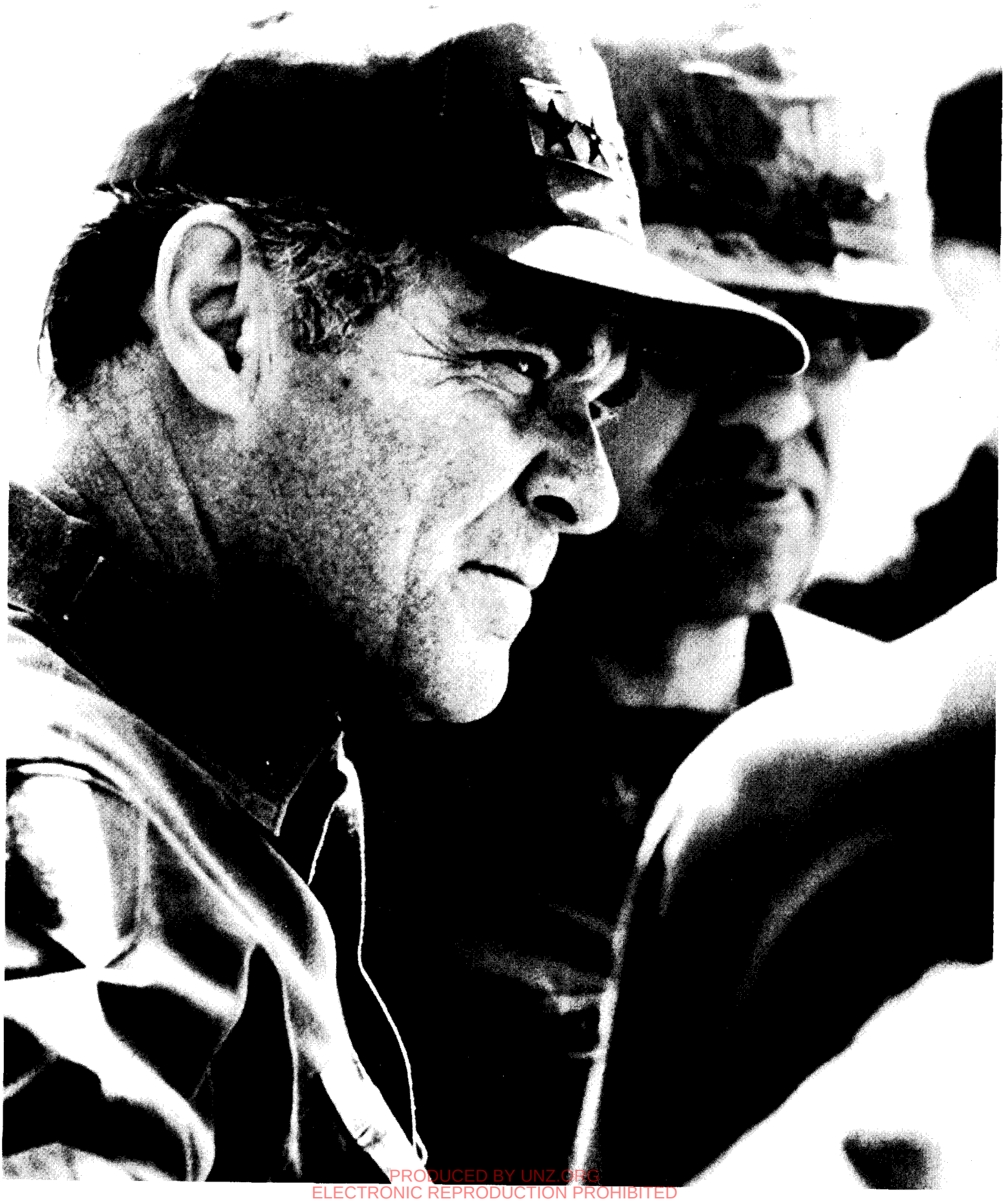
Participation in NATO is a bargain for the U.S., says Haig. Without collective security the price of comparable protection for America would be doubled.



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GENERAL ALEXANDER HAIG, JR: KEEPING NATO IN SHAPE

The Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe expresses his concern for the 1980's over the Soviet Union's growing military might.

by James Flowers

With the sound of a thousand quail being flushed the olive-green helicopter nestles down gently on the well-manicured grass near SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe), Belgium.

Minutes later, with the rotors still turning, a solidly built officer with four stars on each shoulder strides briskly toward the big bird. His aide, a major, keeps pace carrying a large Manila envelope.

Before one can say "That's a neat way to go," the dark green bird lifts easily, gains altitude, and whirls away with its VIP passenger, General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe.

General Haig could be on his way to a NATO meeting in Brussels; or to nearby Chièvres Air Force Base where his private aircraft waits to jet him to a conference; or to a one-on-one meeting with a Western European leader. It might be Germany, Portugal, Norway, Turkey, England, or any one of the 15 Alliance nations.

A soft-spoken, hard-driving man, General Haig, who was 54 on December second, maintains a grueling schedule. A recent visitor from Congress, observing the general in action, shook his head in wonder and said, "If a campaigning politician in the States had to set this pace, he would beg for mercy!"

The very nature of the job calls for a furious pace and instant decisions. Heavily guarded and tightly secured, SHAPE is the military nerve center of the 15-nation NATO Alliance. The vast complex houses a military and civilian mix of 12 nations—Belgium, Canada, Denmark, the Federal Republic of Germany, Greece, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Turkey, the United Kingdom, and the United States.

Now in his fifth year as Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe, Alexander Haig is credited with bringing new optimism to the NATO Alliance.

In 1966, France withdrew from the integrated military structure, and a year later SHAPE moved from outside Paris to its present site near Mons. Iceland and Portugal belong to Allied Command Atlantic.

SHAPE has an integrated military command staff of more than 2,700. Including other personnel and families, it is a community of over 10,000 people. Only seven men have occupied the military hot seat of Supreme Commander since 1950, all American generals. (The first was General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower.)

To reach the office of Alexander Meigs Haig, Jr., the man currently directing operations, I had to sign a register at a front guard desk and turn in my passport (to be picked up on leaving). Before an identification badge is issued, a "big brother" escort, an Army lieutenant colonel, must proffer his signature as well as mine in order to endorse me.

Safely through? No.

The colonel leads the way upstairs and down a long hall. Another security desk blocks the way. The restricted area is beyond.

A tough-looking guard checks the colonel and his identification. Then, with a protracted stare, he studies me and my identification—as if I were the international spy they have sought for years. Satisfied otherwise, he waves us along.

Finally, halfway down another seemingly endless hall the colonel ushers me into the Supreme Commander's office. It is spacious enough for a "war room"; but, no, that would have to be further down the hall in an even more restricted area.

General Haig is a handsome man, cordial, cooperative. Striding across the large room to greet me, he looks and moves like a college halfback. (He did, in fact, play for the Army service team in occupied Japan after World War II.)

Sitting on angled sofas in a room corner in front of a coffee table, the general chain smokes and chats informally, then listens intently to the questions.

What about the long hours day after day in a sensitive pressure cooker? General Haig fixes me with steady blue eyes and smiles faintly before answering.

"Well, I will not complain about being bored," he says. "The pace here is not an unfamiliar one; it's similar to my five years as

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Mission: Impossible?

Imagine a small, well-equipped theater in the bowels of the SHAPE complex. Add an audience of one, two briefing officers, slides, maps, schoolmaster monotones, and it could be an episode from the old "Mission: Impossible" television series.

But that image fades quickly as Major Yvon Thibaut, a Belgian Army veteran, and Lieutenant Colonel Mike Deverill, of the British Army, methodically diagram a chilling military numbers game. It goes like this:

NATO vs. Russia and other Warsaw Pact countries (Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania—Albania having withdrawn from the alliance in 1968).

The cold facts presented here do not self-destruct. It is frightening, like a high school football coach preparing his junior varsity squad for a game against the Green Bay Packers.

Witness the current arms and troops box score:

In the last few years, the number of Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles increased from 350 to 1,600; the number of their submarine-launched ballistic missiles jumped from 120 to 780. This compares with NATO's 1,054 intercontinental ballistic missiles and 720 submarine-launched ballistic missiles.

Colonel Deverill, in clipped British tones, describes the enormous build-up since 1963 of the Russian navy, transformed from a largely coastal navy into a worldwide deep-sea fleet, modern and highly capable.

Submarines: NATO, 238, including 122 nuclear-powered and 45 with strategic ballistic capability; Warsaw Pact, 445-plus (all types; reserves included), including 145-plus nuclear-powered and 85-plus with strategic ballistic capability.

Major surface ships: NATO, 430, with 60 in reserve; Warsaw Pact, 270-plus, including reserves.

Ground forces: NATO, 67 divisions; Warsaw Pact, 225 divisions. The overall personnel strength looks like this: NATO (excluding France), 4,300,000; Warsaw Pact, 5,600,000, excluding 700,000 militarized security and frontier troops.

Tanks: NATO, about 11,000; Warsaw Pact, about 45,000, in addition to some 15,000 Soviet tanks facing China, Afghanistan, and Iran.

Combat aircraft: NATO, about 3,000; Warsaw Pact, 11,000, including the Soviet super "Blackfire" bomber.

The plethora of statistics, reflecting the enormous array of hardware on both sides, is mesmerizing. And, as if reading the visitor's thoughts, Major Thibaut, winding down, is saying, "All figures should be interpreted with caution as they do not reflect the deployment of troops or equipment."

His voice becomes sober, firm. "Finally, our primary objective is deterrent. These deterrents have a twofold aim: first, to prevent aggression; secondly, to shield members of the NATO Alliance from political pressures supported by military threat."

The kaleidoscope of war statistics, maps, slides, plans, and strategy is over. It has lasted more than two hours. As the lights in the briefing room come up, the breathing seems to come more easily and the body relaxes a bit. In a way, it has seemed unreal; but looking at the tough Belgian major and the sophisticated British colonel in the suddenly bright lights, it is real enough. In fact, too real.

Henry Kissinger's deputy and before that with President Johnson in the White House, with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and, at the time, Deputy Secretary Cyrus Vance, which spans some 15 years of fairly high level political-military experience."

And what about running President Nixon's staff?

"Same pace, period," replies General Haig evenly.

And here?

"There is, if anything, greater variety in the challenges here, and in some respects fewer rather than more frustrations. I suppose I've been called a work-aholic. I don't believe I am; I have the same lazy instincts as most. . . ."

The General pauses to light another cigarette and, behind a cloud of smoke, smiles the smile of a private joke before continuing. "One of the great critics of the military mind once suggested that a certain degree of laziness is helpful to a commander."

* * *

SatEvePost: Not long ago an Associated Press/NBC News Poll showed that 45 percent of the American people believe the Soviets are now ahead of the United States and NATO in military power. Could you please comment on this.

General Haig: In that context, we have put together a rejuvenation program this past year that involves a number of improvements in our military capabilities—and a greater integration of multinational efforts. We've gotten a consensus for increased spending at a rate of three percent real term increases every year for the next five years. Yes, of course, there is a new sobriety with respect to the Soviet threat, and we have launched programs that are designed to reverse these dangerous trends, which, thus far, have not been properly tended. But we must not delude ourselves that correcting our deficiencies in NATO Europe will solve the problems we are most likely to face in the period ahead.

SatEvePost: The primary objective of NATO's power is to act as a deterrent. How long can this deterrent last if we do not reverse the Soviet arms build-up?

General Haig: I've made the

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point repeatedly that deterrent is still viable today; but if the Soviets continue increasing their allocation for arms every year while we either hold our present level or decline—as we have been doing until this year—then by the early 1980's our deterrent will no longer be viable.

SatEvePost: Has anyone figured out Soviet intentions behind this massive arms build-up? And have Western leaders, somewhat lulled by the hope of détente, miscalculated on our build-up?

General Haig: I think we were all somewhat lulled in the early period of détente. There was a tendency to view détente as a substitute for strength and unity. There has been concern in Western Europe for some time about Soviet global activity and internal policies. The growth in Soviet power—which exceeds the needs of the Soviet Union for purely defensive purposes—is, indeed, worrisome and will continue to be. Intentions? I have to worry about Soviet capability; I'll let the politicians worry about intentions. But I do agree with NATO Secretary General Joseph Luns who said that the question of Soviet intentions is irrelevant because they could change with incumbencies or international dynamics. The bottom line is that profound differences remain between East and West. And there will be confrontation as long as these differences remain.

SatEvePost: Speaking of incumbencies, the Soviet leadership is aging, and Mr. Brezhnev is possibly ill. Would a changing of the guard at the top affect present policies?

General Haig: This is very speculative, and I think it's dangerous to overly rationalize. There is no reason to assume that the Soviets will not be able to continue their policies if a change in leadership occurs, which means Russia will maintain superpower status with global military capabilities. As a matter of fact, I would anticipate that new Soviet leadership will bring increased self-confidence. Looking at the projections of Soviet force improvements in any sector—nuclear, conventional, naval power—we see that these plans and programs are going to continue.

All Systems Go

The late morning sun was becoming unseasonably hot, turning the ochre Bavarian mud into a dusty milieu of American G.I.'s, tanks, and guns.

A battle scene from World War II in Europe?

Oh, it was Europe all right; but this time it was a warm, clear day in 1978 on a tank firing range at the Seventh Army Training Center, Grafenwöhr, West Germany, located 18 miles from the Czechoslovakian border and about 20 miles from East Germany.

Several U.S. Army M60-A1 tanks—bristling with .50 caliber machine guns and their long 105mm snouts—stood deployed toward a faraway target embankment. Monstrous and deadly, the M60 is our main battle tank in Europe.

The young tank crews, tough and combat ready, were set up for firing exercises and inspection by General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe. The general was on a one-day helicopter tour of armored troops in the field, and the reporter had been invited to tag along. Between the thunderous firings of the 105's the visitor was able to edge close to General Haig for some questions.

How does the M60 compare with the Russian tanks in Europe?

"This is a comparable tank," he said, "no question about that."

Is it true that you are moving regular tank units to beef up the northern flank of West Germany?

"Yes," said General Haig. "The regular unit here, Brigade '75 (3rd Brigade, 2nd Armored Division), will go to their permanent station up in Garlstedt and will be the first ground element to be located full-time in the northern area. It is the precursor to an

American Corps Force that will allow the units to deploy rapidly."

Is this your design?

"Yes," said the Supreme Commander, pausing to allow the echoing blast of a 105 shot to subside. "I started on this over three years ago. It was somewhat controversial at the time, and in some circles it remains that way. But we've been living for almost 30 years with an unsatisfactory strategic deployment for defense in the Central European region."

Can you elaborate on the deployment?

"Clearly it offers great incentives for the main thrust of tanks to go right through the North German plains," he said. "So we've tried to correct that, and this is the first step that will do it, along with the three-division Corps Force. It will substantially change the strategic picture in the northern defense area, and I'm pleased about it."

Will this be the first substantial American presence in the north?

"Yes," said Haig, moving on to another tank crew.

It felt peculiarly odd for a few seconds, a civilian and a sergeant standing in a muddy Bavarian field, listening to the Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe discuss major strategy.

The sensation passed quickly, for the mighty 105's jarred everyone back into reality.

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SatEvePost: How much do the Soviets commit to their military Alliance?

General Haig: In a 15-year period prior to last year the Russians were increasing their defense spending each year by three to four percent in real terms. Last year the Soviets allocated 15 percent of their gross national product to defense. Think about that for a moment. Today, they are turning out high quantities of high quality third and fourth generation military systems. The ability to spew out this sophisticated material has enabled them to build up their forces facing Western Europe and simultaneously build up to 45 divisions facing Communist China.

SatEvePost: Do the 45 Russian divisions deployed against China relieve some of the pressure here?

General Haig: Not at all. Actually, they have given priority to improvements facing Western Europe with the first models of new equipment. Also, the Soviets have steadily increased their manpower here in the last five years, with a substantial modernization in the forces.

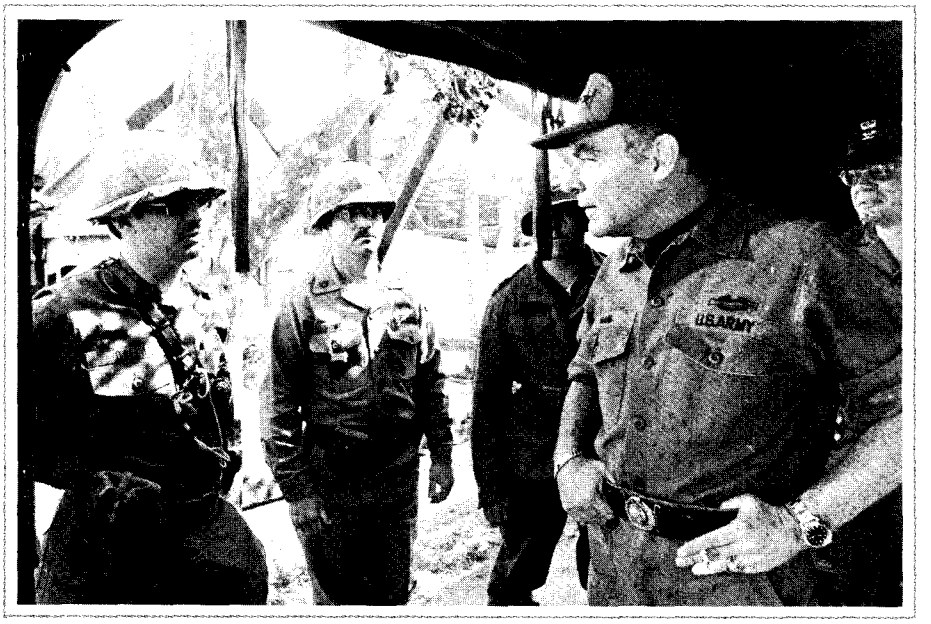
SatEvePost: What about the multinational military maneuvers you hold here every year. Have they been successful?

General Haig: Yes, they have been highly successful. We call these exercises "Autumn Forge," and this is their fourth year. At first there was a lot of skepticism among the member nations. But since we would be expected to fight together in war, the concept was to exercise in peace under a common Allied Command Europe scenario in multinational configurations. It all started rather cautiously with some 21 or 22 exercises. This year we were well over 30. In 1977 we exercised 2,000 aircraft and a million and a half men; this year we exceeded that number. The exercises have definitely brought us together more effectively.

"I remain encouraged," says Haig, "that young people of today's Army who man highly sophisticated equipment are competent, professional, and serious."

SatEvePost: Concerning the Third World problems, please comment on the Soviet influence in Africa.

General Haig: Soviet involvement in Africa today, which projects their power 2,000 miles from the Russian homeland, is, indeed, of great concern. It reflects a steady expansion of Soviet naval capabilities and influence, which poses a new threat to the Western industrialized world in relation to raw materials, energy, and other assets the Third World—the developing nations—controls. The Soviets are exercising this naval power in many places: in the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, in the Kola Penisular area, in Arctic water, in the exits from the Baltic, and in parallel build-up of their Pacific fleet. The reality of the Soviet activity in Africa today—which could appear in the Middle East and Asia tomorrow, and has already in some respects—is a phenomenon which the West cannot afford to ignore. For not only must we be concerned about long-term viability of Soviet influence, we must be equally concerned about the short-term implications of increased Soviet presence—bases, arms, and proxy states—in key strategic areas, globally. If, in the short-term, these assets will enable the Soviet Union to choke off vital supply lines and strategic lines of communication for the West, if only for a brief period, it could be fatal to the Western world, which is increasingly dependent on these lifelines.



Not just a back lines officer, General Haig is a good field commander and a brave one. A 1947 graduate of West Point, he took part in five campaigns during the Korean War, including the Inchon Landings. In Vietnam he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism during the battle of Ap Gu.

SatEvePost: What impact has the deferral of the neutron bomb decision had on plans to modernize in the European theater?

General Haig: Clearly, it would have enhanced our short-range defensive theater nuclear capability, especially against mass armored formations. The issue itself developed political and psychological connotations in the wake of a massive propaganda campaign launched by Moscow. This added significance is the most important

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THE VALENTINE

A story of a boy's most embarrassing purchase—his first gift for a girl.

by James Jones

John Slade had not meant for it to become such a big operation, such a production. But from the moment he had first stepped into Woolworth's with his mind made up and had gone up to the candy counter and picked out the box, that was what it seemed to become. And now, the last day before Valentine's Day, with Woolworth's ready to close in just a few minutes, everything couldn't have been worse.

In the first place, there were two other paper boys from the newsstand standing there at the candy counter. And the man behind the counter was a man he knew. He was sort of the assistant manager. He had squinchy eyes and liked to needle the kids. And the two other paper boys from the newsstand were both freshmen, while he was still only an eighth grader. It couldn't have been a much worse situation to try and buy the box in.

And this time he couldn't go away and come back another time, as he had already done three other times during the past week when he had come in and found other people standing at the candy counter. Either he had to do it now or not do it. Unless he went somewhere else, like the drugstore, and he didn't want to do that, because he knew the box he wanted, had in fact picked it out as long as two weeks ago, and it was, for the money, which was $6.95, the best box in town—all hearts that interlocked with each other within the big heart that was the box itself, and with two small paper Cupids in the center of the white paper lace in the middle of that striking, eye-stopping, deep, deep red. A really beautiful box. And if he didn't take it now, after having promised himself that he would, he felt quite strongly that there would be no way out of having to face the fact that he was afraid and a liar, to himself, and a coward.

It was the first time in his life that John Slade had ever really bought anything for a girl, and he wanted so bad for it to be right, as if he had done it a thousand times. Especially since the girl herself, whose lovely, beautiful name was Margaret Simpson, didn't know anything about it at all yet and wouldn't until he handed the box to her tomorrow. He wanted it to be a surprise. And he wanted it to be a secret. As far as that went, he was forced to admit, he didn't have nerve enough to do it any other way. Because he couldn't just go up to her and mention it. She might refuse. And now——

Some secret this would be! he thought. And he stood irresolute just inside the door in his corduroy, sheepskin-collared Mackinaw, despairing.

What did those guys have to be there for? And why did that sort of assistant manager have to be behind the counter? Any clerk in the store would have been better. Hell, he would have been better off if he'd gone ahead and bought it one of those other times when he'd chickened out. He didn't want it to be a big operation. But everybody made it that.

There wasn't any possibility of waiting those two guys out. They obviously weren't leaving, and there was less than five minutes left till closing. And he knew that Woolworth's weren't going to stay open one minute after five for any 13-year-old kid. Unless he could succeed in covering it up from the two big kids some way—and how could he do that with that loudmouth needler behind the counter?—it would mean he would take an awful lot of razzing at the newsstand for the next month, or at least a week or so.

The newsstand was a good place to work, the best of the several possible paper-carrying jobs in town, and it was not, in this town, at any rate, the kind of poor people, low-class idea of a job that most people had of paper boys in a city, for instance. The boys who worked at the newsstand were a cross section of the whole town, from the very poorest, like Otis Cole, to the most well-off; one of the boys at the counter was a doctor's son and the other a lawyer's, and he himself was the son of a dentist. But that, just the same, did not mean they weren't capable of inflicting the most roasting

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kind of humiliating razzing, especially when it came to anything like girls. Sex was one thing, and it seemed that almost everybody talked about that, but when it came to girlfriends and being in love! That was something else again, and you were liable to get yourself laughed and razzed right out of the back room of the newsstand in the predawn early mornings when everybody folded their papers before taking off. And if they found out about anybody buying a girl a great big heart-shaped box of candy for Valentine's Day!

In his case it would be even worse, since Margaret Simpson (gee, what a lovely, beautiful name that was) was not his girlfriend and never had been, and had never had any dates with him (he had never had any dates with anyone, in fact). Margaret was known to have dated freshmen in high school and even a few sophomores this past year; but he was going to ask her for a date as soon as he gave her the box tomorrow. Still, nobody knew now that he had fallen in love with her. That would make terrific news at the newsstand, after tomorrow, and it wouldn't do him any good to deny it, although he would. It wouldn't even matter if the whole thing wasn't even true, for that matter, once the guys got the idea in their heads.

For a moment, as the seconds ticked agonizingly on toward five o'clock and the hanging moment of ultimate decision, John seriously considered the luxury of just abandoning the whole project, of just turning around and going off and forgetting the whole thing and just buying her a cheap little box someplace else. Nobody would even notice a small, cheap box. Just the idea of it was an enormous relief. But he knew he could never do it. Not after having exacted of himself a solemn, faithful promise that he would go through with it. He would never be able to trust his promises again. That was the very reason he had made himself promise. So he couldn't back out.

With a feeling of acute desolation, he took hold of himself mentally, so to speak, and placed both hands in the center of his own thin back and shoved himself slowly over to the counter as if he were shoving a friend on roller skates, and mumbled.

"What is it, boy? What is it? Speak up."

Louder, John said, "I said I want that $6.95 one there. How much is it?" His hand was in his pocket, nervously fingering his money, and he knew his mistake immediately and cursed himself for it. Old squinch-eye screwed up his eyes and stared down at him from across the counter with the beginning of his needling, evil grin.

"How much is it!" the assistant manager said loudly, laughing. "You just told me yourself. It's $6.95. What do you mean how much is it?"

"I'll take it," John said nervously, fighting to keep his eyes looking straight at the squinchy ones. "Wrap it up." Down the counter he could see the two guys from the newsstand nudging each other.

"Yes, *sir*, Mr. Slade!" the Woolworth man grinned, his eyes squinching up even further. "Right *away*, sir!" He grinned down the counter at the other two guys. "Will there be anything else, sir?"

John tried to make it sound offhand, but he could tell his voice was shaky: "Nope. I guess that'll be all."

"Got yourself a new girlfriend, hunh?" the assistant manager said loudly, as he began to wrap the box. "Man, you really must be stuck on her. Paying $6.95 for a box of candy." He lowered his voice. "Want to tell me who she is?" he said slyly. The other two guys from the newsstand were sidling down the counter, grinning in that way John knew so well, since he himself had done it so many times with other guys, when they knew they had some guy in a corner. The Woolworth man looked over and winked at them.

Inspired by embarrassment, John came up with an idea. "It's not for a girl," he lied; "it's for my mother." He managed to look at old squinch-eye steadily, but his voice gave him away and he knew it. Just the same, he knew that not even these guys would dare make fun about anything as sacred as a guy's mother, so it was a good lie.

The Woolworth man seemed to be a little nonplussed. There was a short pause as everybody stopped riding him and thought solemnly of their own sacred mothers. It made John think suddenly of how Catholics looked when they passed a church and stopped and crossed themselves. Then old squinch-eye, having paused respectfully, winked at the two guys and said, "Aw, come on, Johnny. You can tell us. Who is she? Really."

"Yeah, come on and tell us," one of the guys, Ted Wright, said.

"Yeah. We'll find out anyway, Slade," the other one, Hank Lewis, said, grinning.

"I told you," John said as stoutly as he could. "I ain't got a girl. This is for my mom." The box was wrapped now, but old squinch-eye was reluctant to let go of it and spoil the fun. John took the folded bills, seven dollars in all, that he had been saving out of his route (he had even made a special trip around, when he wasn't carrying, to collect some of the back bills, so he would have

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enough) from his pocket and extended them, and at the same time held out his other hand.

The Woolworth man passed over the package with his right hand and took the money with his left, but then he would not quite let go. His hand clung to the box of candy teasingly.

"Is she in your room?" he asked. "Is she in 8A? Come on, you can tell *us*."

"Maybe she's in 8B," one of the guys said. "Maybe she's from down in Sacktown."

"Yeah. Maybe it's one of the Linder girls," the other one grinned. "Is it one of the Linder girls, Johnny? Come on now, is it?"

"I told you," John said. "Can I have my change, please?"

Finally, reluctantly, old squinch-eye let go of the box. "Your change? A whole nickel? I'm not sure I've got that much on hand." But he turned around to the register, and then finally the ordeal was over. How could any guy get to be so mean, in just 30 years or so?

Trying hard not to walk too fast, aware of his chest rising and falling fast and his arms and legs trembling, and hoping none of it showed, John went to the door with as much dignity as he could muster up.

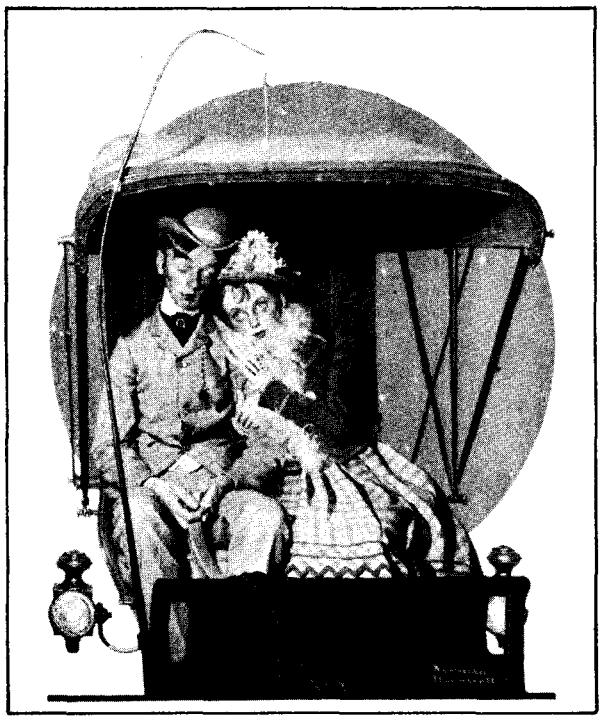
"We'll find out anyway, Slade," one of the guys called after him. "We'll find out anyway; tomorrow."

And they would, too. It was a threatening promise of what he could very soon expect.

Outside, he laid the wrapped package carefully in the basket of his bike, kicked up the stand, and pushed off, swinging his leg over the rear wheel. Well, to hell with them. Let them find out. Let them find out he was in love with (oh, sweet, lovely name!) Margaret Simpson. He didn't care. He was proud of it. So let them find out. They would anyway.

At home, he went straight upstairs to his own room and put the wrapped box carefully away in a drawer of his dresser, and he did not tell anybody, neither his parents nor his kid sister, about it. But that night, after supper and the TV and homework and some reading, when he went to bed, he lay with his arms behind his head and thought about it.

Actually, he had never spoken to Margaret about his feeling for her. Maybe he should have. His *love* for her, he corrected himself. Actually, she was easily the most popular girl in the class, and had been elected most popular girl last year in seventh grade, and undoubtedly would be again this year in eighth grade, as well as being the best looking. She wore lots of skirts and sweaters, with the sleeves pushed up, and she had the best developed chest in 8A. Everybody said she was really very talented as a singer and might have a chance to go a long way someday. Also she made excellent grades—always.



Well, he bet she had never had as expensive, or as big, a valentine as this before, even from a sophomore; and thinking about her in the warmth of the bed, under the warm covers, John rolled over and, still worried, curled himself up and went to sleep.

Once, almost two years ago, during the summer after sixth grade, he had tried to make love to another girl. This girl was two years younger than him, the same age as his kid sister, and she lived across the street and they all used to play together a lot, with all the other kids from the block. But one night, after dark, just the three of them—his sister, this girl, and himself—were sitting on this girl's porch across the street. The porch light was out, so it was dark, and he and the little girl were in the swing, and his sister was in a chair not far from them. All afternoon and all evening, when they'd been playing, this little girl had been poking him and pinching him and grabbing him and tickling him and accidentally falling against him and then giggling. He had assumed from this that she liked him and was giving him a sort of invitation, so in the swing in the dark, strangely excited, he put his arm around her and whispered to her to let him kiss her. Actually, he didn't even get his arm completely around her because she moved away from him before he could; and though she had been warm and practically rubbing herself against him, she was now suddenly cold and untouchable. Still excited, in a way he had never felt before, he slid over after her in the swing and tried again, tried several times, whispering for her to please let him kiss her, with the same result. So, knowing vaguely that this was what adults did in similar circumstances and feeling dimly that there must be some magic open-sesame in the words themselves, he whispered, "I love you." It was the first time he had ever said the words, except possibly to his mother. They did not, however, open any doors for him. The girl's reaction was forceful and immediate. "You're lovesick," she said accusingly in a voice full of contempt. "That's what you are. You're lovesick." It was a word he had never thought much about or paid any attention to, although when he heard her say it he knew it was a word he had heard before somewhere, and it was clear to him that it was a word she had learned only recently and was using, with a sense of surprised discovery, for the first time. But it was nonetheless effective.

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Freedom of Speech

PARABLE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

IN A SMALL chalet on the mountain road from Verona to Innsbruck, two furtive tourists sat, pretending not to study each other. Outdoors, the great hills rose in peace that summer evening in 1912; indoors, the two remaining patrons, both young, both dusty from the road, sat across the room from each other, each supping at his own small table.

One was of robustly active figure, dark, with a bull head; the other was thin and mouse-haired. It was somewhat surprising to see him take from his knapsack several sketches in watercolor. Upon this, the dark young traveler, who'd been scribbling notes in a memorandum book, decided to speak.

"You're a painter, I see."

"Yes," the insignificant one replied, his small eyes singularly hard and cold. "You, sir, I take to be a writer?"

The dark young man brought his glass of red wine and his plate of cheese and hard sausage to the painter's table. "You permit?" he asked as he sat down. "By profession I am a journalist."

"An editor, I think," the watercolor painter responded. "I might guess that you've written editorials not relished by the authorities."

"Why do you guess that?"

"Because," the painter said, "when other guests were here, a shabby man slipped in and whispered to you. A small thing, but I observed it, though I am not a detective."

"Not a detective," the dark young man repeated. "And yet perhaps dangerously observant. This suggests that possibly you do a little in a conspiratorial way yourself."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because of your appearance. You're precisely a person nobody would notice, but you have an uneasy yet coldly purposeful eye. And because behind us it's only a step over the mountain to Switzerland, where political refugees are safe."

"Yes, no doubt fortunately for you!" The mouse-haired painter smiled. "As for me, I am in no trouble with the authorities, but I admit that I have certain ideas."

"I was sure you have." The journalist drank half his wine. "Ideas? With such men as you and me that means ambitions. Socialism, of course. That would be a first step only toward what we really want. Am I right?"

"Here in this lonely place"—the painter smiled faintly—"it is safe to admit that one has dazzling thoughts. You and I, strangers and met by chance, perceive that each in his own country seeks an extreme amount of success. That means power. That is what we really want. We are two queer men. Should we both perhaps be rightly thought insane?"

"Greatness is easily mistaken for insanity," the swarthy young man said. "Greatness is the ability to reduce the most intricate facts to simple terms. For instance, take fighting. Success is obtained by putting your enemy off his guard, then striking him, where he is weakest—in the back, if possible. War is as simple as that."

"Yes, and so is politics," the painter assented absently.

"My friend!" the dark young man exclaimed. "We understand each other. But where men cannot speak out, they will whisper. You and I will have to talk out of the sides of our mouths until we have established the revolutions we contemplate. For a moment, suppose us successful. We are dictators, let us say. Then in our turn do we permit no freedom of speech? If we don't, men will talk out of the sides of their mouths against us. So they may overthrow us in turn. You see the problem?"

"Yes, my friend. Like everything else, it is simple. In America or England, so long as governments actually exist by means of freedom of speech, you and I could not even get started; and when we shall have become masters of our own countries, we shall not be able to last a day unless we destroy freedom of speech. The answer is this: We do destroy it."

"But how?"

"By means of a purge."

"Purge?" The word seemed new to the journalist.

Once more was seen the watercolor painter's peculiarly icy smile. "My friend, if I had a brother who talked against me, either out of the side of his mouth or the front of it, and lived to run away, he might have to leave his wife and child behind him. A purge is a form of carbolic acid that would include the wife and child."

He spoke with a confidence so monstrous in one of his commonplace and ungifted appearance that the other stared aghast. At this moment, however, a shrill whistle was heard outside. Without another word the dark young man rose, woke the landlord, paid his score, and departed hurriedly.

The painter spoke to the landlord: "That fellow seems to be some sort of shady character, rather a weak one. Do you know him?"

"Yes and no," the landlord replied. "He's in and out, mainly after dark. One meets all sorts of people in the Brenner Pass. You might run across him here again, yourself, someday. I don't know his whole name, but I have heard him called 'Benito,' my dear young Herr Hitler."

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Freedom of Worship

TEXT BY WILL DURANT

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

DOWN in the valley below the hill where I spend my summers is a little church whose steeple has been my guiding goal in many a pleasant walk.

Often, as I passed the door on weekdays when all was silent there, I wished that I might enter, sit quietly in one of the empty pews, and feel more deeply the wonder and the longing that had built such chapels—temples and mosques and great cathedrals—everywhere on the earth.

Man differs from the animal in two things: He laughs, and he prays. Perhaps the animal laughs when he plays, and prays when he begs or mourns; we shall never know any soul but our own, and never that. But the mark of man is that he beats his head against the riddle of life, knows his infinite weakness of body and mind, lifts up his heart to a hidden presence and power, and finds in his faith a beacon of heartening hope, a pillar of strength for his fragile decency. These men of the fields, coming from afar in the uncomfortable finery of a Sabbath morn, greeting one another with bluff cordiality, entering to worship their God in their own fashion—I think, sometimes, that they know more than I shall ever find in all my books. They have no words to tell me what they know, but that is because religion, like music, lives in a world beyond words, or thoughts, or things. They have felt the mystery of consciousness within themselves, and will not say that they are machines. They have seen the growth of the soil and the child, they have stood in awe amid the swelling fields, in the humming and teeming woods, and they have sensed in every cell and atom the same creative power that wells up in their own striving and fulfillment. Their unmoved faces conceal a silent thankfulness for the rich increase of summer, the mortal loveliness of autumn, and the gay resurrection of the spring. They have watched patiently the movement of the stars, and found in them a majestic order so harmoniously regular that our ears would hear its music were it not eternal. Their tired eyes have known the ineffable splendor of earth and sky, even in tempest, terror, and destruction; and they have never doubted that in this beauty some sense and meaning dwell. They have seen death, and reached beyond it with their hope.

And so they worship. The poetry of their ritual redeems the prose of their daily toil; the prayers they pray are secret summonses to their better selves; the songs they sing are shouts of joy in their refreshened strength. The commandments they receive, through which they can live with one another in order and peace, come to them as the imperatives of an inescapable deity, not as the edicts of questionable men. Through these commands they are made part of a divine drama, and their harassed lives take on a scope and dignity that cannot be canceled out by death.

This little church is the first and final symbol of America. For men came across the sea not merely to find new soil for their plows but to win freedom for their souls, to think and speak and worship as they would. This is the freedom men value most of all; for this they have borne countless persecutions and fought more bravely than for food or gold. These men coming out of their chapel—what is the finest thing about them, next to their undiscourageable life? It is that they do not demand that others should worship as they do, or even that others should worship at all. In that waving valley are some who have not come to this service. It is not held against them; mutely these worshipers understand that faith takes many forms and that men name with diverse words the hope that in their hearts is one.

It is astonishing and inspiring that after all the bloodshed of history this land should house in fellowship a hundred religions and a hundred doubts. This is, with us, an already ancient heritage; and because we knew such freedom of worship from our birth, we took it for granted and expected it of all mature men. Until yesterday the whole civilized world seemed secure in that liberty.

But now suddenly, through some paranoiac mania of racial superiority, or some obscene sadism of political strategy, persecution is renewed, and men are commanded to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto Caesar the things that are God's.

It is incredible that such reactionary madness can express the mind and heart of an adult nation. A man's dealings with his God should be a sacred thing, inviolable by any potentate. No ruler has yet existed who was wise enough to instruct a saint; and a good man who is not great is a hundred times more precious than a great man who is not good. When we yield our sons to war, it is in the trust that their sacrifice will bring to us and our allies no inch of alien soil, no selfish monopoly of the world's resources of trade, but only the privilege of winning for all peoples the most precious gifts in the orbit of life—freedom of body and soul, of movement and enterprise, of thought and utterance, of faith and worship, of hope and charity, of a humane fellowship with all men.

If our sons and brothers accomplish this, it will be an achievement beside which all the triumphs of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon will be a little thing.

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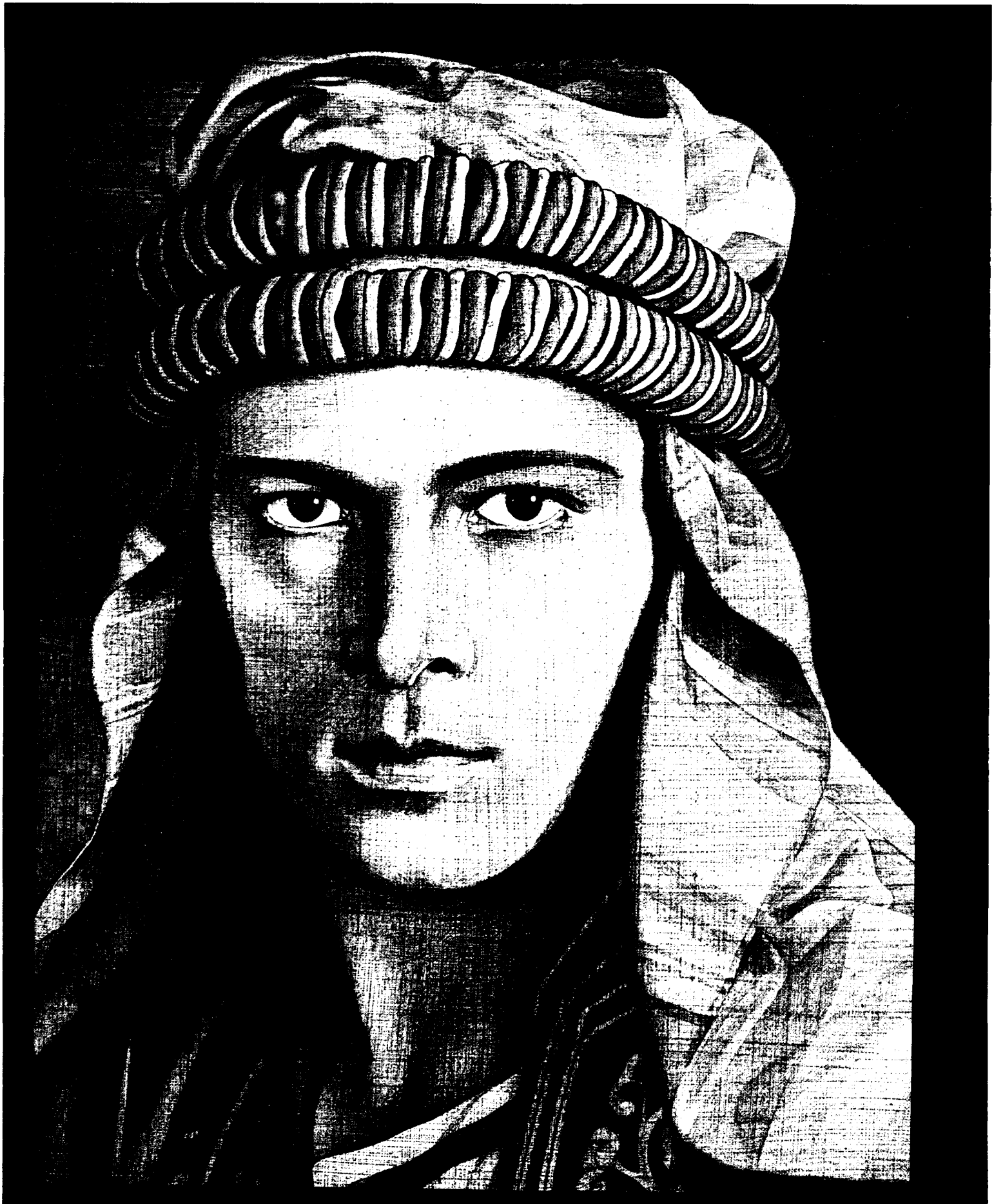

Rudolph Valentino

1895-1926/Age: 31 Years/Pneumonia

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Today, we could have saved his life for the price of a matinee.

Infection.

A leading killer 50 years ago.

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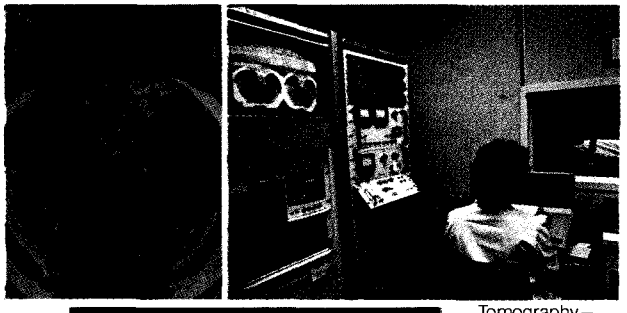
At Pfizer, our contribution to that statistic results from an ongoing commitment to total health care. Not just effective medications—antibiotics, drugs for diabetes, high blood pressure, mental illness—but new and innovative technologies that spell dramatically improved health care—at a lower cost—for the future.

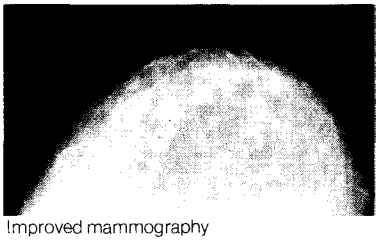
You'll find the Pfizer name on such advanced instrumentation as the ACTA-Scanner,* a major breakthrough in computerized X-ray technology...the Autobac I,* designed and developed for rapid automated testing of bacterial susceptibility to antibiotics...and, most recently, the Microfocus* X-Ray System that yields the clearest pictures yet available with low doses of radiation.

We've found many solutions. We have a lot more questions. But we know one thing for certain: the more places you look, the more answers you find.

Rapid, automated bacterial susceptibility testing



Tomography—a cross-section of any part of the body—in seconds



Improved mammography

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STROKES OF GENIUS— THE ARTISTS' LEGACY

Generations apart, successful illustrators of the past and talented young artists of the future brush elbows through their mutual medium of expression.

J.C. Leyendecker

Over 300 *Post* cover illustrations is a remarkable legacy for any artist to leave to posterity, but Norman Rockwell didn't stop there. The artist who continually entertained America with his wonderfully warm illustrations continues to inspire scores of young, talented illustrators.

Serving as a mentor was a role Rockwell understood from first-hand experience. When he was a teen-ager he often lingered at the New Rochelle, New York, commuter station on the chance of catching a glimpse of his hero, illustrator J. C. Leyendecker.

Leyendecker, 20 years older than Rockwell, was a dashingly handsome man whose career spanned five decades. He is the only artist to outscore Rockwell in the number of *Post* covers executed over the years (322 to 317). From 1903 until 1943, he painted all covers on *Post* holiday issues.

In spite of their age difference, Leyendecker and Rockwell struck up a lasting friendship which flourished until Leyendecker's death in 1951. Although each artist had a distinctive style, Leyendecker's influence on Rockwell is evident in the younger artist's earliest *Post* covers.

The Leyendecker-Rockwell heritage continues with many young artists carrying the banner. . . or the brush. Here are just a few.

Leyendecker's painting of Will Rogers, published on the October 5, 1940, cover of the Post, *was a favorite with readers. The artist's holiday covers were also popular; he is credited with making a chubby baby the New Year symbol.*

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Robert Charles Howe

When Bob Howe won the *Post*'s Norman Rockwell cover contest in 1973, his all-American good looks and the cowlick in his red hair could just as well have qualified him for a spot in the middle of a Rockwell canvas. He was 18 years old, loaded with talent, and charged with the ambition to achieve the excellence in his field that Rockwell had achieved.

As a child he drew everything, and from the beginning Norman Rockwell was his idol. Bob's grandfather was another Rockwell fan and often paged through the *Post* with the boy, enjoying the Rockwell laughter and tears. It was a kind of art lesson in itself.

His parents encouraged him, too, never wavering in their conviction that their youngest son had a special talent. In 1972 they took him to Stockbridge where the busy Norman Rockwell had consented to spend just a brief moment with the boy who worshipped him.

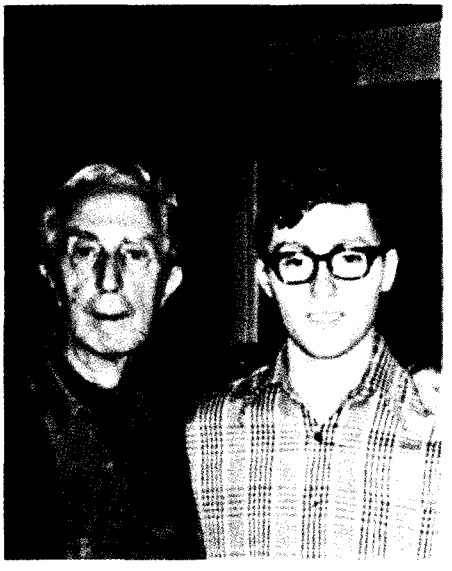
The trip was inspired by Rockwell's response to a painting Bob Howe had sent him in late November of the previous year, a caricature of Rockwell adapted from one of Rockwell's own. Bob had mailed it himself, but when no word came, he concluded that he was getting just what he deserved from the famous man—indifference. But on Christmas Eve, as the boy went up the stairs to his room, there was a package on the step at the top. It was the little painting, returned. And on it Rockwell had written "Very Well Done" and signed it.

And so, on Father's Day the family set out for Massachusetts to see the mentor. Bob confessed to a little bit of diplomacy in requesting the audience. Knowing how much Rockwell admired Rembrandt, he wrote, "Perhaps if you had the chance to be with Rembrandt in person, you could understand how I feel about asking to visit you."

Only a few brief minutes had been promised, because Rockwell worked every day and had many demands upon his time. But after seeing the boy's work, the careful time schedule went out the window. The master and the student talked about things only they could feel.

Appraising the young artist's work with characteristic intensity and largeness of spirit, Rockwell proclaimed that Bob was "better than I was at 18." Words like that can do more than food or drink to nourish a young man with a dream.

Rockwell was a restrained sort of person, but before they parted, Bob's father, George, asked if his son's idol would pose for a picture with the boy. The artist consented, and the two stood in the center of Rockwell's studio, as you see them in this article. What the picture doesn't show is that the boy shyly slipped an answering arm around the older man, symbolically joining the visual arts across time.



Rockwell himself judged Howe's self-portrait the winner of the 1973 cover contest. As for Bob Howe, after studying the paintings in the Chicago Museum of Art—the Vermeers, van Goghs, Rembrandts—he still felt Rockwell had it all.

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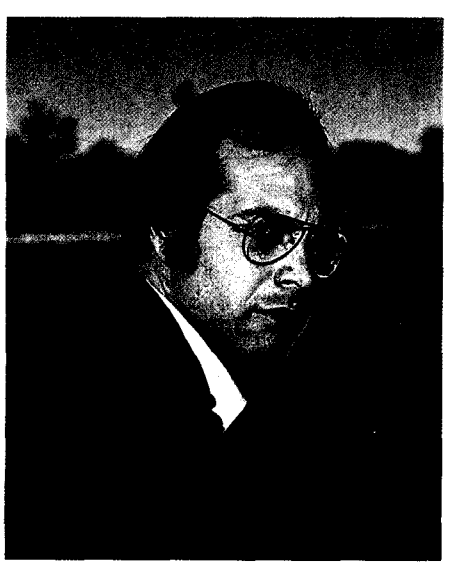

"Anytime we began taking ourselves too seriously, Rockwell was here to remind us that humility and humor are a tonic to the soul." Typical of Boyer's style is his portrait of Robert Redford from the cover of the June 1977 Post.

Gene Boyer

I have for years felt as if I were an intimate of Norman Rockwell, a state I probably share with many Americans, since I've long had the suspicion that he personally knew me, my family, and my friends, and every detail of our daily lives. Most Americans over the age of 30 have probably, at one time or another, sensed this same, strange affiliation. He provided a mirror for America that has never before been nor is likely ever to be equalled by any other artist, and this must truly be where his genius lay: in his uncanny ability to show us ourselves and make us smile.

Rockwell's choice of subject matter has, over the years, come under occasional attack from critics who merely wrote off his efforts as being frivolous. In 1968, however, a New York gallery's retrospective exhibit of Rockwell's work was met with tremendous enthusiasm. This event launched a fresh perspective and renewed interest in not only Rockwell but other illustrators, too.

The illustrator, unlike other painters, has had to deal with the fact that rarely will his original work be seen by the public, and without question much of the charm and aesthetic appeal of a painting can be lost in the printing process. To our good fortune, though, not all Rockwell canvases remain hidden from the public.

On a sketching trip to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1977, I had the privilege of viewing a most extensive exhibit of Rockwell originals at the Old Corner House. As familiar as I was with his work in printed form, the brilliance, power, and, in some cases, monumental size of these pictures was more than I could have possibly anticipated.

It's difficult to speculate on the extent to which Rockwell and his work have influenced other painters, considering the regularity with which his paintings have appeared in millions of American homes for over 60 years. I can't help but believe that many a budding artist gained his first glimpse of art through an endless but welcome parade of Rockwell characters by way of *Post* covers, illustrations, and various ads. I remember as a young boy spending many a hot summer afternoon sitting on my grandmother's porch swing and thumbing through copies of the *Post*. Though my youthful eye made no attempt to analyze or criticize, I did sense that there was something about these pictures that struck home. It wasn't until years later that I came to fully appreciate the variety of elements Rockwell had so skillfully pulled together in order to produce a picture of the type for which he is so famous.

Although I've not chosen to fashion my overall approach to painting after Rockwell, I readily admit that aside from feeling a kinship to his subject matter I've also felt his influence in a number of more technical areas of art. Qualities such as his highly accurate draftsmanship; his careful selection of props, models, and costumes;

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strong tonal definition of the main subjects of a picture; and, of course, his brilliant use of color have all become a continuing source of inspiration to me. I feel perhaps the most important lesson I or any other artist could possibly learn from this man, however, is the absolute necessity of hard work and devotion to one's art.

It's not been my intention to suggest that Norman Rockwell has been or could be everything to everyone. That would, indeed, be a foolish and unfair position to assume. It has been my wish to reaffirm my personal gratitude to a man who has been more than an artist to millions of Americans for more years than most can remember. A man whose "canvas chronicles" of the American Dream offered wit and sometimes subtle wisdom in a poignant fashion that may well place him in the company of such immortals as Mark Twain.

Robert Templeton

Once a week, every week, *The Saturday Evening Post* arrived at the Templeton farm in Iowa. And week in, week out, the nine Templeton children loitered around the mailbox, anticipating the latest Norman Rockwell cover. One of those children went on to become an artist himself.

"Our favorite magazine was the *Post*," Robert Templeton says today, "and our favorite artist was Norman Rockwell. His covers made me decide on this field for my own career."

Like Rockwell, Templeton attended the New York Art Students League. None of that led to a *Post* cover, but his work in portraiture attracted attention.

Of all Norman Rockwell's work, Templeton's personal favorite is the portrait of Richard Nixon, which hangs in the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. "It is a handsome, beautifully realized portrait of a very complex man," he explains. This is high praise from a man who has himself earned acclaim for his portrait work.

His own career took a different direction from Rockwell's, but Templeton still traces its beginnings to that first love of the *Post* covers. He has felt Rockwell's influence in his own portrait painting, saying "Rockwell's work is exacting, and the subjects are rendered completely but without a photographic feeling."

Perhaps his longstanding admiration of Norman Rockwell may have colored his perspective, but Templeton feels Rockwell will take his place as one of America's greatest illustrators, along with Pyle and N. C. Wyeth, and in time may rank as one of the U.S.'s important painters. "Time may reduce the stigma the art establishment has decreed on illustrators, thus making it possible to see his efforts in a better light," he suggests hopefully. "His portrait paintings are tremendous but have been completely underrated and even ignored by 'the powers that be.'"

Did Robert Templeton ever meet Norman Rockwell? He must answer in the negative. "And that," he remarks sadly, "is my loss." ☒

"There's more to Carter than just the smile, and I wanted to capture it," said Templeton of his semiserious portrait of the President. He also painted Presidents Truman and Johnson and a long list of other notables.

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IMITATION— THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

Reflections of the Post *in advertising, motion pictures, football programs, and even a rock album.*

by Helen A. Wernle

What do Kansas, *The Sting*, Sharon Steel, and Texas A&M have in common? Hint: Look at the rock group's current hit album; check out the film's publicity posters; glance at a Sharon Steel advertisement; and scan an Aggies' football program (that is, if you can find one—they were a sellout last year).

If you note a certain similarity, you're on the right track. If you think they bear a remarkable resemblance to a popular magazine and the work of America's Number One illustrator, you've got the message. The *Post* message. And it shows an interesting leaning. Trendy styles may come and they may go, but traditional design proved over the decades, tested by the taste and time of years, somehow has a way of influencing the innovators, so that *presto!*. . .they "discover" what was there all along and derive new strength from its tested sinews. The familiar face of the *Post* strikes a friendly chord. People have loved the magazine and its layouts for so long that some of the most disparate advertising has discovered that this magic of instant recognition can be profitably imitated.

THE ART OF BETTER STEELMAKING
Illustrated by Norman Rockwell at Sharon Steel Corporation
Electric Furnace Steelmaking
SHARON'S modern electric furnace facilities are ideally suited to production of strong and durable alloy steels. But that's only the beginning of alloy steelmaking at Sharon.
Sharon's metallurgists are masters at formulating and processing steels to meet the special demands of each customer's operations.
That is why, in addition to all the standard alloys, Sharon produces many special-purpose flat rolled and forging quality alloy steels than anybody else. They have all been developed in response to customer requests for help with individual problems.
What Sharon has done for others, Sharon can do for you. If your product or your process calls for a steel that doesn't exist, Sharon will modify a standard or special alloy to give you exactly the performance you require, and thereby save you the expense of excess scrap and rejected products.
Modern equipment, experienced steel craftsmen and technical know-how make Sharon America's foremost custom steelmaker. For your copy of our Selector Guide to Sharon Custom Steels, write to Department AMT, Sharon Steel Corporation, Sharon, Pennsylvania 16146.
SHARONSTEEL

The above ad appeared in Newsweek *last fall and illustrates the blending of a prolific Norman Rockwell with the familiar headline, subtitle, and body type of the* Post. *The double lines at top further give the feeling of a* Post *cover.*

Does the *Post* mind its legions of "copycats"? Not at all. As the saying goes, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Besides, the *Post* finds itself in very good company. Here's just a sampling.

Sharon Steel doesn't really need to imitate the Rockwell style. In 1966 Norman and Molly Rockwell spent a week in Sharon, Pennsylvania, touring the Sharon Steel plant. The result was 14 illustrations of steelworkers, which that company uses in their advertisements. In 1978 they adopted the *Post* look. After all, what frames a Norman Rockwell illustration better than the *Post* format?

The Saturday Aggie Game at first was proposed as a joke for the title of the Texas A&M football program, but the Texas creative team turned the concept into what became a sellout for the entire 1977 season. The programs, recreating Norman Rockwell covers in a Texas A&M setting, were so successful that the school used the format for the '78 season with equal applause.

And *Post* popularity even bridges the generation gap. Just ask the rock group, Kansas. Band members collect Rockwell prints, a hobby which generated the idea for their newest album cover. The group wanted a picture that would tell a story. Two charwomen sitting in a deserted theater after a Kansas concert said it all: Here's an album of music recorded during a concert tour. A photographic re-creation of Norman Rockwell's *The Charwomen* was a natural choice.

While Kansas picked a scene from the '40's, producers of *The Sting* chose the *Post* mode of the '30's—a style similar to the current one but hallmarked by a circle framing the focal point of the cover. The circle directs the moviegoers' attention straight to the blue-eyed duo, Redford and Newman, who carry the light-hearted con from scene to scene. *The Saturday Evening Post* steps in between scenes to lend continuity to the switch.

The essence of a *Post* imitation is an interesting study in itself. For example, the type used in the headline of the Sharon Steel ad, adapted precisely from the *Post*, is known as SEPO, standing for "Saturday Evening Post Oldstyle." It was designed originally for the *Post* as its own unique signature, recognizable at a glance. If you examine the ad's letters on the op-

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posite page closely you'll see the thin diagonal lines inside of each one which give it a subtle strength and shading. As for design, *Post* pages traditionally are highly disciplined in arrangement, striving for simplicity and directness. There are other ways of achieving this kind of clarity, but time has approved this basic characteristic.

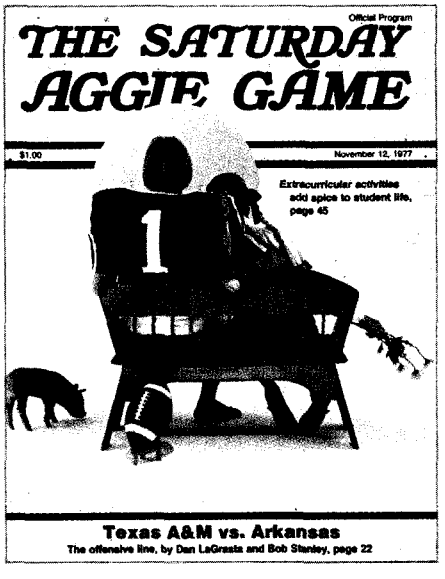
You can play the same little game yourself. Peek around at albums and movies and greeting cards and advertising layouts. There are plenty of them out there besides these few. Looking for them can be fun. ☒

(Below) Posters for the motion picture The Sting *went* Post*-style all the way. Even the subtitles shown during the picture itself are like* Post *covers.*

When in Southern California visit UNIVERSAL STUDIOS TOUR
AN MCA COMPANY
Recapture "the STING Experience"
REMEMBER HOW GOOD YOU FELT THE FIRST TIME.
WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS Including Best Picture in 1973
...all it takes is a little Confidence.
PAUL NEWMAN ROBERT REDFORD
ROBERT SHAW
IN A TONY BILL-PHILLIPS PRODUCTION OF A GEORGE ROY HILL FILM
THE STING
A RICHARD D. ZANUCK/DAVID BROWN PRESENTATION
Written by DAVID S. WARD Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL
Produced by TONY BILL and MICHAEL & JULIA PHILLIPS
Music Adapted by MARVIN HAMLISCH A UNIVERSAL RE-RELEASE TECHNICOLOR
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
THEATRE

Official Program
THE SATURDAY AGGIE GAME
$1.00
October 21, 1978
Intramurals — ... the marbles, page 45
Texas A&M vs. Baylor
The new Kyle Field — inside and outside, page 22

Possibly the most incongruous use of the Post *motif (but a delightful one for all of that) was pursued by—of all things—a rock group called Kansas. These "with-it" young musicians are also with* Post *covers, which they collect. And so, when they were looking for a graphic theme to tell an eye-catching story on their latest album cover, Kansas chose to emulate Rockwell's witty depiction of two charwomen engrossed in a theater program with all the hauteur of society ladies.*


Official Program
THE SATURDAY AGGIE GAME
$1.00
November 12, 1977
Extracurricular activities add spice to student life, page 45
Texas A&M vs. Arkansas
The offensive line, by Dan LaGrasta and Bob Stanley, page 22

Official Program
THE SATURDAY AGGIE GAME
$1.00
December 3, 1977
Reflections of a Former Student, page 45
Texas A&M vs. Houston
Linebackers, by John Young; Scout teams, by Dean Campbell, page 22

The swing to Post*-style typography, layout, and scene is far from being based on a nostalgic longing for the past. On their football program covers, Texas A&M launched a brilliant and affectionate spoof of Norman Rockwell* Posts *which comes close to being an art form on its own. Shown to the left and above are a trio of some of the appealing motifs based on famous Rockwell themes. The one at far right is a clever switch of the original, which showed a veteran of World War II ruefully trying on his old uniform. The programs ran for the '77 and '78 seasons and sold out.*

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I GOT OFF TO A FUNNY START

The artist's warm personality, full of ginger and spice, is adroitly and affectionately brought to the surface in these father-and-son conversations recalling the early years, when so often frustrations and even triumph could dissolve in laughter.

by Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

One day, when I was putting the finishing touches on my two hundredth *Post* cover—or maybe it was my two hundred and tenth, somewhere in there—I was interrupted by a phone call from a stranger.

"This is the public relations department of the New York Central Railroad," the man said. "Where are you?"

"Why, I'm right here in——"

"We've had the Pullman car on the siding all day," he rushed on, "with a porter in it and the beds made up and flowers in all the rooms. When are you going to show up?"

"Wrong number," I said. "I don't know anything about a Pullman car."

"Aren't you Norman Rockwell, the illustrator?" The voice was rather testy.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you came up here yesterday and asked that a Pullman car be put on a siding. You wanted to do sketches of the interior for the *Post*. You said you'd come round today."

"Not me," I informed my caller. "I was here in the studio all day."

"What goes on?" said the voice.

"It must have been an impostor," I said.

Four or five days later the Cunard steamship line called me. Same story. I had arranged to photograph a stateroom on the *Queen Elizabeth*, they had the room ready—why didn't I show up? I explained about the impostor.

I couldn't figure the guy out. There was no money or possible advantage to be gained by these tricks. Once, a year or so after I had started doing *Post* covers, I received a letter from a lawyer in

A favorite Rockwell model through the years was Tom Carey, who helped keep the horse and buggy age alive. At rear is an old icehouse which doubles as a studio.

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Texas. A girl and her family meant to sue me for breach of promise. I had never been in Texas, but they claimed that I had spent many evenings in their home, and promised the girl marriage. Now she was pregnant. That impostor had gained something by impersonating me. But what about this fellow who'd ordered the Pullman car and the stateroom? Did he enjoy giving people trouble?

The next week the public relations man for the Yankees telephoned me. Had I arranged to take photographs of a dozen ballplayers in the stadium locker room?

"It's an imposter," I said, and I told him about the New York Central and Cunard.

"Good," he said, "I think we'll catch him. I got suspicious and told him to come back today to complete the arrangements. I'll let you know what happens."

That afternoon he called back. The impostor had shown up and, when confronted, had admitted his impersonation. The public relations man had bawled him out, taken his real name, and let him go. That was the last I ever heard of him.

For a year or so a third impostor made a real career out of this sort of thing. I began to receive large bills for lodging, meals, and entertainment from hotels in widely scattered towns and small cities in southern Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia. I returned the bills unpaid, with affidavits proving I'd been home all the time. Most of the hotelkeepers made no reply, but one man did write to describe the fake Norman Rockwell.

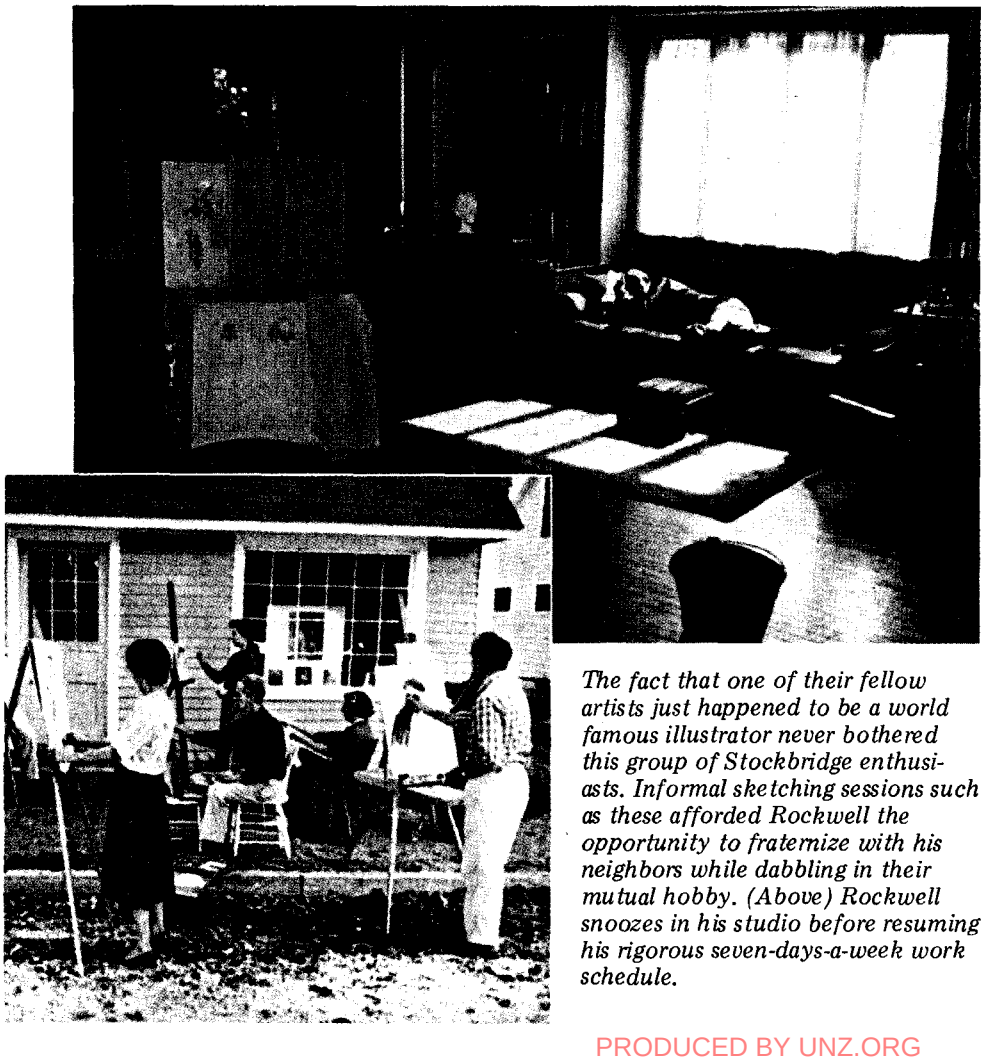
The impostor had arrived at the hotel with a sketchbook and a copy of my latest *Post* cover under his arm. When he signed the register, using my name, the desk clerk inquired if he was by any chance *the* Norman Rockwell, the artist. The impostor modestly admitted that he was. The clerk told the hotel manager, who asked the impostor if he would mind giving a little talk at the Rotary luncheon the next day. The impostor didn't mind at all. He made a nice speech describing how he—or I—did a *Post* cover, enlivening his talk with humorous anecdotes of artistic life. Then the local Kiwanis Club gave him a luncheon, and the ladies' club put on a feed, and he lectured the art club on "Commercial Illustration: Pitfalls and Principles."

After a week or so he left town, asking that his bill be sent to his home in New Rochelle (where I was then living). My informant wrote that the impostor had been well-behaved and polite—quite a credit to me, in fact. As the months passed other bills arrived from other towns, and I continued to return them unpaid. After a year they stopped coming. As far as I know, the authorities never caught up with the impostor. I guess he got tired of me after a while and took on someone else.

Nowadays people know what I look like. I haven't had an impostor in over 20 years, although some people say they've posed for me when they haven't. Once, at a banquet in Wilmington, Delaware, a strange woman sat down beside me and said, "Oh, dear, I'm so tired! Just worn to the bone. I've been posing for Norman Rockwell all day, and he works his models to a frazzle."

I can't remember working anyone to a frazzle, but I have overworked myself at times, even though drawing has always been easy for me. When I was six or seven years old I used to draw ships on pieces of cardboard for my brother Jarvis and another boy. I copied the ships from picture cards which came with American Fleet cigarettes in those days—cards and cigarettes celebrated Commodore Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. Jarvis and his friend would arrange my ships in battle order, and attack with scissors.

It was a frustrating form of art: Five minutes after I had laboriously drawn the fleets, Jarvis and his friend would have them in shreds. Besides, my ability to draw didn't mean much to the other kids. Could I play baseball? Or throw a rock over Mr. Cheeney's house? Or lick my brother? I was a skinny boy, and I wore glasses with round, rimless lenses; neighborhood kids called me Mooney.



The fact that one of their fellow artists just happened to be a world famous illustrator never bothered this group of Stockbridge enthusiasts. Informal sketching sessions such as these afforded Rockwell the opportunity to fraternize with his neighbors while dabbling in their mutual hobby. (Above) Rockwell snoozes in his studio before resuming his rigorous seven-days-a-week work schedule.

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My brother Jarvis, who was a year and a half older than I—I had no other brothers or sisters—was the best athlete in school. He was a real boy's boy, strong, fearless, always ready to take a dare. I remember our family's moving from uptown New York to a house in Mamaroneck when I was nine or ten. There was a candy store about four blocks away, and some kid was always yelling, "C'mon, last one to the store's a rotten egg." Jarvis always came in first; I always came in last, puffing and blowing.

My only distinction was the ability to draw, and I drew every day, gradually forgetting about my narrow shoulders and long neck and pigeon toes. But don't think that I was as gloomy as a squashed blueberry. I sailed a dory with Jarvis, I helped build a bobsled, I went camping, and I belonged to the Fortnightly Club. Our aim was cultural uplift; the other members were older than I and only let me in to pair me off with a girl who had clammy hands. In short, I did the things most boys do. I even went out with girls. Once I fought Earl Quick in defense of Eleanor Bordeaux's honor. He won, but Eleanor heard about it, so I had what the generals call a strategic victory.

My favorite memory of those days is of Miss Julia M. Smith, my eighth grade teacher. She taught me what little I know about geography, arithmetic, and grammar and encouraged me in my drawing. In her history class I drew Revolutionary soldiers and covered wagons; in science I drew birds, lions, fish, elephants. Miss Smith saw where I was headed and, because she was a fine teacher, helped me along, God bless her.

Forty-odd years later I received a letter from a woman who was taking care of Miss Smith, now Mrs. Ottley, in upstate New York. Miss Smith, the woman wrote, was going blind, but every time one of my covers appeared on the *Post* she would ask her friend to describe it. I wrote back, saying that Miss Smith had been my favorite teacher and that I remembered her very well.

That letter and others which followed reminded me that teachers were hard-working and underpaid. I decided to do a *Post* cover of a teacher—a sort of tribute to Miss Smith and all the others. But that cover was very unpopular with schoolteachers. I had meant to portray a patient, hard-working, devoted person, and thought I wouldn't get my feeling across if I made her a beautiful girl. I got all kinds of indignant letters. A school superintendent in Texas wrote that there was not one teacher in all Texas as plain-looking as the one I'd painted.

As a schoolboy I was painfully conscious of the fact that my father never made much money. I imagined that if you had money you were self-confident, well-mannered, and free from all embarrassment.

So I set out in fiery pursuit of hard cash and immediately fell to the depths of commercialism. Jack Arnold, my cousin, came home from Annapolis on holiday and offered me 50 cents to take *my* girl and him out in *my* boat. And I did it; I rowed facing forward while Jack and my girl hugged on the rear seat. It was easy work, but not steady, and it showed some signs of losing me the esteem of other girls in the neighborhood. So I gave that up and went to mowing lawns and raking leaves.

When I decided that I wanted to go to art school, I began to look about for more profitable jobs to earn my tuition. The first job came through our minister. A wealthy lady had asked him if he knew of anyone who would take her and her friend, Ethel Barrymore, out sketching. The minister suggested me.

That summer I spent every Saturday afternoon with Ethel Barrymore and her friend. We would paddle out in a canoe to Hen Island, or some deserted beach, where I'd set up the easels in a sheltered spot and show the ladies how to hold the brushes or mix the paint. That must have been a sight—me, a long, gawky kid, bending over the famous Ethel Barrymore, guiding her shapely hand across the paper, my great Adam's apple churning up and down. She was young and beautiful then, and very gracious, and I was almost dumb with admiration.

In the fall I bought the mail route out to Orienta Point from another boy for $25. The mailman didn't go out that far, so most wealthy families on the point paid a boy 25 cents a day to pick up their mail at the post office and deliver it. I was soon making $2.50 a day. I also tutored the two sons of one of my customers. This sideline brought a visitor to our house, a fat, middle-aged gentleman wearing bristly tweeds, spats, and a derby. When he rang our bell, I opened the door.

"Norman Rockwell?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"The pedagogue?"

"I only tutor two boys," I said. "I'm not a peda——"

"Stop!" he said, banging his cane on the doorstep. "I am prepared to pay well for your services at my academy."

He handed me a pamphlet describing Pennington's Academy for Boys: Headmaster, Dr. J. J. Pennington (here followed a long list of degrees, honors, prizes, and testimonials); and under that: Instructor in English, French, and Athletics, Norman Percevel Rockwell.

"I have," said Dr. Pennington, "taken the liberty of including your name in the list of pedagogues."

"But I can't speak French," I said.

"Neither can the boys," replied Dr. Pennington.

The upshot was that I was engaged on the spot to teach French, English, and athletics at Pennington's Academy during the summer session. The headmaster agreed to pay me $25 a week, a princely sum, and provide one meal a day. It would pay for my art tuition. During my first year in Mamaroneck High School I had been going to New York every Saturday to study art at the Chase School. I wanted to quit high school and study art full-time.

The next Monday I rode my bicycle to Pennington's Academy, a stucco mansion surmounted by gabled turrets. Dr. Pennington handed me a French grammar, and off I went to begin my career as a teacher of French, my only advantage over my students being that I had a textbook and they didn't.

The trouble began during ath-

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Norman Rockwell was 22 years old when he sold this, his first Post *cover, to editor George Horace Lorimer for the grand fee of $75.*

letics class. One of my students was bigger and stronger than I was. "Let's box," he said. I refused. "Yellow!" he said. I pretended I hadn't heard him. This went on all summer. I avoided a showdown until the last day of school, when he just pitched in and gave me a shellacking.

It was hard to maintain discipline with this fellow threatening to beat me up all the time, but the other children were all right. I took them for rides in the school's leaky motorboat. I gave swimming lessons. We spent a month building a model airplane out of bamboo, wire, and wrapping paper.

The first time I asked Dr. Pennington for my money he said, "Saturday, my boy, Saturday. Bank closure." The second time, a Friday, he mumbled something about "dividends-tuitions-late-week-after-next." The third time he took me into his confidence: Rich people were notoriously neglectful, but he would fall upon the parents in tomorrow's mail.

I never got a cent. The whole summer was shot—a long, hard summer, too. Quitting high school in my sophomore year, I went off to art school with barely enough money to get me through the first term.

When I enrolled at the National Academy School of Fine Arts I was 16 years old. After two months of drawing from plaster casts—Venus, Hercules, The Discus Thrower—I was promoted to the life class. The model took the same pose every morning for two weeks. At the end of the period the instructor graded the students' work, giving the best drawing No. 1, the second best No. 2, and so on. The following Monday the No. 1 student selected the position from which he wanted to draw the model. Then the No. 2 student chose his place, then No. 3, and so on. As a newcomer I had no number at all. After all the other students had taken their places, I found room in a far corner. The model was lying on her side. All I could see were the soles of her feet and her rear end, so that's what I drew during my first two weeks.

I didn't study long at the National Academy. It was stiff and scholarly—no illustration, only fine arts—so I switched to the Art Students League. My first day at the League I was standing at the bulletin board trying to decide whom I should take life class with: George Bridgeman or Kenneth Hayes Miller. I knew nothing about either man and was too shy to ask the other students. Finally, trusting to luck, I signed up with Bridgeman.

As I soon learned, George Bridgeman was the academic drawing teacher, while Kenneth Hayes Miller was an extreme modernist. If I had signed up with Miller, I might be a modernist now. I guess it's a good thing I didn't, because my strong point is the painting that tells a story.

In those days there wasn't the cleavage between fine arts and illustration that there is now. We thought of an illustrator as a recorder of history and the contemporary scene, as an interpreter of the classics—Shakespeare, Dante, Milton. Illustrations of the classics by Edwin Austin Abbey, Gustave Dore, and Arthur Rackham were in themselves classics.

Actually the golden age of illustration was passing away. Abbey, Howard Pyle, and Frederic Remington died while I was in art school. Most of the other great illustrators were long since dead, and the market for fine illustration was shrinking. Illustrators, as a friend of mine said, were getting to be businessmen with a knack for drawing.

At the Art Students League afternoon sessions began at one o'clock. After the model had undressed behind a screen, the monitor would pose her and we'd set to work. At 25-minute intervals the monitor would say to the model, "Rest." Then the model would pull on slippers and a flimsy kimono. Sometimes she'd sit behind her screen during the five-minute

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A NEIGHBORLY LOOK AT THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED AMERICA

Surrounded by beautiful countryside, Rockwell chose not to paint the land. Instead his canvases capture nature of a different kind—human nature.

by Helen K. Hawkins

Photography by William M. Hawkins

There was something vaguely familiar about the man, but for the life of me I could not put my finger on anything that would identify an acquaintance. It was our first trip to West Arlington, Vermont. He was an ordinary farmer doing an ordinary chore. Suddenly I recognized the situation. He was typical of the men and women depicted by his next-door neighbor, Norman Rockwell. His name was James McClintock Edgerton.

Jim Edgerton was Rockwell's friend, neighbor, critic, and occasional model. His son posed many times for "Mr. Saturday Evening Post." His grandson also sat for the famed artist.

"The Rockwells lived next door to me from 1945 until 1954." He pointed to the companion to his own white colonial farmhouse. Rockwell's home was built in 1796—older than Edgerton's by some 16 years. Both smack of New England. "I hadn't seen him in a couple of years. He lived in Massachusetts, but he wasn't painting. He'd have been 85 the third or fourth of February. He painted a lot of things in the schoolhouse while they were fixing up the house. His studio is out in back."

Jim told us that as soon as he finished mowing his lawn he was going up to check on the grazing conditions on his "Braggin' Acres" and "God's Acres." We were welcome to ride along in his truck. He had lots of things to show us and memories to share.

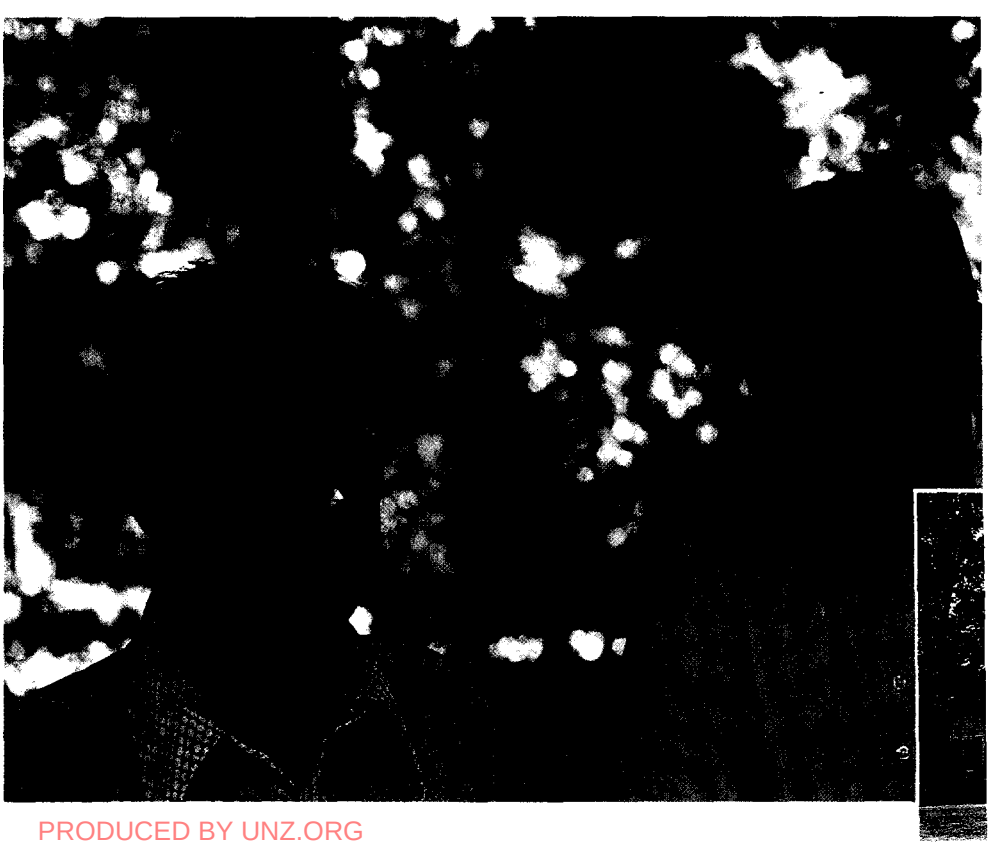
Bouncing along over the path that led beside his maple syrup processing shed and through his stand of sugar maples, Jim kept a watchful eye on the trees. "The last time I was up here I saw a couple of wild turkeys and some deer."

He skillfully dodged rocks and downed tree branches as he maneuvered the old truck up and around the mountain. "Tommy [Rockwell] used to hunt with me." Jim stopped the truck and pointed toward the west. A young doe stood at attention, alert but unafraid, not more than 50 yards away.

The sight was stupendous for city dwellers such as us, but to Jim it was everyday. "You ought to see it in the fall when it's *really* pretty."

Visions of the scarlet leaves and then winter's white blanket crossed my mind as he described his maple syrup business. "I hung 1,200 buckets last year—16-quart buckets—and got 190 gallons of syrup from the sap we caught." The Rockwells were among the many customers who poured Jim's syrup over a waffle or stack of flapjacks. We stocked up on the 1978 batch for our use, and now our morning pancakes have a special something which brings forth memories of our visit with Norman Rockwell's next-farm neighbor.

Many other aspects of the trip to West Arlington are indelibly imprinted on our memories. How could we forget the aptly named Green Mountains; old maple trees waiting for spring to yield their sugary "lifeblood"; puffy white clouds in a clear blue sky; red



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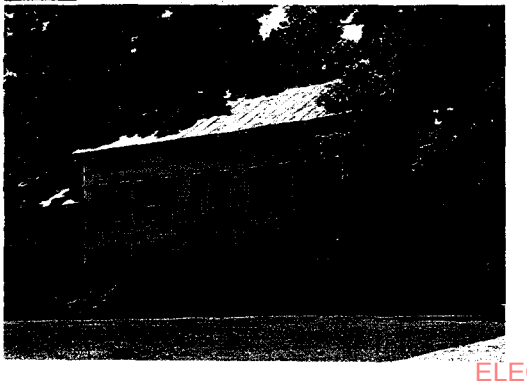
barns; the swiftly flowing river, a silvery ribbon known far and wide as the Batten Kill; and a picturesque red covered bridge dating from 1804 that we crossed to the Edgerton property?

With such scenery at his doorstep, it seemed odd that Rockwell had not chosen to paint nature. Instead, he painted human nature. He relied on the gnarls on his models' hands and the lines in their faces and the clothes they wore to reflect the life patterns of his "common people" and the land in which they lived.

Rockwell has been quoted as saying that West Arlington was the ideal residence. It provided both the perfect models and the ideas for the "slices of American life" he portrayed. The older they were, the more clearly his models' features reflected the rugged terrain.

Children rarely were the main subjects in his paintings, but when boys were necessary to a picture, he frequently used his three sons, Tommy, Jerry, and Peter, and Jim's son, Buddy. Tommy was the Cub Scout and Buddy was the older Scout in *A Guiding Hand*, which graced the pages of the 1946 Boy Scout calendar. Buddy was helping Tommy master knot-tying for a Cub requirement.



Familiar sights in West Arlington: the Edgertons, models and critics for their famous neighbor during the nine years he lived next door; the old Methodist church and covered bridge straddling the Batten Kill, a legendary trout stream; and the Rockwells' former home with its two front doors. It was once occupied by bachelor brothers who wouldn't speak to each other and lived in separate halves of the house.

The boys were friends in the painting and they were friends in real life, Buddy's father reminisced as we made our way up the mountain.

"Tommy and Jerry were in school with our children, and we lived pretty much together. The kids were together practically all the time. Tommy used to run into our kitchen and say, 'Clara, have you got any cookies?' She usually did. Those boys were part of the family. When he grew up he helped me and hunted with me, Tommy did."

Jim stopped the truck at the crest of the mountain. "You can get a pretty good view of Norm's house and studio from here. Mrs. Finney owns it now, and the studio is rented out. He was a wonderful neighbor."

Another memory flitted across Jim's 72-year-old face and brought a smile to his mouth.

"One time my house needed paint, but his didn't need it so bad. I couldn't get up the money to have it done, and he said to me, 'Jim, I'll wait until you can afford to paint yours, and then I'll paint mine.' Later on we did them together, and they looked good side by side. There're not many folks like him."

Another anecdote came to his mind: "He owned a lot—some 50 acres—across the valley. It had a little timber on it, and when another fellow wanted to cut the birch off it he said, 'Don't cut anything Jimmy can see from his house. You can cut where it won't bother Jimmy's view.' No sir. There aren't many people like that. He was a wonderful neighbor."

Jim Edgerton pointed to the silo behind his barn. He and his son Buddy were filling it one summer and absent-mindedly "painted themselves into a corner." They had filled the chute so full that they could not get out. "We hollered to beat hell to get Norm's attention. He was working in his studio out back, not very far from the silo. But he didn't hear a thing. He was absorbed in what he was doing. We hollered and hollered, and finally we decided he wasn't going to hear anything and we had to get out of there by ourselves. We finally made it, but we had to dig our way through all that silage."

Jim chuckled. A smile joined the lines in his weathered cheeks and crinkled his brow into a sight familiar on numerous *Saturday Evening Post* covers. No wonder I had thought we knew him when we first stopped and introduced ourselves!

His and Rockwell's farmhouses and buildings were also familiar, but not from Rockwell's paintings. It was a perfect Grandma Moses landscape that posed for our camera! Everything was there: the gleaming white Methodist Church that was completed in 1802, fields, grazing cattle, Vermont's Green Mountains, and the white house-red barn combination typical of the region.

Grandma Moses and Norm were good friends, according to Jim Edgerton. "She used to come over from Eagle Bridge [New York] to see him. Both of them are in one of his paintings. It was on a cover for the *Post* for Christmas that year [1948]."

It was familiar to us. We had seen the original the previous day in the Bennington Museum, some 12 miles away. *The Homecoming* was one of about 30 paintings and charcoal sketches by Rockwell that formed a temporary exhibit for the summer months. We had also enjoyed the permanent collection of Grandma Moses' originals at the comprehensive regional museum.

"There were a lot of artists in town, and Norm was good friends with John Atherton and Mead Schaeffer. They posed for him and they criticized each other's work. Gene Pellham did a lot of photography for Norm."

Jim also served as a critic on occasion. "He did a lot of sketches that he didn't finish. He didn't finish one of an umpire. He was working on a picture of a ball game at Fenway Park. He called me over and asked what I thought of it, so I took a look.

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STOCKBRIDGE BECOMES A SHRINE

Each weekend the population of this tiny New England town swells with Rockwell fans who want to savor the surroundings of their favorite illustrator.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

This far west of Boston, in the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains, even amidst the flaming reds, russets, and yellows of early autumn foliage, no true native is ever surprised to look up and discover the high peaks shrouded in sudden snow, ice-laden branches at timber line flashing in the morning sun.

Such a moment welcomes this pilgrim to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, come to savor the spirit of Norman Rockwell in the place his canvases have sprung to life from the people and the very place itself.

The start is at the South Street bridge over the Housatonic River, just a stream here on the journey south from its source in the Berkshire Hills to its broad mouth at Long Island Sound, sending fresh waters at last into the salty Atlantic.

The water is a moving pattern of multicolored leaves. As they pass under the bridge, a brisk flurry of cold air brushes the trees bending on the banks, and a slow kaleidoscope of color zigzags down from the Rockwell home by the Housatonic, the gentlest possible signal of time's inevitability.

Time is part of this place. Norman Rockwell's house once belonged to Aaron Burr. "It was originally located on Main Street. In those days it was quite common to move houses. This is what they call a foursquare house," Rockwell said of the house that originally had four rooms of equal size on the main floor. "Each of the four rooms downstairs and each of the bedrooms upstairs has a fireplace."

Everyone who comes to Stockbridge for the first time wants to see the Rockwell place. That is not too difficult, although a picket fence and a high hedge of balsam screen the front porch from the road. Tourists being what they are, the Rockwells (who had no mailbox or other identification on the exterior) still often suffered strange surprises, such as the admiring fan who climbed through the bedroom window for an autograph.

St. Paul's, Main Street, attracts a young artist of today as it did Daniel Chester French, sculptor of the Minute Man at Concord and the seated Lincoln in Washington; L. C. Tiffany, who designed a stained glass window inside; and Norman Rockwell, who was married and buried at this church.

Rumor has it that on the south end of the garden, which for years has been Molly Rockwell's fragrant and flowering domain, there is a blockhouse originally built as a fort against Indian attacks, with a deep room scooped out of the earth below where the women and children might hide while the men blazed away at the enemy through chinks in the heavy timbers.

More modern history makes one equally thoughtful. The Rockwell home, in our terms today, is a small "estate" in a town of surpassing charm. The distinction its famous owner has lent it will far outlive the already forgotten luster of an Aaron Burr: The Rockwell association with the property has already brought up the suggestion that in the proper time it be preserved as a permanent memorial and Mecca open to legions of his admiring pilgrims. In that sense, the place is already priceless. But any contemporary realtor would tell you that if John Doe were the resident instead of a world figure, the place might presently be worth a few hundred thousand dollars and possibly quite a bit more. Weep, friends, weep bitter tears over the fangs and pangs of inflation. The Rockwells bought the place in 1957 for $20,000.

Only a few doors away from the Rockwell studio stands the lordly Red Lion Inn, built originally in 1773 by the marvelously named Silas Pepoon as a stop for stagecoaches traveling between Albany, Hartford, and Boston. In continuous use since 1800, it has had five U.S. Presidents as guests

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and has been hallowed somewhat more resoundingly by the snores of Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Cullen Bryant, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Red Lion stands on the corner of South (the Rockwells' street) and Main streets, and from there the little town—although running both north and south along the through Route 7 for many blocks of stately and charming homes set back far from the highway under stately elms screening gardens and sheltered nooks out back—runs little more than a block, and that mostly on the west side for business and shopping purposes.

When the Rockwells first moved to Stockbridge from Arlington, Vermont ("I had painted everyone there about eight times!") the home-and-studio was on this little Main Street block above the grocery store. Even then, people asked where they could see the famous man, but more to the point, the famous man had enlarged his front window and spent hours peering at *them* moving along Main Street to incorporate, with extra Rockwellian touches, into his beloved *Saturday Evening Post* paintings.

Rockwell once confessed to finding the postmaster of Stockbridge so nobly suggestive in appearance of a President of the United States that the artist—his model found—for years struggled in his mind for a scene to encompass the individual. Now, the shoe is on the other foot—or more figuratively put, the brush is in the other hand—as the people of Stockbridge portray the great artist for those who are willing to look quietly and perhaps are lucky enough to extract a reminiscence.

A sense of harsh reality must intrude here. First, Stockbridge is a focus, be it Rockwell lovers, antique hunters, foliage gazers on this zingy autumn day, backpackers, parents tooling back and forth from the many schools and colleges in this corner of New England, or just plain tourists—there could well be nearly 10,000 "foreigners" milling around this tiny area, which on a winter's morning might be deserted.

One searches for "faces" and "types." Ah! Here is a craggy-faced oldster, a merry twinkle in his eye, his horny hands curved to the plow he obviously follows on a small farm at the edge of town.

"A polite question about Norman Rockwell, sir?"

"Yes?" Puzzled.

"How long did you know Mr. Rockwell, and do you have a special little story or so about the times you have met him?"

The merry twinkle vanishes.

"I am a retired investment broker, sir, from Boston. My wife makes me drive up here every year to look at these damn leaves turn. Seen one, you've seen 'em all."

The Rockwell researcher beats a hasty retreat.

That adorable little girl over there—the one with the curly red mop of hair, perky nose, and saucy look—surely she is the inspiration for one of Rockwell's unforgettable moppets!

Or is she another visitor, in reality the stand-in for the lead in *Annie* (a road-show version touring the provinces) and homesick for the roar and the night life of Broadway?

The researcher flinches.

But this is the age of investigative reporting. Press on, and, indeed, the rewards lie there for the searching.

Anyone who is familiar with New England realizes that residents who moved into town only in 1957, like the Rockwells, were rated long as "new people," although it might be grudgingly admitted that they fitted admirably into local customs. The Rockwells' visibility and charm truly helped them over this hurdle. For many years, Norman on his black bicycle and Molly on her blue one were the modest and familiar figures doing their daily four and seven-tenths miles to keep trim over their favorite route, known to the energetic and devoted couple as Cardiac Hill.

This gives rise to a fascinating discovery. Norman Rockwell—gentle, modest, obliging, thoughtful, self-effacing at all times—had

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Nestled in the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains, Stockbridge is a tiny village of 2,000-plus residents. The Rockwell home is a block from the downtown area.

When Norman Rockwell converted this rustic carriage house into a studio some 22 years ago, he incorporated all the best features of his previous workshops. Large windows provided maximum natural lighting for the artist at work.

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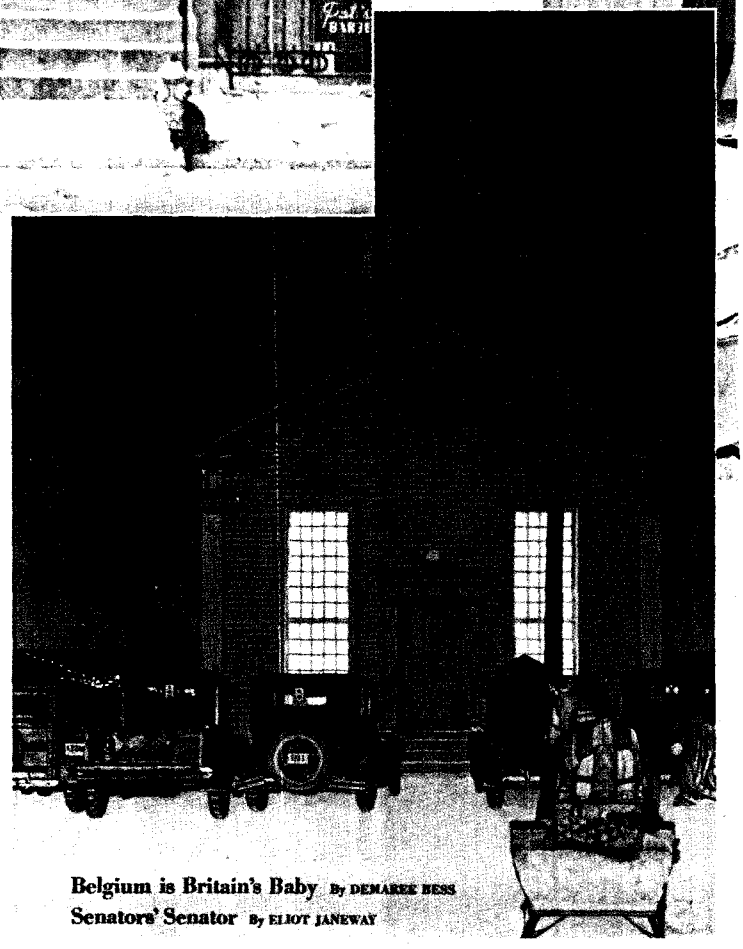
A solemn theme—the bright Easter renascence of spring—challenges the Norman Rockwell drollery: He contrasts the worldly dissipations and scruffy temptations of a raffish neighborhood lost in Sunday a.m. slumber with the strait-laced primness of a self-righteous family in their Easter finery, while church bells peal them on their way to higher things.



A hushed moment on New Year's Eve is captured by Mead Schaeffer in this beautiful rendering of a small country church, a central place on the planet, however, for the enraptured beholder. The artist has given himself a difficult task—he is painting all churches and all people. We cannot see them, but by their conveyances we know them. The watch night worshippers, we can learn, include a businessman whose pickup truck bears insignia indicating his three sons in Service. A family car salutes its own two sons in Service. A farmer has come in from the hills in his sleigh. Another vehicle suggests the attendance of a grandmother and grandfather. Our world is still and hushed and prayerful as we gaze.

Belgium is Britain's Baby By DEMAREE BESS
Senators' Senator By ELIOT JANEWAY

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SUNDAY ALWAYS FOLLOWS SATURDAY EVENING IN THE POST

Religion has ever been part of family life in the Post. *Norman Rockwell and his fellow cover artists reflect the American spiritual tradition in this gallery of unforgettable variations on the grand theme.*

Norman Rockwell's mischievous depiction of an errant Sunday truant caught in the act by his holier-than-thou family finds gentle humor in churchgoing mores, although the somewhat devilish disarray of the father's hair bends the decision somewhat on the side of Heaven. Rockwell's wonderful insight into human relationships is subtly underlined by the alignment of the family: Mother and daughters sail along in high disdain for the miscreant; the boy, while true to his mother, still looks his sympathy over at Dad. Rockwell took special delight in painting the adorable twins: "I needed only one model."

The genius and fame of Norman Rockwell were responsible for an entire school of gifted artists who gravitated to the offices of the *Post* and vied for the covers of the magazine when a Rockwell was not occupying the prized showcase spot.

Each had his own personality and style, but the themes were generally those which so fascinated Rockwell and which he passed on to the whole nation—kids, bums, cops, dreamers, old folks, animals, oddballs, soldiers, young love. . .and religion.

His religious attitudes came as normally to Rockwell as breathing. His ancestry was English, with haughty intimations of aristocracy fostered by his mother, so that the little boy, born in 1894 and living in middle-class neighborhoods in both New York City and Westchester County, naturally gravitated to the caste-conscious Protestant Episcopal Church, which had retained the churchly traditions of olde England while also catering to the commonsense virtues of competing Protestant denominations.

Norman's family was so religiously inclined that he was allowed neither to read the newspapers nor play with the other boys on Sundays. His mother was a hypochondriac who fancied herself in the pangs of a terminal disease through most of the days of her life (she lived to be 85), and when she felt too ill to attend church, the family always sang hymns at home in the parlor.

In his early days on Morningside Heights in Manhattan, Norman was caught up in a wash of post-Spanish-American War patriotism, even at St. Luke's Church, where he was an undersized brat in a miniature battalion of would-be soldiers carrying wooden guns. Later, he was a choir boy at the famous Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and he also attended a church in Mamaroneck when the Rockwells prospered and moved to the suburbs.

Norman always had an underpinning of religious life and training to fall back upon. Fortunately for us, his personality was compounded not only by lavish doses of true spirituality and insight, with great love of his fellow human beings, but these guiding traits were also tinctured by highly visible streaks of irreverence and irrepressible merriment over human foibles.

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Anyone who has been, as Rockwell was, choirboy and crucifer in the solemn Episcopal church, will understand Norman's experience in what he was to call later "the underside of church life." In Mamaroneck, the church where he sang stood on a hill next to a school for wayward girls. He and a few other young devils dressed in cassocks and surplices used to climb up into the belfry of their church in order to yell at the girls and tease them with ribald comments. Once the church sexton locked the boys in by mistake, and so Norman had to return home late for dinner for inexplicable reasons. In later years he devoutly believed in all things good. As an artist, he saw human flaws—as a man, he forgave them.

For all Rockwell's 317 covers, through the years, of course, many other artists, each in his own way, spelled the master while he worked and took over center stage. Religion was also a recurrent theme with

The idea of a pooch wandering into church to seek out his lost master goes all the way back to 1915, as in this cover by Leslie Thrasher. In this case the boy seems to be so relieved from the rigid rules of church deportment set down by the lady at his left (apparently a grandmother or strict maiden aunt) that he is amused and pleased by the innocent invasion of his loving pet and seems to show no dismay at disaster ahead.

them, sometimes played "straight," at others bent a bit for a smile. In the cover above, George Hughes did a churchly scene which might be inelegantly entitled: *"Is a pew the proper place for a pooch?"* Hughes himself provided no solution to this bittersweet dilemma. He left it up to the yearnings of the little boy and his beloved pal, balanced against the dignity and propriety of a deeply concerned congregation.

Hughes was a youthful man who favored young family scenes. At right, he has caught an uncomfortable moment in the reverent act of christening—Dad can only hope a touch of water will cool baby down.

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The religious covers at Christmas and Easter by J.C. Leyendecker were events in themselves. He was a prolific artist who exceeded even Rockwell's total of covers, doing about a dozen a year starting in 1899. On the side, he created in 1905 the famous "Arrow Collar Man," a graphic advertising concept that brought on a tidal wave of fan letters, gifts, marriage proposals, and suicide notes to a mythical being modeled at one time by Frederic March. Leyendecker became Rockwell's friend and was always his idol as an illustrator. The exquisite Leyendecker cover at right shows his characteristic touch at its finest—crisp, precise strokes flooded in rich light, the sophistication of truly classic design, an almost sculptural effect. His influence on Rockwell lent the *Post* a splendid continuity.

The chemical formula of the true choirboy—part angel and part holy terror—was in the Rockwell blood, after a childhood career first as choirboy and then as altar boy when his silvery soprano changed into a manly croak. He delighted in the real-life denouement of his painting of the saintly change of character shown here when the choirmaster caught this same youngster, wearing his roller skates as well as a newly acquired black eye, scuffling on the stairs to the vestry.

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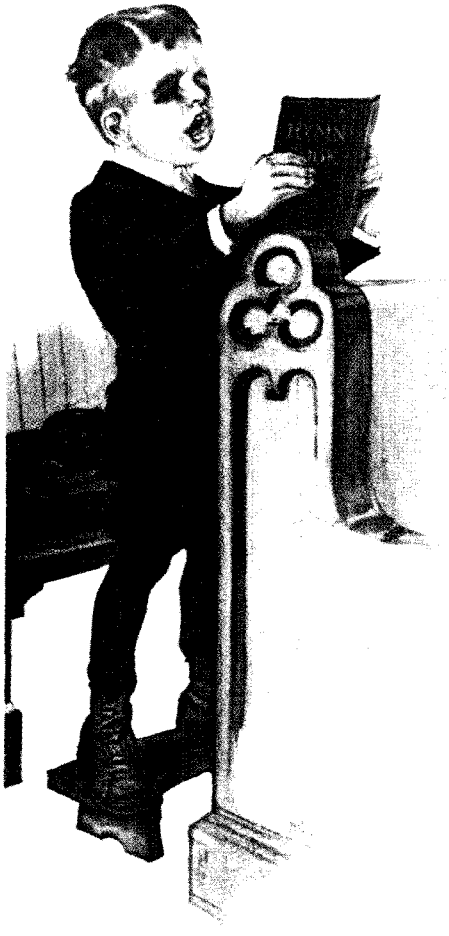
The remarkable thing about the thousands of covers which were painted over the years for the *Post* is how well they stand up creatively when one has the rare opportunity, as the editors do, of reviewing them all together. They are the ebb and flow of styles—in American art, in patterns of living, and in modes of thought. In religious subjects, there were two basic themes, of which the first was a celebration of the beauty in things spiritual, which was a boon to an artist with the technical capabilities of a Leyendecker.

The other side of the coin, since churchgoing is a human experience, is the valiant attempt to reach for heavenly things which falls somewhat short of the mark. Perhaps that is where the genius of Rockwell so clearly emerged. Humor was part of his chemistry. So was beauty. But only he could blend these contrapuntal elements. It was reason enough for greatness.

The *Post*, America's family magazine, would have been like a bereft parent without the children. The contrast between a boy's natural talents for wrongdoing served our artists well over the years. The metamorphosis of a pugnacious imp of a brat into a veritable angel by the mere act of entering church—but with his true nature revealed by a magnificent shiner—is one of the recurrent themes. This one (below) by Angus MacDonald, appeared as the first.



Here is another J. C. Leyendecker cover celebrating a high point of the church calendar, Easter. Although he handled all of his themes with great distinction, Leyendecker seems to have been especially at ease with the radiance and calm of a scene like this. His children, like the little boy here, all innocent charm and wonder, seem to be from another world more heavenly than ours. His ladies are medieval fantasies of purity and beauty. A Leyendecker cover was one to treasure.

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SONG OF YEARS—By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

A quite unusual church cover by Norman Rockwell was the result of his never-ending search for images and situations for his paintings. Once, while in London visiting Westminster Abbey, his eye fell on a workman repairing a broken stained glass window. After his return home, Rockwell, ever the stickler for details, sought out as a model Rowan LeCompte, a New York City craftsman who designed and made stained glass windows much as they were made in the twelfth century. Rockwell reached from the sublime to the meticulous.

More than two decades after the original kid in church, up popped these two little rascals (left) playing the same tune, by artist Francis Tipton Hunter. As the French say—the more things change, the more they are the same.

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Freedom from Want

TEXT BY CARLOS BULOSAN

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

IF YOU want to know what we are, look upon the farms or upon the hard pavements of the city. You usually see us working or waiting for work, and you think you know us, but our outward guise is more deceptive than our history.

Our history has many strands of fear and hope that snarl and converge at several points in time and space. We clear the forest and the mountains of the land. We cross the river and the wind. We harness wild beast and living steel. We celebrate labor, wisdom, peace of the soul.

When our crops are burned or plowed under, we are angry and confused. Sometimes we ask if this is the real America. Sometimes we watch our long shadows and doubt the future. But we have learned to emulate our ideals from these trials. We know there were men who came and stayed to build America. We know they came because there is something in America that they needed, and which needed them.

We march on, though sometimes strange moods fill our children. Our march toward security and peace is the march of freedom—the freedom that we should like to become a living part of. It is the dignity of the individual to live in a society of free men, where the spirit of understanding and belief exists; of understanding that all men are equal; that all men, whatever their color, race, religion, or estate, should be given equal opportunity to serve themselves and each other according to their needs and abilities.

But we are not really free unless we use what we produce. So long as the fruit of our labor is denied us, so long will want manifest itself in a world of slaves. It is only when we have plenty to eat—plenty of everything—that we begin to understand what freedom means. To us, freedom is not an intangible thing. When we have enough to eat, then we are healthy enough to enjoy what we eat. Then we have the time and ability to read and think and discuss things. Then we are not merely living but also becoming a creative part of life. It is only then that we become a growing part of democracy.

We do not take democracy for granted. We feel it grow in our working together—many millions of us working toward a common purpose. If it took us several decades of sacrifices to arrive at this faith, it is because it took us that long to know what part of America is ours.

Our faith has been shaken many times, and now it is put to question. Our faith is a living thing, and it can be crippled or chained. It can be killed by denying us enough food or clothing, by blasting away our personalities and keeping us in constant fear. Unless we are properly prepared, the powers of darkness will have good reason to catch us unaware and trample our lives.

The totalitarian nations hate democracy. They hate us, because we ask for a definite guaranty of freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and freedom from fear and want. Our challenge to tyranny is the depth of our faith in a democracy worth defending. Although they spread lies about us, the way of life we cherish is not dead. The American dream is only hidden away, and it will push its way up and grow again.

But sometimes we wonder if we are really a part of America. Sometimes we walk across the land looking for something to hold on to. We cannot believe that the resources of this country are exhausted. Even when we see our children suffer humiliations, we cannot believe that America has no more place for us. We realize that what is wrong is not in our system of government but in the ideals which were blasted away by a materialistic age. We know that we can truly find and identify ourselves with a living tradition if we walk proudly in familiar streets. It is a great honor to walk on the American earth.

If you want to know what we are, look at the men reading books, searching in the dark pages of history for the lost word, the key to the mystery of living peace. We are factory hands, field hands, mill hands, searching, building, and molding structures. We are doctors, scientists, chemists, discovering and eliminating disease, hunger, and antagonism. We are soldiers, Navy men, citizens, guarding the imperishable dream of our fathers to live in freedom. We are the living dream of dead men. We are the living spirit of free men.

Everywhere we are on the march, passing through darkness into a sphere of economic peace. When we have the freedom to think and discuss things without fear, when peace and security are assured, when the futures of our children are ensured—then we have resurrected and cultivated the early beginnings of democracy. And America lives and becomes a growing part of our aspirations again.

But our march to freedom is not complete unless want is annihilated. The America we hope to see is not merely a physical but also a spiritual and an intellectual world. We are the mirror of what America *is*. If America wants us to be living and free, then we must be living and free. If we fail, then America fails.

What do we want? We want complete security and peace. We want to share the promises and fruits of American life. We want to be free from fear and hunger.

If you want to know what we are—We are Marching!

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Freedom from Fear

TEXT BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

WHAT do we mean when we say "freedom from fear"? It isn't just a formula or a set of words. It's a look in the eyes and a feeling in the heart and a thing to be won against odds. It goes to the roots of life—to a man and a woman and their children and the home they can make and keep.

Fear has walked at man's heels through many ages—fear of wild beasts and wilder nature, fear of the inexplicable gods of thunder and lightning, fear of his neighbor man.

He saw his roof tree burned with fire from heaven—and did not know why. He saw his children die of plague—and did not know why. He saw them starve; he saw them made slaves. It happened—he did not know why. Those things had always happened.

Then he set himself to find out—first one thing, then another. Slowly, through centuries, he fought his battle with fear. And wise men and teachers arose to help him in the battle.

His children and he did not have to die of plague. His children and he did not have to make human sacrifices to appease the wrath of inexplicable gods. His children and he did not have to kill the stranger just because he was a stranger. His children and he did not have to be slaves. And the shape of Fear grew less.

No one man did this by himself. It took many men and women, over many years. It took saints and martyrs and prophets—and the common people. It started with the first fire in the first cave—the fire that scared away the beasts of the night. It will not end with the conquest of far planets.

Since our nation began, men and women have come here for just that freedom—freedom from the fear that lies at the heart of every unjust law, of every tyrannical exercise of power by one man over another man. They came from every stock—the men who had seen the face of tyranny, the men who wanted room to breathe and a chance to be men. And the cranks and the starry-eyed came, too, to build Zion and New Harmony and Americanopolis and the states and cities that perished before they lived—the valuable cranks who push the world ahead an inch. And a lot of it never happened, but we did make a free nation.

So, in our corner of the world, and for most of our people, we got rid of certain fears. We got rid of them; we got used to being rid of them. It took struggle and fighting and a lot of working things out. But a hundred and thirty million people lived at peace with one another and ran their own government. And because they were free from fear, they were able to live better, by and large and on the whole, than any hundred and thirty million people had lived before. Because fear may drive a burdened man for a mile, but it is only freedom that makes his load light for the long carry.

And meanwhile, around us the world grew smaller and smaller. If you looked at it on the school maps, yes, it looked like the same big world with a big, safe corner for us. But all the time invention and mechanical skill were making it smaller.

No one man can make his own clearing and say, "This is mine. Keep out." And yet, if the world is to go on, if man is to survive and prosper, the house of man must be kept safe.

So, what do we mean by "freedom from fear"?

We do not mean freedom from responsibility—freedom from struggle and toil, from hardship and danger. We do not intend to breed a race wrapped in cotton wool, too delicate to stand rough weather. In any world of man that we can imagine, fear and the conquest of fear must play a part.

But we have the chance, if we have the brains and the courage, to destroy the worst fears that harry man today—the fear of starving to death, the fear of being a slave, the fear of being stamped into the dust because he is one kind of man and not another, the fear of unprovoked attack and ghastly death for himself and for his children because of the greed and power of willful and evil men and deluded nations.

It will not be easy to destroy those fears. No one man can do it alone. No one nation can do it alone. It must be all men.

Now, in concert with other free nations, we say that freedom for ourselves involves freedom for others—that it is a universal right, neither lightly given by Providence nor to be maintained by words alone, but by acts and deeds and living.

We who are alive today did not make our free institutions. We got them from the men of the past, and we hold them in trust for the future. Should we put ease and selfishness above them, that trust will fail and we shall lose all, not a portion or a degree of liberty, but all that has been built for us and all that we hope to build. Real peace will not be won with one victory. It can be won only by long determination, firm resolve, and a wish to share and work with other men, no matter what their race or creed or condition. And yet, we do have the choice. We can have freedom from fear.

Here is a house, a woman, a man, their children. They are not free from life and the obligations of life. But they can be free from fear. All over the world, they can be free from fear. And we know they are not yet free.

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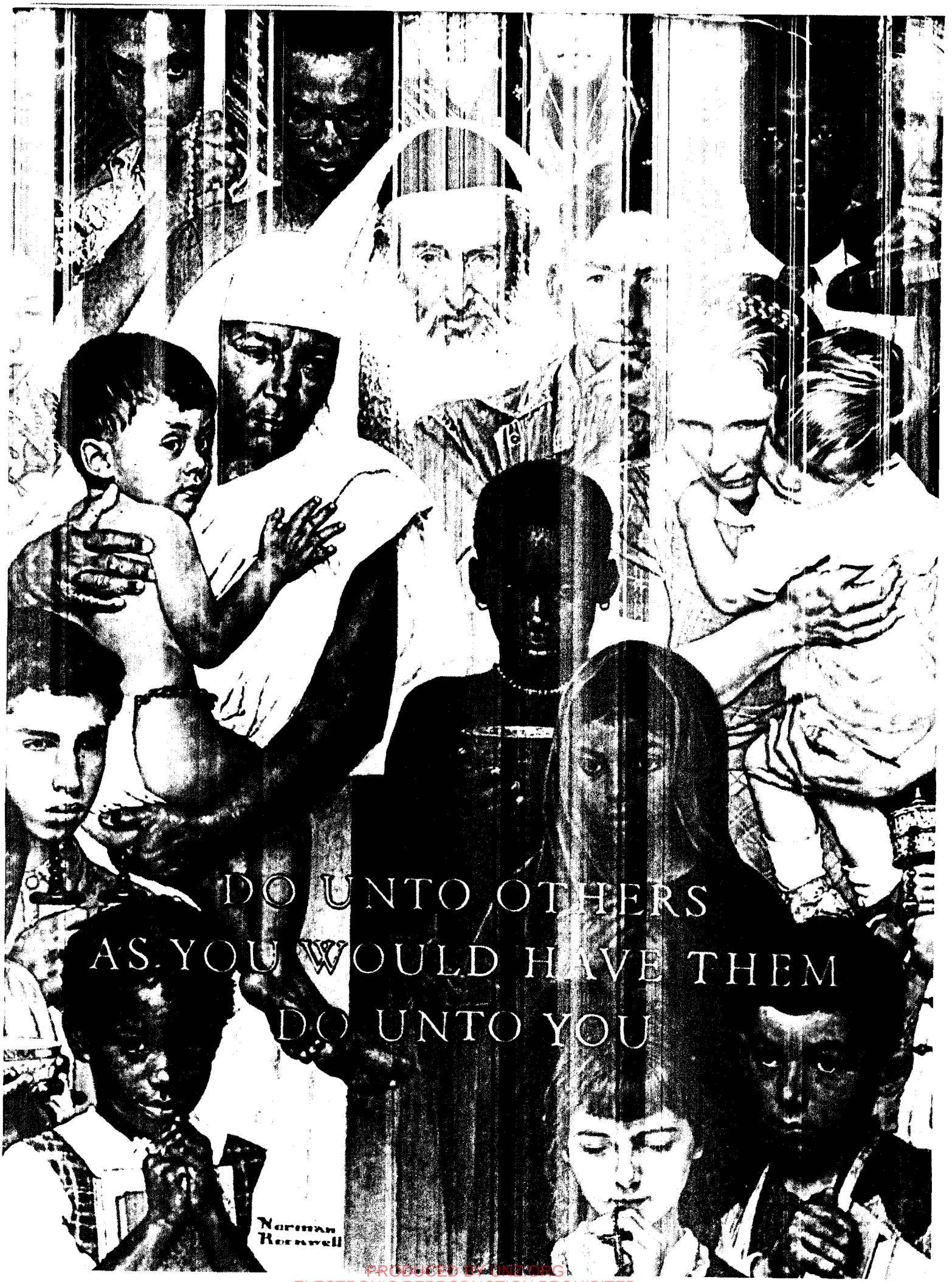

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Gentle Man

continued from page 38

On the studio wall, a tiny card holds a few lines by Yeats:

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress.

That says it all in this wonderful place.

Through the high skylight window, we look north toward the village through giant elms and birches. A tiny porch on the west side of the studio perches over the meadow, a deer's leap below. If a man could paint well anywhere, it would be here.

Rockwell has been no stranger to the world of celebrities. Consider those who sat for his portraits—Ike Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Richard Nixon, Adlai Stevenson. At such times he inevitably emerged from their sessions as a friend of the model. He knew scores of famous actors and became friends with Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper as he sketched them. Once he even corrected Sam Goldwyn on a fine point of historical research, sending a tremor from one end of Hollywood to another, where if Goldwyn made a mistake, that made it *right!*

I guess one of the secrets of his modesty is the fact that he knew in his heart he had always done exactly what he had wanted to do with his art. It came as a surprise to him when what came so naturally began to shape up as both fame and fortune.

"I paint what I like to paint," Rockwell once said. "And somehow, for some reason, a good part of the time it coincides with what a lot of people like; it's popular. Which some (the art critics, for instance) would say makes me a low type, mediocre, slightly despicable, etc., etc. And it may be true (when I'm depressed I think it is). After all, I'm not exactly in the mainstream of art in our time. But there's nothing really I can do about it. I paint the way I do because that's the way I'm made. I don't do it for money or fame or any of the other degrading motives which are thought to be the source of popular art. I paint what I do the way I do because that's how I feel about things."

The feelings go far back.

Rockwell was born in uptown New York City, when it was a middle-class island enclave of respectability. He sang in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. His parents took him to the country every summer where he lived surrounded by farm animals and the images of small-town living. These things are important to an understanding of the Rockwell image of the world, and they are doubly important to this memoir—if you will forgive me—because I too was born in New York, sang at St. John's, rode the trolley cars to Westchester and Rye Beach, and went away every summer to board on a farm to escape the city's heat. I know precisely what Rockwell meant when he said: "In the city you are constantly confronted by unpleasantness. I find it sordid and unsettling. Against this image of the city—exaggerated and distorted as it is, I have never been able to get rid of it entirely—I set the country.

"My family spent every summer until I was nine or ten years old in the country at various farms which took in boarders. Those country boardinghouses weren't like the resorts of today. The advertisement in the New York papers would state: Tennis Court. But when you arrived, there wouldn't even be an old tennis ball kicking around on the floor, so you'd ask, 'Say, where's the tennis court?' And the farmer would reply, 'Oh, if you look under the hall stairs, you'll find the net. You string it anywhere in the meadow you want.'

"Those boardinghouses were just farms. The grownups played croquet or sat in the high slat-backed rockers which lined the long front porch. We kids were left to do just about anything we wanted. We helped with the milking, fished, swam in the river or the muddy farm pond, trapped birds, cats, turtles, snakes, and, one glorious morning, a muskrat; we smoked corn silk behind the barn, fell off wagons, horses, out of lofts—did everything, in fact, that country boys do except complain about the drudgery and boredom of the farm.

"Of my winters in the city I have both a general impression—the sordidness, the filth, the drunks—and many memories of specific events and particular people. But those summers, as I look back on them, have become a collection of random impressions—sights, sounds, smells—outside of time, not connected with a specific place or event and all together forming an image of sheer blissfulness, one long, radiant summer. God knows, a country cur has just as many fleas as any city mongrel. But I didn't see them or, if I did, they were crowded out by the first sleepy cries of the whippoorwills at dawn and long, lazy afternoons spent fishing for bullheads, the emerald dragonflies darting around our heads. (We called them darning needles and endowed them with a deadly sting.) Oh, it sounds corny enough when I tell it. But that's the way I thought of the country then and still do in spite of myself.

"Later on I came to realize (reluctantly) that ugly things happen in the

Continued on page 104

IF I WERE STARTING MY FAMILY AGAIN
by John M. Drescher
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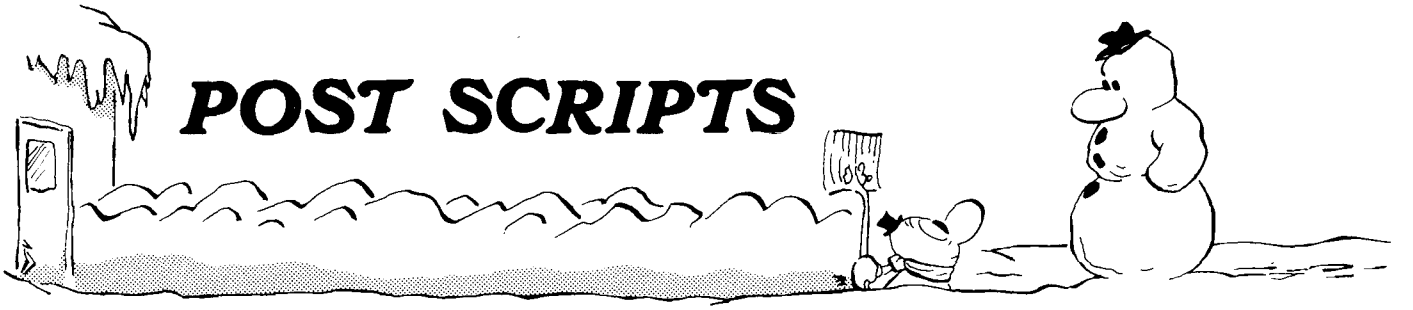

POST SCRIPTS

Pix Fix

Looking through the old family album raises some questions:
Mother: "Could I get into that dress again?"
Father: "Whatever happened to that good sweater?"
Daughter: "Where were you going in those weird outfits?"
Son: "Why didn't you keep that Model A so I could customize it?"
Visitor: "I wonder if they'd mind if I turned on the TV set?"

—Arch Napier

Probing Questioner

When patients' mouths are amply filled
With dental apparatus,
Dentists somehow choose this time
To fire their questions at us!

—Lillian Dorian

Hair, Mein Herr

Two women were talking about long hair on men. "Personally," said one, "I think long hair makes a man look intelligent."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other woman. "I picked a long hair off my husband's coat today, and he looked mighty foolish."

—Dorothea Kent

Up the Pole & Down the Chute

Truly America is the land of opportunity, where one can start out digging ditches and wind up behind a desk—provided you don't mind financial sacrifices.

—Rose Sands

The Handyman Cometh

The housewife was explaining to the electrician about the special wiring job she had in mind. "I want you to install a switch in the kitchen," she said, "that will connect with my husband's basement workshop. I want everything to stop dead when I call him for dinner."

—Dorothea Kent

Duty-Free Bugs

With all the advances in medical science,
Wouldn't you think they'd develop here
An American virus or flu bug,
Instead of importing them every year?

—Ruth M. Walsh

In Vitro Vintage

In the case of test-tube babies
(If you believe what my daughter heard),
The question won't be, "Are you rich?"
But, "Were you Pyrex or Waterford?"

—R. C. Shebelski

"Heavy is the head that wears a clown."

Faulty Premises

In Los Angeles this ad for a bank's homeowners loan program: "Live it up, on the house."

—Morris Bender

Green Menace

As Jimmy looked at the spinach set before him, he asked his mother, "You sure the government hasn't declared this stuff a cause of cancer?"

—Homer Phillips

To Have and Have Rot

The spider plant and ivy,
The coleus, fern, and more,
All look profoundly healthy
When I see them in a store.

The stems are strong and sturdy
Above a dark, rich loam,
I'm sure they'll live forever;
And so I pack them home.

I water, dust, and pamper,
To them I gently speak;
I feed and light and love 'em—
And they die within a week.

—Billie Link

Deuces are Wild

Love is something like a poker game. It starts with a pair, she gets a flush, he gives her diamonds, and it concludes with a full house.

—Audrey Earle

Professional Courtesies

A physician in Philadelphia for a medical convention was talking to a very curvaceous young lady in the hotel lobby when his wife suddenly emerged from the elevator.

As the wife approached, the young woman hurriedly departed. "How do you happen to know that young lady?" his spouse snapped.

"Oh, just professionally," her doctor husband replied.

His wife raised a sarcastic eyebrow. "Yours or hers?" she asked.

—Honey Greer

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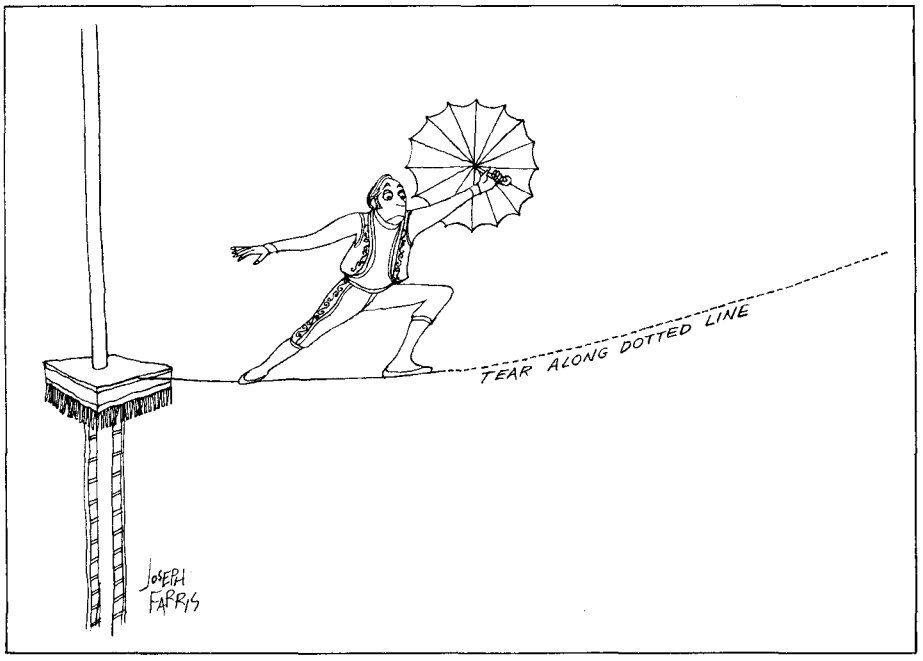

Spifflication

The boy worriedly watched his father donning a tuxedo. At last he said, "Please don't wear that suit, Daddy. It always gives you a headache the next day."

—Helen Lozanoff

De-coy

"When I got home last night," the young husband related, "my wife greeted me with a big kiss. She had a wonderful dinner ready, and afterward she wouldn't let me help her with the dishes but made me sit in the living room and read the paper."

The old married man sighed. "And how did you like her new outfit?" he asked.

—Henry E. Leabo

Good Buy Suite

The lady of the house instructed the new maid: "Be especially careful of this dining room table—it goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

"Don't feel bad," the maid shrugged. "If I don't make a payment by Friday, my whole living room set goes back to Sears on the sixteenth."

—Lane Olinghouse

Addled Aid

The woman rounded the street corner and came upon an accident victim lying on the sidewalk. Suddenly, she was grateful for the first-aid course she had recently completed at the local YWCA.

"I was going for a walk today," she told her husband later, "and saw this poor man lying on the sidewalk in pretty bad condition.

"Then," she continued, "all my first-aid training came back to me, and I bent right down and put my head between my knees to keep from fainting!"

—Doris Dolphin

Short Form

When filing my 1040 form,
I came to this deduction:
They'd simplify the matter with
One query, one instruction.
Line one could ask my salary,
And then, to my chagrin,
They'd reach the same conclusion
If line two read, "Send it in."

—Ellie Womack

Target Practice

The Indian squaw was explaining the facts of life to her young daughter. "Stork not bring papoose. It sometimes come by beau and error."

—Audrey Earle

Jawyers

A lawyer and his wife were on a sailboat in the Gulf of Mexico. A sudden movement of the craft hurled the lawyer overboard into shark-infested waters. Almost immediately, eight large man-eating sharks swam to the lawyer, formed a protective circle, and escorted him safely to his boat.

"It was a miracle," cried his wife.

"No," said the lawyer, "It was only professional courtesy."

—Al Batt

"Maybe I'm just old-fashioned, but——"

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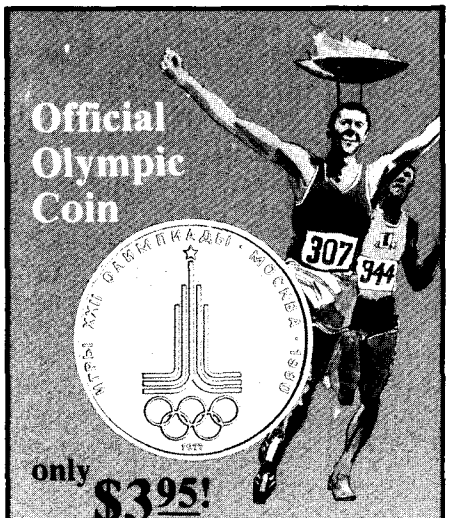

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Stockbridge

continued from page 77

broken the law in Stockbridge more times than you can count, and what's more, did it knowingly and wouldn't stop even when the authorities got after him.

Chief of Police William J. Obanhein, man-and-boy on the Stockbridge force these 28 years, working his way up from a patrolman's humble rank, says in quiet resignation and amusement: "Norman Rockwell broke the law every time he rode his bike. There's a Massachusetts regulation that all bicycles should ride on the right side of the road, *with* traffic. Mr. Rockwell always rode on the left, *against* traffic. I spoke to him many times about it. He'd just nod pleasantly, and keep on riding on the left side. That's the way he wanted to do it, and that's the way he did it."

A little show of "character" never hurt anyone in New England. The chief and the artist remained great friends through the decades.

Mrs. Milly Pierce, custodian of the fascinating treasures of the Stockbridge Historical Society—artifacts and maps and photographs and shelves of books lodged in the commodious basement of the town library, right on that same little Main Street block—also can testify to the Rockwellian streak of willfulness, which you might also call stubbornness. It explains a lot about the perfectionism of his work. Rockwell once traveled across the U.S. to check a piece of equipment visually for one of his paintings. At another time, illustrator Rockwell, about to paint a small bird, journeyed to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and to Yale University to check out size, shape, and color of the common thrush, who was the uncommon hero of a book written by Molly. So, when he turned up at the Historical Society to check a fact or two, "he knew what he wanted and insisted on getting it," according to Mrs. Pierce.

Down at the Old Corner House, corner Main and Elm (last house south on Main except for the schoolhouse), is a charming eighteenth century home recently converted to a museum for Rockwell paintings and Stockbridge historical material. Here Curator David H. Wood and his staff are hard put to handle the hordes of visitors (estimated at 70,000 yearly) engulfing the small frame building today, lining up in the gusty outdoors in long, patient queues to await their turn. A friend of Norman Rockwell for many years, the curator reveals another facet of the artist's character. He was a ferocious opponent at checkers, unrelenting and pitiless. Mr. Cook says, in a voice reflecting untold defeats: "Rockwell was the world's best checker player."

Another tale they tell around Stockbridge about the artist and his unrelenting insistence on accuracy in detail concerns the one *Post* cover (or for that matter any Rockwell painting we have ever seen) that included a nude. That was the *Post* cover depicting a rugged fisherman trudging home from the sea, bearing on his back a huge wooden crate through whose slats we see his remarkable catch—a mermaid nude to the waist, and below that the appropriate piscine appurtenances of scales and tail. That was one time Rockwell turned to a more sophisticated source for his model: The mermaid was a New York model, chastely photographed in private for his representation. But the fish he insisted on shopping for himself, finding one of appropriate girth and scaliness. After painting the cover, Rockwell presented the pollack, but not the mermaid, to Malumphy's Restaurant in Stockbridge, a favorite haunt of his. "They served fish for two days," was Rockwell's dry and droll summation.

The June 7, 1955, cover of the *Post* is a sentimental triumph. It shows a young couple applying for a marriage license in an antiquated town clerk's office in Stockbridge. The girl was Miss Joan Lahart of Stockbridge, the young man was from Brooklyn, New York. The two subsequently actually married each other. Rockwell had discovered them when they applied in real life for the license. 81-year-old Jason C. Braman, Stockbridge merchant, posed as the town clerk waiting for them to fill out the license, his inner eye fixed on visions of long-past loves.

Another Stockbridge model was

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Scott Ingram. At age six and a half, he appeared on the December 29, 1956, issue of the *Post*, which pictured an astonished youngster barely able to comprehend the enormity of his discovery—Santa's costume in Dad's bureau drawer. A fascinating side "discovery" about this painting may be observed at close range in the Old Corner House Museum where the original painting hangs. The colors are in vivid oils, and it still carries the same inpact: amusingly, when it came to painting the Santa's beard clutched in the lad's hand, Rockwell decided to mix real white hairs among his oils in order to accent the third dimensional quality. They are still there today, a highly modern technique in an old-fashioned representational painting.

One of Rockwell's most sentimental covers is that of April 21, 1954, showing a steam shovel operator obliged to demolish a children's baseball diamond, much to the grief and dismay of the youngsters. The shovel operator was based upon a "Mr. Hall" (actually a Stockbridge taxi driver), a character used many times by Rockwell. One of the children is a four-year-old from Stockbridge. Rockwell has revealed that this cover was a composite based upon from 75 to 80 photographs, of which 20 were of "Mr. Hall" alone. "I generally use my neighbors because they look like real models and professional models don't."

Yes, Stockbridge has looked with kindly eyes for many years on Norman Rockwell. They know that he painted every President of the United States since Warren G. Harding and traveled to Europe and Asia to portray the likes of Tito, Nehru, Golda Meir, Moshe Dayan, and Nasser, as well as numerous ordinary people in Russia (where, incidentally, some of his renderings were looked upon with disfavor by the authorities as not depicting the noble Russ as heroically and handsomely as proper propaganda might wish). They have seen the likes of John Wayne and Walter Brennan come striding out of the West to Stockbridge (Duke wowed 'em!) and sit for their portraits; even the sometimes

Continued on page 136

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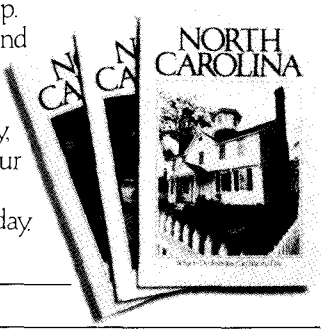

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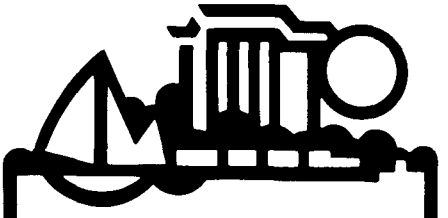

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Exercise and temperance can preserve something of our early strength even in old age." —Cicero (106-43 B.C.)

TWA & Irate Nonsmokers

***Q.** TWA has moved smokers to the front of the coach cabin and put nonsmokers in back of them. I have emphysema, and walking through the smoking section after a long flight is horrible for my breathing. Many travelers I've talked with are incensed at the TWA change. Some complain of headaches and burning eyes from the smoke in the cabin. Is there nothing we can do?*

A. Write the Civil Aeronautics Board and the president of TWA. Be thankful that other U.S. airlines still keep smokers to the back. It is worse in some foreign countries in which domestic flights are divided with smokers to the right of the aisle and nonsmokers to the left. This means there is nowhere to escape the fumes.

A submarine admiral who has spent years submerged told me that subs are equipped with a device that constantly monitors the carbon monoxide level in the air. When carbon monoxide reaches between 30 to 50 parts per million, the crews begin having headaches. A no smoking order is then enforced throughout the submarine until the air can be cleaned and the carbon monoxide level lowered. Perhaps with a little help from your friends, you could encourage the Civil Aeronautics Board to request airlines to provide stewardesses with such devices so they could constantly monitor the air throughout the cabin. The pilot could then ask everyone to stop smoking until the carbon monoxide could be lowered.

I have checked with TWA agents at ticket counters in a number of cities. They all hate the new ruling and hope their officers will soon change it back, since a great deal of time is spent trying to placate irate customers like yourself. None are more vocal about smoking on aircraft than nonsmoking stewardesses, however. Talk to a few of them about their problems with smoke-filled cabins!

I have been on three cross-country flights when a heart attack has occurred back in the smoking section of the plane. Interestingly, on each occasion the coronary occurred at nearly the end of a long flight, when the smoke has been heavy. Lack of oxygen isn't good for anyone, but it is particularly injurious to heart patients. Hemoglobin has a great affinity for carbon monoxide. The carbon monoxide replaces the oxygen on the hemoglobin molecule, thus decreasing the oxygen supply to the heart muscle, the brain (causing the headache), and to all tissues in the body. At higher carbon monoxide levels brain cells deteriorate as they are deprived of oxygen.

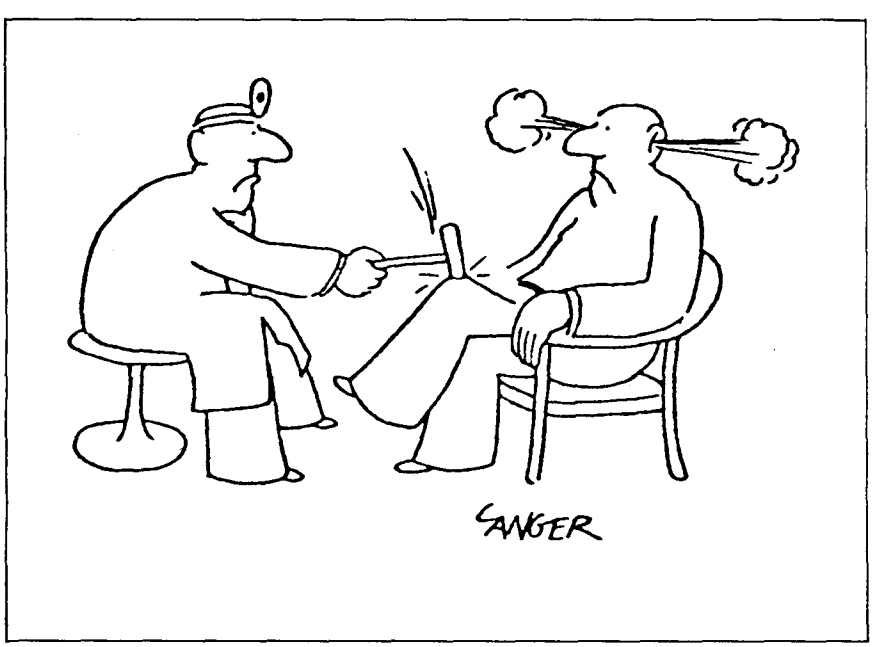
"You Could Be a Sitting Duck"

***Q.** I have a neighbor who says he's smoked two packs a day for 60 years and he just turned 90. How about that?*

A Smoker

A. Just because your neighbor could smoke two packs a day without shortening his life doesn't mean that you could. Your chemistry may be quite different. Recent studies by pulmonary physicians have shown that 70 to 80 percent of persons with serious alpha$_1$-antitrypsin deficiency develop chronic obstructive lung disease. Simplified, one might say that alpha$_1$-antitrypsin inhibits bacteria from digesting lung tissue. This deficiency is hereditary and for these persons smoking is downright suicidal.

If you are addicted to smoking and are also worried about lung disease, it would be prudent for you to tell your doctor of your fears and ask him about prescribing the alpha$_1$-antitrypsin blood test for you. This would be especially appropriate if you are worried because you have close relatives who have succumbed to emphysema or another lung disease. The test is relatively inexpensive compared to smoking, and in the event that you should happen to be one of the unlucky persons whose alpha$_1$-antitrypsin is deficient, you would certainly want to reconsider your habit. If you're a "sitting duck" for lung disease, wouldn't you like to know it?



Act now. For free information on how to quit smoking write to: **The Medical Education & Research Foundation, P.O. Box 2166, Indianapolis, IN 46206.**

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Healthy Vitamin Baby

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Several years ago I read in the Medical Mailbox about a Russian doctor who discovered that nursing mothers in Siberia who supplement their diet with vitamin C have babies who cry less and gain weight faster. I had also read about Dr. Klenner of North Carolina who regularly gave megadoses of vitamin C to his prenatal and nursing patients. He said the nurses in the hospital could identify the "vitamin C babies" because they seemed to cry less and do better in many ways.

FAITH RENEE DIXON
at age 6 months

I would like for you to know that during pregnancy and while nursing our fifth child, I took 15 grams of vitamin C a day. Neither she nor I have been sick a day and physicians who see her say they have never seen a more precocious child. I enclose her picture taken at age six months.

Mrs. Mark Dixon
Fountain Valley, California

A. Seeing is believing.

Topical Antibiotics for Acne

Q. *Is there any new treatment for acne?*

A. Yes, topical antibiotics, which are applied to the skin, have been used with success by some dermatologists. For many years, dermatologists have prescribed tetracycline to be taken orally once a day for a specified interval to combat acne. A new skin preparation that has been on the drawing board for over six years is now being marketed by Proctor and Gamble.

It is a prescription drug called Topicycline. Applied directly to the involved acne areas, the tetracycline is delivered to the sebaceous or oil-secreting glands and surrounding tissues. Since the drug is not taken internally, tetracycline levels in the blood are lower, thus some of the usual side effects associated with oral intake (such as gastrointestinal discomfort) do not develop.

Home Cancer-Detection Kits

Do-it-yourself cancer-detection honors go to Chicago, whose home discoveries so far have totaled 23 cancers of the colon. Most of these persons did not need colostomies because they were diagnosed early.

Upwards of 60,000 people requested do-it-yourself Hemoccult (colo-rectal) stool cancer detection kits (see Medical Mailbox, October '77).

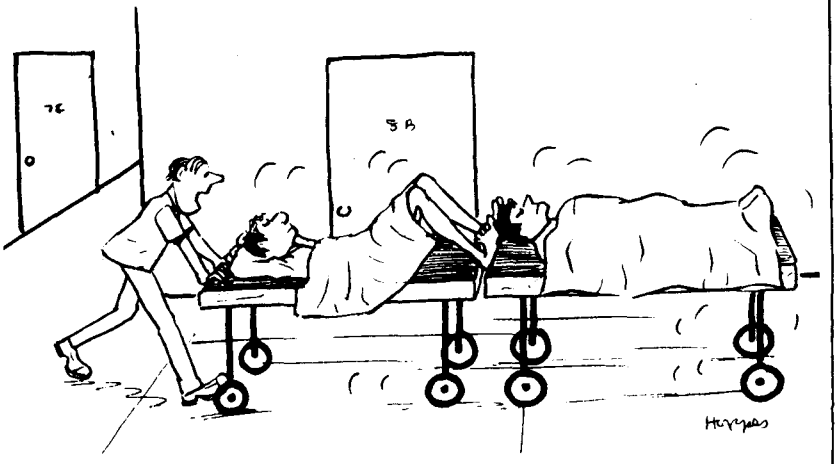
In addition to the 23 cancers discovered, 127 persons were diagnosed with gastrointestinal problems, 34 with diverticulosis, 37 with hemorrhoids, and 29 with polyps.

The really good news to come as a result of the home testing was this: After mailing their specimens, 250 participants reported to medical centers for complete cancer checkups because of stimulated awareness that early discovery improves chances for survival, according to an American Cancer Society official.

The Hemoccult home test requires the participant to put a small specimen of stool on a slide and mail it to a laboratory. CBS News and Dr. David P. Winchester, medical director of cancer screening at Evanston Hospital, the Illinois Division of the American Cancer Society, are to be congratulated for having undertaken this most successful campaign.

Detractors of these efforts might point out that some persons could have a colon cancer that the Hemoccult test could miss, but that could have been picked up by a proctologic examination (in which a small flashlight viewer is inserted into the colon—see Medical Mailbox, November '76). True, *both* tests would be better, but since only a small percentage of our population manages to have a proctologic examination regularly (if at all), *one* kind of test is certainly better than *none*. Hats off to Chicago.

Any *Post* readers over 40 wishing to receive the test may order a free kit from Hemoccult, Marion County Cancer Society, Inc., 1801 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Enclose a self-addressed, business-size envelope with a minimum of 24¢ postage.



"I appreciate this, sir. We're short of help today."

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Lincoln

continued from page 47

the session when Springfield was voted the state capital, and he worked real hard on the bill. When it was passed, Jack and I knew that it was a real victory for Abe.

When he came back to New Salem, we found out something else, too—something I guess we had felt all along would happen when he first went in for politics. He told us he had passed his bar examination and was going to move to Springfield to be a law partner of John Stuart.

He came to say good-bye, then rode off on a borrowed horse with two saddlebags that he joshed about holding all his worldly goods. "We'll never see the likes of him again," I said to Jack as we watched him go.

"Now, Hannah, sure we'll see Abe again," Jack told me in his easygoing way. "Springfield ain't too far away."

I shook my head. "He's gone. New Salem never could hold him. Springfield'll be too small for him, too."

"Springfield?" Jack laughed. "Yes, Springfield! You just wait and see!"

Jack laughed again. "Sure, Hannah, I'll wait and see. Nothin' else to do in New Salem, is there?"

To be sure, we did have to wait a pretty long time. Not that Abe let grass grow under his feet in Springfield any more than he did in New Salem. He was always into something, and we'd keep hearing or reading about him. But the big things took their time in coming.

I remember one day when Jack came home late from town with some real surprising news about Abe. I almost didn't give him a chance to tell me, I was so mad at him for being late. The stew was near ruined. When he started joshing me about no stew of mine being ruined because I was the best cook in New Salem, I knew he'd been with the Clary's Grove boys again—what was left of them by then anyhow.

Jack let me rant a little while, then said. "Picked up a real piece of news, Hannah. Guess who got married? Abe Lincoln!"

"Abe Lincoln? You don't mean it!"

"Knew you wouldn't believe it," Jack chuckled. "He married that Todd girl."

"Mary Todd? The one he broke his engagement to before? I can't believe it!"

"Well, Bill Green told me. He got a letter from Abe himself."

"But he thought they couldn't hit it off, they was so different. Said so himself."

"Maybe she changed," Jack said. "Women do, when they fall in love—you know that. Or maybe Abe's changed."

I shook my head at that. "Not Abe." After I thought about it awhile though, I said, "Well, maybe he will. Maybe, she'll be good for him after all—push him along a little. But Mary Todd!" I couldn't get over it.

I don't know. Maybe she did push him. There's them that say she pushed him too hard. What I say is, who can tell what really goes on between a man and his wife? All I know for sure is that Abe kept going up in the world. He had a fine house in Springfield. They said it was furnished real grand, and that Mrs. Lincoln dressed herself real grand, too.

Abe was getting mighty well known as a circuit lawyer, but I kept wondering when he was going back into politics. When he got himself elected to the legislature in Washington, I was sure he was on his way at last, but after two years he was back in Springfield again.

I felt real disappointed when I heard he was going back on the circuit. Then I could see that Abe probably liked that circuit life more than he liked anything else. Moving from town to town, seeing new things, meeting new people, being with a bunch of friends he could sit around with at night and swap stories with—that was his kind of life. Still, I couldn't help feeling kind of disappointed about it.

As it turned out though, going back to the circuit was the best thing Abe could'a done. In the last few years he had got to handle some big cases that made him still better known. Then lately he'd got mixed up in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and when I heard what he was saying, I could tell that Abe was really mad. For the first time in his life, I guess, he was really mad. They said he was even going to debate the question with Steve Douglas from one end of the state to the other and that he was likely to get nominated for senator by the new Republican Party at the state convention just a month away.

Now here he was in Beardstown in the spring of '58, the biggest man in Illinois—no second biggest to my way of thinking—and here I was waiting for him to come back from the courthouse so that I could keep my promise to Jack on his deathbed and ask Abe to defend our son Duff, who was up for murder.

I heard some steps on the porch, and right away I knew it was Abe. Some things change about a man, but his walk stays the same. He came in looking as lean and tall as ever. Looking mad, too. While I was pushing myself to get up the nerve to speak, a little man came running in after him, all out of breath.

"Mr. Lincoln!" he called. "You left when the court is still in session!"

Abe whirled on him. "Tell me the truth," he said. "Did you know that the defendant held that receipt for the money you were suing him for?"

The little man looked down on the carpet, but I guess he could feel Abe's eyes boring into him and couldn't help himself, because finally he told him, "Yes—but I thought he had forgotten."

The thought passed through my mind that the little fellow was lucky to be little. Otherwise I think Abe might have hit him. But all he did was give him a look that like to have curled him up, and then he turned away.

"But Mr. Lincoln," the little fellow said, "what shall I tell the judge?"

"Just tell him," Abe said, "that I'm washing my hands of the case."

Continued on page 100

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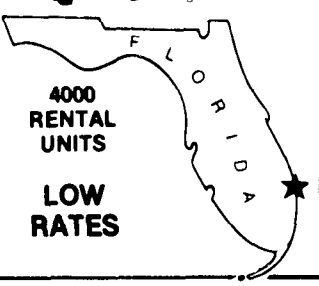

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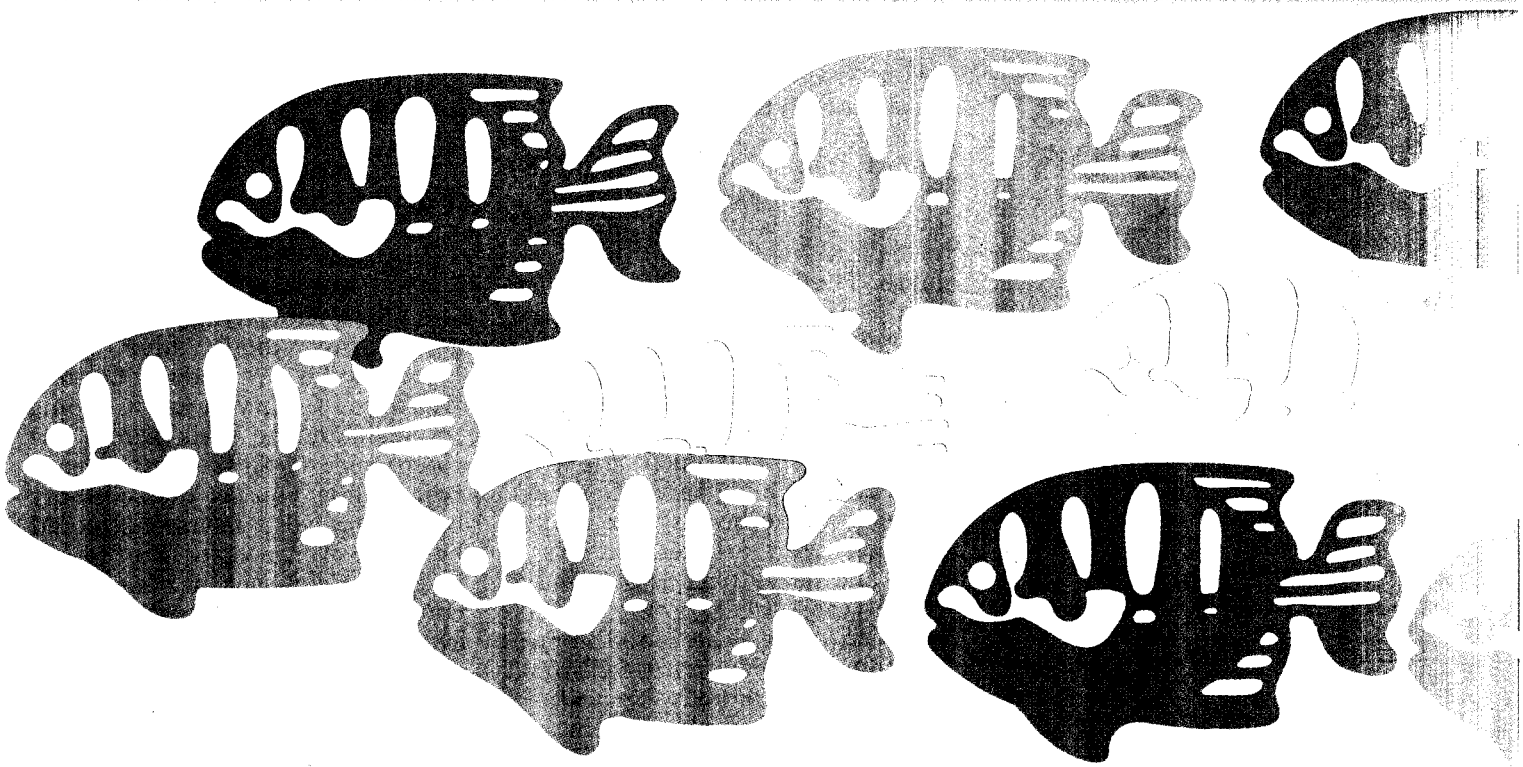

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

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BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN
CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Snuff Out Cigarettes: Join No Smoking Ranks

There's a growing army in America that can't hack it any more. Some are farmers, some cowboys, some sailors, miners, or factory workers. Many are in their mid-40's and look as though they're still in their prime, but they sit at home all tired out. They can't follow the coon hounds, hunt deer, or play horseshoes in the backyard. As time goes on they put off anything that takes effort—like putting their arms over their heads to drive a nail or to adjust a curtain rod. These are the men who once stood in the breeze and drew that satisfying gulp of smoke deep into their chests and felt that little jolt of satisfying pain. These are the men who have destroyed their lungs by smoking cigarettes.

Go see them in any hospital ward that specializes in lung disease. There sits a man with a clip on his nose and a tube in his mouth. This machine measures the remaining capacity of his worn-out lungs while a technician berates him, "Push out, push out, push it all out. . . .Now pant like a puppy. Faster, faster, *faster*." The patient's tired, bulging eyes with bags beneath them tell it all.

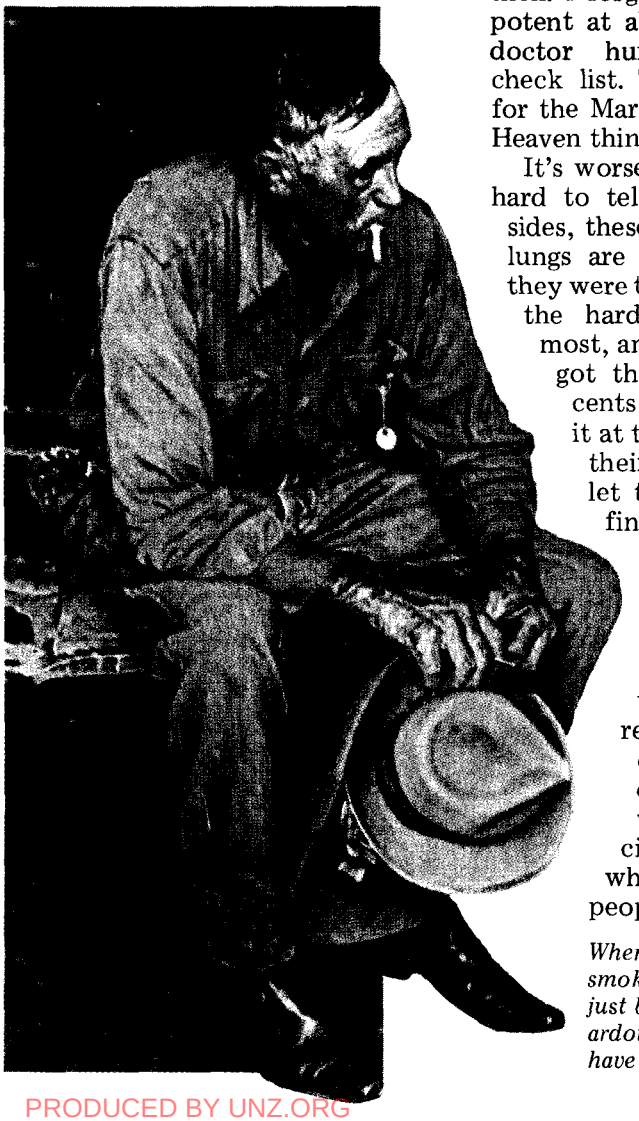
And there's a grizzled miner—prematurely home from the mines. He retches and groans as a doctor inserts a long tube and peers into his bronchial tubes and lungs. The blood test is bad. They don't take it from the vein; the computer needs a sample from the artery to see if the blood can still carry oxygen. Arteries are way down next to the bone. They have tough walls, and each artery is protected by a big nerve. God never meant it to be easy for people to mess with arteries. There's a deep and heavy pain as the needle probes the rubbery artery and its guardian nerve. The blood comes out thin and blue, not bright pink and red as it should. Long after, there's an ugly purple bruise warning against any more foolishness.

"Doc, how much worse will it get? How long do I have?" The question is matter-of-fact. The man looks like a rancher. The back of his ruddy neck is hatched with deep lines. There's a crease across his forehead where his hat should be. He has a barrel chest and forearms that are sinewed with muscle but oddly thin. His wife clasps her hands and they tremble in her lap.

"You're not dying, but you'll get worse. About three years, more likely five; could be ten. We're not God, you know. Going to be harder to walk across the room; need to sit and rest once or twice while you get dressed. Stay out of crowds; pneumonia could be fatal—even a cold. You've got to come right back in here or you could be in real trouble. Keep away from children; they carry colds. Your heart's getting worse; always does with chronic lung disease. Muscles waste away, too, with no exercise, and that makes your bones brittle. You've got to try to exercise, but watch your heart. I'm prescribing five kinds of pills. Can't understand why you still smoke a cigarette now and then. I forgot to ask, are you still potent at all? Can you. . . ?" The doctor hurries on through his check list. There's no good news for the Marlboro man; this side of Heaven things won't get better.

It's worse than we said, but it's hard to tell it all on paper. Besides, these guys with the ruined lungs are the "good old boys"; they were the most active, worked the hardest, enjoyed life the most, and fought our wars (and got their cigarettes at seven cents a pack). So we'll leave it at that. And let them keep their worst secrets. At least let them suffer, until they finally strangle, with dignity.

It's cigarette smoking that did it. Of course there might be other things, too: coal dust and cigarettes, cotton dust and cigarettes, asbestos dust and cigarettes. But virtually *always* it's cigarettes. There's a whole army among us—people who have destroyed



When Rockwell painted this smoker in 1954, doctors were just beginning to realize the hazardous effects that cigarettes have on the human body.

Editor's Note: *Our guest editorialist suffers from chronic lung disease and speaks from firsthand knowledge. Having been hooked on cigarettes himself, he can see very clearly the road ahead for many of today's young smokers who are prone to early lung disease.*

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themselves and given up the health and happiness of their families by sucking on that silly little white cigarette.

Now the government worries about a lot of things that are bad for us. They spend millions of our nation's treasure to root out those evils: red food dye, saccharin, laetrile, and that evil grinch who stole all of the canning jar lids. Maybe that's all right, but it's hard to understand why the tobacco crop gets very substantial government support. Our children are still picking up the filthy weed. Young women—baby, they've come a long way—are smoking more, and more are getting lung cancer every year.

The government has done some things. HEW's Califano, to his credit, has spoken up. But lots more can be done. Let's put a real tax on cigarettes, like two bucks a pack. Our grandfathers didn't get emphysema because they could only afford a pack a week. Let's go back to that. Let's at least stop the government support to the tobacco industry. Why not get all the cigarette vending machines out of public places? Why not stop smoking in more public places? Why not outlaw the machines and put those execrable cigarettes under the counter with the girlie magazines?

It's time for Americans to get serious and face this killer head-on.

Victim Hearst Deserves Pardon, Not Punishment

Reg Murphy

On a cold February day in 1974 I listened to the evening network news of how Patricia Hearst was appealing to her parents for help in getting released from her kidnappers. At almost the instant the news winked off, my front doorbell rang.

A kidnapper in a green vinyl jacket came in my door, blinded me at gunpoint, took me away, tied me hand and foot, and held me in the stuffy trunk of his car. Through my claustrophobic ordeal, I could hear the radio broadcasts describing Patty's efforts.

The days that followed taught Americans a lesson: Terror could come not merely to the rich and powerful Hearst family, but also to those of humble origins. While the Atlanta newspapers paid the $700,000 ransom for my release, the Hearst family paid millions to try to rescue Patty from the Symbionese Liberation Army. My kidnappers released me; Patty's kidnappers kept her in a dark closet and abused her. The inequity could not be any clearer. Because there was nothing else to be gained by holding me, I was allowed to return to my workaday job as a newspaper editor. Because Patty was the heiress to a famous name and fortune, justice was dazzled.

For a couple of years, Patty stayed with her captors because she feared for her life. For two more, she had to endure questioning, trial, and—incredibly—a prison sentence which dragged on and on. She languished in a San Mateo County jail and later the California prison system.

Somehow the justice system lost sight of the fact that Patty Hearst was no thug, no terrorist, no destroyer of the system. She was a 19-year-old kidnap victim. She did not embark on a life of crime; she got dragged from her apartment screaming for help. She did not set out to build a revolution; she was a schoolgirl caught in the designs of the Symbionese Liberation Army.

Now, the justice system which has treated Patty Hearst grievously owes her an act of mercy: It owes her a full pardon and a public apology.

My mind goes back to that chill February night when I rode in the trunk of a car, fearing for my life. Yes, I was willing to repeat some of the things my kidnapper said to save my life. And so was Patty Hearst. But that fact hardly qualifies as grounds for punishment. It is a source of pity, nothing more.

—Reg Murphy

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My Feet Were Killing Me ...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted—see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them — even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Hamburg with my own countrymen.

Today thousands of Americans including those who have retired—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Featherspring work for them and *why they can work for you.* These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom fitted and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Featherspring will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

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Lincoln

continued from page 96

I near had to run after him myself by this time. But what I'd seen told me that Abe was still the Abe we knew in New Salem, and it gave me the nerve to call out to him, "Abe!"

He turned around, and then I got scared and said instead, "Mr. Lincoln!"

He looked at me for just a second, but in that second I knew how much I had changed. Why, I had growed to be old since the last time we seen each other! How could I expect him to remember me? But Abe held out his hands and come towards me with that wonderful smile of his that could light up his whole face, and he said, "Why, Hannah Armstrong! Aunt Hannah!"

With the touch of his hand, it was as if all them years hadn't passed. I found myself pouring out the whole story, starting with Jack being dead, and how I had promised him on his deathbed that I'd ask Abe to defend Duff against the murder charge.

"Sit down, Aunt Hannah," Abe said in the quiet way he'd always had, "and tell me all about it."

There in that quiet, dark room filled with the smell of lilacs, I told Abe what I could. I tried not to hold anything back. I told him that Duff was a good boy, but that he could get real wild when he was drinking and that he'd been drinking the night of the murder. He'd got into a fight with a fellow by the name of Metzker. Another fellow named Norris got into a fight with Metzker later the same night, and he hit him with an ox yoke. When Metzker died the next day, the doctor said it was from another kind of a head wound, maybe a slung shot, and they arrested Duff for his murder.

Abe asked in that voice of his, "Did Duff use a slung shot, Aunt Hannah?"

"He did not! He swore to his sick father that he didn't. That's why Jack was so set on clearing the boy, Abe. He said no son of his would use a slung shot in a fistfight."

Abe nodded, deep in thought. "Doesn't seem as if Jack Armstrong's son would do a thing like that. But one thing's not clear. You tell me this happened last August, and here it is May."

I explained, "Feeling was running high in New Salem when it happened. We got a change of venue, and that's how the case is due to come up now in Beardstown."

"Any witnesses?"

"A fellow named Allen, who was a friend of Metzker. He claims he saw Duff fight with Metzker." I couldn't take any more and started crying. "Oh, Abe," I said, "if they pin the murder on Duff, it'll go mighty bad for him, won't it?"

"First they'll have to prove it, Aunt Hannah," Abe said. "I'll make them prove it."

"You? Then you'll take the case, Abe?"

"Certainly. For your sake, and for Jack's." He wouldn't let me say any more then, even if I could've. But I can tell you that I had a good sleep that night for the first time in months.

About Abe, I couldn't say. It was only later that I found out that taking the case wasn't an easy thing for him to do. His partner, Herndon, for one, tried to talk him out of it. Billy had come back from the East with a long face about Abe's chances of getting the Republican Party nomination for senator. He'd come out to Beardstown to talk to him about it and was all for Abe going east right away to see people like Horace Greeley and other leaders. That failing, he wanted Abe to drop everything on the circuit and take to the stump in Illinois.

But Abe, he could be stubborn. They said he told Billy Herndon that he'd given me his word and he couldn't go back on it. He wanted the Republican nomination if he could get it—and knowing Abe, I'm sure he wanted it mightily—but first he'd have to defend Duff Armstrong. And he did.

That courtroom in Beardstown was jam-packed the day of

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the trial. Billy Herndon was sitting near me, looking straight ahead, not giving away his thoughts. My heart turned over at the sight of Duff sitting up there in front, washed and slicked up, looking awfully nervous and awfully young. I kept remembering all the good things about him and what a fine boy he could be if he put his mind to it. If Abe Lincoln could get him out of this jam, I was sure he would put his mind to it, and I prayed to God with all my heart to stay on Abe's side.

Picking the jury took quite a bit of time. I noticed that Abe leaned toward young fellows close to Duff's age. And when witnesses began to be called, I noticed how folksy he was with all of them, particularly the ones from New Salem whose parents he had known. Was he being *too* folksy? I asked myself, as I noticed Duff squirming anxiously on his bench up in front.

Then the witness Duff was most scared of, Allen, took the stand, and I guess I got to squirming quite a bit myself. The prosecuting attorney asked him to tell the court what he saw on the night of August 29, 1857, and he started right out as if he'd been waiting a long time for a chance to tell it. "I seen Metzker and Armstrong in a fistfight at the camp-meeting grounds near Havana."

"You *saw* the fistfight?"

"Yes, sir, I *seen* it!"

"Did you try to stop the fight?"

"No, sir. They was both mad, and I wasn't aimin' to git in their way."

"Then how did the fight end?"

"Armstrong, he was knocked down and, while he lay on the ground, he pulled a slung shot out of his pocket. He used it—quick, like this, when Metzker started comin' at him again."

I heard everybody murmuring, for or against, and I realized that I was murmuring too. I was saying, "That ain't true, that ain't true," but a course, I had to say it only to myself.

"You're absolutely sure about this?" the prosecuting attorney was asking, and Allen spoke right out and said, "Yes, sir, I'm absolutely sure! There's no doubt in my mind."

The prosecutor said that was all, and then Abe took his turn. "What time would you say it was when you saw Metzker and Armstrong fighting?" he asked.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Between ten and eleven o'clock," Abe said in his quiet way. "How could you see everything you describe clearly at that hour?"

"By the light of the moon."

"I see. Was it a bright moonlit night?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"Could you describe the moon on the night of August twenty-ninth, between ten and eleven o'clock, when you say you saw the fight between Metzker and Armstrong?" Abe asked in the same gentle kind of voice.

"I'd say. . .it was in about the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning."

"And it was a full moon?" Abe asked him.

"Yes, sir. I'd say almost full."

Then Abe did something that surprised me and everyone else an awful lot. "Thank you," he said. That was all. He turned and went back to sit down at his table.

I can't say you could have heard a pin drop, because everybody started squirming and murmuring again, the way they do when they are surprised and have got to do something about it. I took a look at Duff, and he was white as a sheet, as if he'd already heard a death sentence. Next I looked at Billy Herndon, but he just kept looking straight ahead, still not giving away his thoughts.

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet again, summing up the case. He said there was no need to call further witnesses, that the issue was clear and simple. He said that Metzker had died as the result of a head wound suffered in a quarrel, that Duff Armstrong had admitted that he'd quarreled with Metzker on the night of August twenty-ninth, and that Duff Armstrong was *seen* using a slung shot against him.

Although I knew it was the prosecuting attorney's voice droning out in the hot, close-packed courtroom, I could have sworn Jack's voice cut over it, saying to me, "Clear Duff, clear Duff." Well, I had done my best. If Abe Lincoln couldn't do it, nobody could.

Finally the prosecuting attorney sat down, but not until he asked the jury to judge Duff Armstrong guilty of the crime of murder. Now it was Abe's turn, but the way things had been going, I couldn't hope for much.

Abe started out in that easygoing way of his, talking gentle, being real folksy. He said he hardly knew how to begin his final argument, because the words he would ordinarily use just wouldn't do—this was not an ordinary case.

"I am not here in this courtroom as a hired attorney," he went on, "but rather, to discharge a debt of friendship. No man ever had a truer debt than mine toward Jack and Hannah Armstrong, the parents of the defendant, nor truer friends."

I was jolted a bit at that, surprised that he would want to bring it up at all, but Abe had

The Perfect Squelch

Harry's mother strongly opposed his marrying before completing college. When he went ahead anyhow, she openly blamed his young bride for "dragging" her boy to the altar. Although the young woman kept her job and worked to help Harry through college, his mother never forgave her. The older woman missed no opportunity to make barbed remarks about the early marriage.

Came the day when the young couple informed her that they were expecting.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, looking at Harry. "First you get married, and now this!"

"We," her daughter-in-law replied evenly, "preferred it that way."

—*Mrs. Allie M. Herren*

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even more to say about it. "Their home was my home, back in New Salem. Many days when I had no money for food, they fed me. Many nights there'd have been no roof over my head, if the Armstrongs hadn't taken me in. And many a time I rocked to sleep, in his cradle, the baby who grew up to be known as Duff Armstrong."

Then Abe's voice took on a sad note. "I would never have thought it possible that that baby could grow up to be charged with murder," he said. "I can hardly believe it now. But this is a court of law, not of opinion. The state contends that Metzker was killed by a wound caused by a slung shot. The state contends that the slung shot was used by Duff Armstrong. The state rests its case on the testimony of the witness named Allen."

I could see every member of the jury hanging on every word Abe was saying. "You all heard Allen testify under oath that he *saw* Duff Armstrong use a slung shot. This is a serious charge."

I felt like crying out, "Abe, Abe! Whose side are you on?" So far, all he seemed to do was help build up the case against Duff.

Then suddenly Abe's voice changed again. He didn't sound as if he was just kind of making conversation any more. He spoke louder, and his words came down hard, like a whip cracking. "You all heard Allen testify, under oath, that he saw what he saw because of the brightness of the moon. You heard him describe the position and the fullness of the moon. Well, all of this testimony is *false*—and here is the proof!"

Abe reached back to the table he'd been using and picked up an almanac. He showed it to the jury and passed it on to the judge as he was talking. "I have here an almanac. On the page describing the moon's phases for August 1857—the month in which Metzker died—I call your attention to the night of August twenty-ninth. You may read here—and I offer it for the record—that on that night the moon was not full but in its first quarter. It came into view early and dropped from sight soon after. At the time Allen says he saw Duff Armstrong strike Metzker with a slung shot by the bright light of the moon, the moon was low in the west and not bright enough to see by!"

For a minute I couldn't see. Then I knew it was because there was a film over my eyes, a film made by tears of joy.

When Abe finished, the judge charged the jury to retire until it reached a verdict. Abe watched the members go out, one by one, then he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said softly, "Aunt Hannah, your son will be free before sundown."

Still in all, my heart was pounding like a Fourth of July drum when the jury filed back in again. No one seemed to be breathing, least of all me or Duff, when the judge asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached your decision?"

"We have."

"And what is your verdict?"

"We, the jury, find the defendant: Not guilty."

Duff grabbed Abe's hand and shook it hard, not saying a word because he couldn't. Then he ran over to me and gave me a hug, and I hung onto him for dear life. This was my boy and all I had, and Abe had give him back to me.

While people were milling around Abe, trying for a chance to shake his hand, I heard someone say to Billy Herndon. "Well, Billy, I guess that makes Lincoln the leading lawyer in Illinois!"

"Always has been," Billy Herndon answered without changing the look on his face. When Abe could break away and come over to us, Billy Herndon came over too and said, "Abe, if we hurry, you can still make that speech you were supposed to make tonight." Abe nodded, and I knew he had to go. I tried to think of the right words to thank him, but how could I? There just wasn't any such words, not even in all them books Abe had always been reading.

"And now—you're going back to New Salem," he said to me. "God speed you." Then he turned to Duff and said, "From now on, Duff, you keep out of trouble!"

"I sure will!" Duff promised, and I knew he meant it. "I'll take good care of Ma, too."

"What about you, Abe?" I wanted to know. "Where are you going?"

He shook his head slowly and smiled. "Wish I knew, Aunt Hannah," he said quietly.

"God bless you, Abe!" It surely wasn't much to say to him after all he had done, but I put all of my heart into those few words.

He patted my hand and said quietly, "I hope He always will, Aunt Hannah; I hope He always will."

Then he left with Billy Herndon, going his way, as I went mine.

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Pill-oried

I heard young students mention *pill*,
Was shocked as I could be;
Then I learned the awful truth;
They were discussing *me*!

—*Agnes W. Thomas*

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Gentle Man

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country as well as in the city. Still, that didn't change my ideas. I like the country better.

"Those blissful summers in the country. I remember the farm horses, their long, shaggy manes hanging almost to the water as they drank, snuffling and blowing, after a day in the hay fields. The horse would raise his head for a moment, snorting and shifting his great hoofs, then drop it again to the water so suddenly that I'd slide right down his neck, kerplunk, into the stream, the horse stopping his drinking to look calmly at this sudden apparition splashing in the shallows. And the hot, heavy smell of the horses as we currycombed them in the barn afterward, stretching up on tiptoe to reach the broad expanse of their backs, watching with satisfaction as the harness marks disappeared.

"I remember wrestling and tumbling in the mow until we collapsed, exhausted, in the warm, fragrant hay and lay dazed, with the rough-hewn beams of the roof dark and immense above us and dust motes swirling in the shafts of late afternoon sunlight. I remember throwing off my shoes and socks to wiggle my bare toes in the cool, green grass on our first day in the country, then running off gingerly over the gravel road and hay stubble in the field to the river for our first swim. The hayrides, all the boarders singing (I remember my father sang a pretty good tenor) as the horses trotted along the dark country lanes; the excitement of eating lunch with the threshing crew at the long board tables; hunting bullfrogs with a scrap of red silk tied to the end of a pole; the turtles and frogs we carried back to the city in the fall, snuffling and crying on the train because summer was over and we had to leave the country. I remember we'd put the frogs and turtles in a bowl of water and feed them religiously every day. But invariably, two months later, we'd find them floating dead in the bowl. And then that summer was dead, too.

"Sentimental trash? Maybe. But that's how I saw the country. I actually lived the idealized version of the life of a farm boy in the late nineteenth century. I remember that, once in the country, even I changed. In the city we kids delighted to go up on the roof of our apartment house and spit down on the passers-by in the street below. But we never did things like that in the country. The clean air, the green fields, the thousand and one things to do, the raw-boned farmers, their faces burned a deep brick red by the sun and wind (but with that circle of pure white skin just below the hairline where their hats shaded their foreheads), got somehow into us and changed our personalities as much as the sun changed the color of our skins.

"I would not have dwelt so long upon these summers I spent in the country as a child, except that I think they had a lot to do with what I painted later on.

"The view of life I communicate in my pictures excludes the sordid and ugly. I paint life as I would like it to be. (Somebody once said that I paint the kind of girls your mother would want you to marry.) In 1951 I painted a *Post* cover for the Thanksgiving issue of an old woman and a boy saying grace in a shabby railroad restaurant. The people around them were staring, some surprised, some puzzled, some remembering their own lost childhood, but all respectful. If you actually saw such a scene in a railroad station, some of the people staring at the old woman and the boy would have been respectful, some indifferent (probably a majority), some insulting and rude, and perhaps a few would have been angry. But I didn't see it that way. I just naturally made the people respectful. The picture is not absolutely true to life; it's not a photograph of an actual scene but the scene as I saw it.

"Frederic Remington painted the romantic, glamorous aspects of the West—cowboys sitting around a campfire, an attack on a stagecoach. Any old-timer can tell you that the West was a lot more than that—that life in the Wild West was at times pretty drab. But Remington, who was born and raised in upstate New York and traveled in the West as a tourist, didn't experience that drudgery and boredom—just as I missed the dullness of farm life. I doubt that I would have idealized the country if I had grown up as a farm boy.

"I sometimes think we paint to fulfill ourselves and our lives, to supply the things we want and don't have. I knew a real country yokel in art school. Five years later I met him again. He wore spats, carried a cane, and kept his black derby on when he painted. He had become a famous fashion illustrator and cosmopolite.

"Maybe as I grew up and found that the world wasn't the perfectly pleasant place I had thought it to be I unconsciously decided that, even if it wasn't an ideal world, it should be and so painted only the ideal aspects of it—pictures in which there were no drunken slatterns or self-centered mothers; in which, on the contrary, there were only foxy grandpas who played baseball with the kids and boys who fished from logs and got up circuses in the backyard. If there was sadness in this created world of mine, it was a pleasant sadness. If there were problems, they were humorous problems. The people in my pictures aren't mentally ill or deformed. The situations they get into are commonplace, everyday situations, not the agonizing crises and tangles of life.

"The summers I spent in the country as a child became part of this idealized view of life. Those summers seemed blissful, sort of a happy dream. But I wasn't a country boy, I didn't really live that kind of life. Except (heads up, here comes the point of the whole digression) later on in my paintings."

So here, in a way, is the Rockwell secret. Not unlike that in *Citizen Kane* where one word, "Rosebud," spoken at the moment of death, becomes the missing key to the multimillionaire's fabulous, tragic life, and the audience (but never the characters in the movie) only learns at the very end that "Rosebud" was the name stenciled on a sled he had treasured as a boy.

Norman started sketching as a boy at home, putting down scenes from Dickens. He left school as a sophomore in high school and went straight into art. "Ever since I can remember, Rembrandt has been my favorite artist. Vermeer, Breughel, Velásquez, Canaletto; Dürer, Holbein as draftsmen; Matisse, Klee—these are a few of the others I admire. During my student days I studied closely the works of Edward Austin Abbey, J.C. and Frank Leyendecker, Howard Pyle, Sargent, Whistler."

This is the other key to Rockwell's work. These are not the words of a simple copyist. This is a sophisticated student of art talking, a man whose admiration for Picasso influenced much of his work, yet he was able to distill all of this knowledge into the kind of representational paintings which he enjoyed doing most—the ones we all know and love. It took years of hard work, of dedication, of failure, to achieve his monumental success. Rockwell had a soft and kindly eye, but there had to be iron in him, too—from the very beginning.

The very success of Rockwell's work

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tends to underestimate the artist behind the man who has achieved a public acceptance unparalleled in our time.

A case in point is a request from no less an eminence in aesthetics than the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, where the visitor contemplating the pictures on the wall begins to wonder if all the most famous canvases in history have not been brought together here. The request came from Robert Beverly Hale, curator of American painting at the Metropolitan. The story is told by Ken Stuart, who was the *Post*'s art editor during 18 years of Rockwell's most productive work, from 1944 to 1962, when the artist was producing an average of 10 covers a year. Stuart got a call from Hale asking for one of Rockwell's paintings for the Met.

"*What* painting?" asked Stuart.

"Any one," said Hale.

"Well, why?"

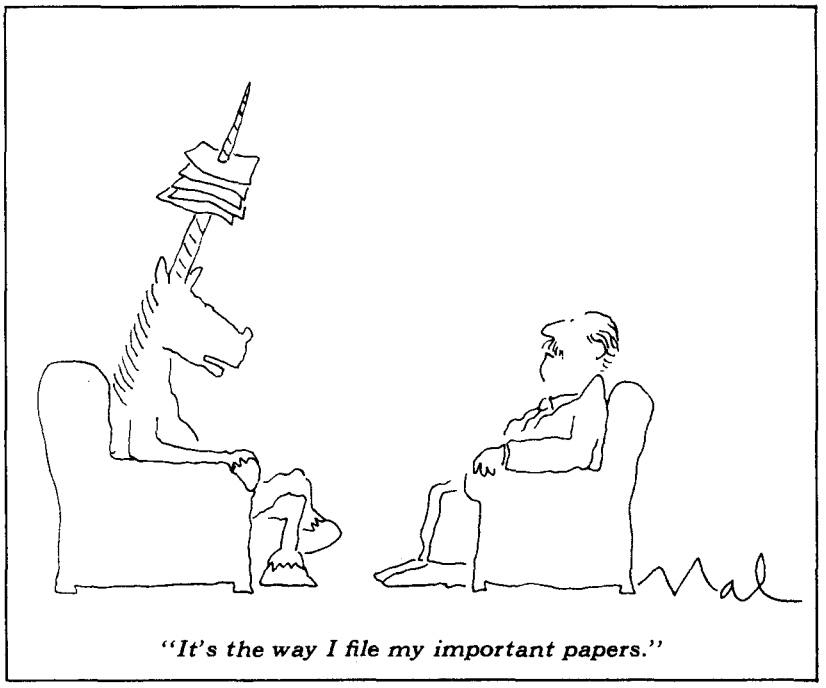
"We feel that 2,000 years from now when visitors come to the Metropolitan, a Rockwell painting will reflect the way Americans of our day looked and lived."

Stuart laughs triumphantly at this. The point is that the Met, as the pinnacle of art in this country, is not about to hang anything on its walls short of a masterpiece—the wording of the request suggests that anything Rockwell paints will do for the ages.

"Most artists gasp when they see what Rockwell can do," says Stuart, a distinguished artist in his own right. "The peculiar thing is that most people think it takes him forever to do a cover painting. The fact is, he may spend six months on a painting; on the other hand he could do the same thing in three or four days if he wanted to. There was no telling, really, in advance. . .except that he was so marvelously obliging. There were times, on some Wednesday or Friday afternoon, when I could see the *Post* cover inventory beginning to hit bottom, and I would get in touch with Norman, tell him my problem, and that marvelous man never failed. I would have it Monday morning.

"You never knew, either, what size Rockwell would bring in. He worked in all different sizes. Sometimes he'd do something only about the size of the magazine itself. Then on occasion he'd do something as big as a barn door. One time I asked him about that—it happened to be a sketch he'd made for his famous painting, the little boy and the old lady saying grace in the railroad station restaurant, surrounded by the other passengers (it was immense)—and he said that sometimes he liked to be a part of a scene and he'd paint it big because 'I like to be a part of it. I'm right in the restaurant with the lady saying grace.'

"Norman worked with models only early in his career. But then art directors began to demand angles and perspectives that were difficult to achieve in a studio at a range of ten feet. It became necessary for him to use photographs, if only to save time and get the models set precisely as he wanted them. Norman always insisted on no special lighting effects. He wanted his light direct from the top. Then he'd start that movie director routine of his—he was a great mimic and actor, and he could put life into a situation. This photography, however, followed a basic sketch in pencil or sometimes in oils to capture the mood and design of the picture. He'd show that sketch or oil to me, we'd agree or make a minor change here or there, then he'd take the photographs to correspond. Then he'd put it all together in a charcoal drawing, very meticulous in some cases, invariably large. If you look at one of those original charcoal sketches—the lady saying grace, for example—you'll see some pinholes all over it. Norman would put the sketch over his canvas, then blow charcoal dust through the holes, so when he faced his canvas for the final version he'd have his bearings, except that by now he knew by heart precisely what he was going to paint. His work was unbelievable in terms of care.



"It's the way I file my important papers."

"Norman was the easiest man in the world to work with. And generous. He did that famous portrait of Ike Eisenhower in a half hour. That embarrassed him so at the price we were paying him that he did six more little sketches, five of Ike and one of Mamie, that were absolute gems."

Like Ken Stuart, everyone who knew Norman Rockwell finds it hard to restrain the superlatives. But Rockwell's own writings and some of his off-the-record stories manage to keep him within human proportions. He admitted to many failures and even to apprehension while waiting for the final verdict to come through from the *Post* after he had worked heart and soul over a painting.

In one mischievous painting, Rockwell once used a very hoity-toity "society" woman as a model for a lady cook. The lady never forgave him for her unhappy notoriety.

Foibles, too, can make the man.

Thus, Norman Rockwell has shown us his own, and our own, and added them all up into portraiture which bids fair never to be forgotten. But the amazing part of his feat is the personal touch, the bridge he built between himself and his beholders. Can you remember who painted *The Last Supper* or the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, for sure? Norman would blush to be mentioned in such company, and perhaps rightly. But his achievement was on his own level. As Ken Stuart puts it, "Norman Rockwell had his own aesthetics and his own principles." And, of all painters great and small, perhaps he is supreme in one respect—regardless of the subject, a Rockwell is a Rockwell, and there are millions of people today who can recognize one immediately, without benefit of any art background or insights. He accomplished that in part through technique. But it is the man who shines through, indissolubly one with his work, his idea as great as his rendering.

The Rockwell legend is wholly unique in this encompassing respect. We can pretty safely say that there probably will never be another like him; our "parfit, gentil knight," wise and witty, the reflection of our better selves. Because, oddly enough, the thing which set him so completely apart was that he always believed that he was merely one of us. ☆

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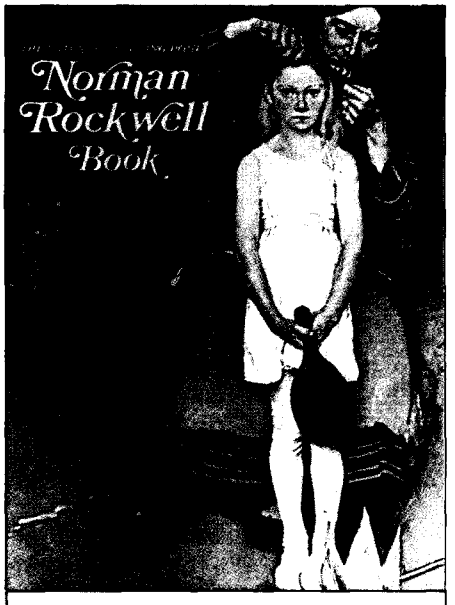

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Neighbor

continued from page 75

"Right off I noticed that the umpire had his hind end toward the grandstand while he was bending over to brush off home plate. You know umpires always have their hind ends toward the pitcher when they're sweeping the plate, and I told him so. That upset him. He wanted it so that the folks could see his hind end, and changing it would spoil the picture for him. He never did finish that one."

Every detail of Rockwell's paintings had to be accurate, had to please the artist in him while depicting personalities and telling an entire story in one scene.

"One time he was doing a picture of a county agent. He did the covers away, away ahead of when they were published. There was snow on the ground, but the county agent had a straw hat on. I told him, 'You've got to put a different hat on him. A winter hat.' He'd got so wrapped up in what he was doing the details had slipped his mind." The memory brought a grin to Jim's face.

He next regaled us with a behind-the-scenes peek at one of Rockwell's most famous works in the making. "You're familiar with the *Freedom of Speech* picture?" We were, and he continued. "He worked for weeks on it. Funny thing how he got the idea for it. They were having a meeting in town about building a high school. He got there a little late and walked in as someone was saying they wanted to build something for $90,000. This fellow spoke up and asked why they couldn't build something for *$80,000.* He had an Arlington Town Book in his pocket, and he pulled it out.

"Norm got the idea for the *Freedom of Speech* cover right then and there. When he got an idea he started on the picture right away. He came home that night and started working on it."

Jim had watched Norman Rockwell create many advertisements, calendars, and magazine and book illustrations and covers. He was especially interested in those for which Buddy had posed.

Bud was visiting his mother and dad that day, and we were privileged to meet and talk with him, too. He shared one of his more memorable experiences as a Rockwell model.

"He wasn't satisfied with his model for the Boy Scout cover for the *Post*, and asked me if I would bring my son Jimmy and both of us pose for him. I was 34 at the time and Jimmy was seven."

Bud's father had gone into the house while we talked with the younger man and appeared with a copy of the cover Bud was describing. It depicted four stages of Boy Scouting. Young Jimmy was the Cub Scout and Bud was the next *three* generations.

"He made me look older in each one. He added a little gray to my hair for the second one and quite a bit more for the third." Rockwell also added Bud's facial mole and a cleft in the chin, making Jimmy even more like his father.

We were curious about the length of time required to pose for one of the portraits. "The times varied. Sometimes he used photographs. If he could get what he wanted in five minutes or thirty minutes he was happy. But lots of his paintings required a longer time and dozens of photographs to get the desired effect."

"Do any of you have any of the originals of his paintings? Especially those you posed for?" I asked.

The elder Jim answered my question. The Edgertons do not own any of the originals but have several prints. Jim regrets being unable to scrape up the $1,000 that one would have cost several years back. "It was worth about $40,000 the last I heard. It's probably worth a lot more now, what with inflation and all."

He showed us a copy of the *Post* cover portrait of President Eisenhower. "His eyes follow you all over the room. Wherever you go, they are on you. I asked him how he did it and he said, 'There's nothing to it, Jim.' He made it sound easy, but *I* couldn't do it!"

That fame did not go to Rockwell's head became evident as the younger man shared more memories of his renowned next-farm neighbor, a common man himself.

"We had our broilers out in the pasture and had to catch them to send them to market—500 to 1,000 at a time. We had to crate them, but first we had to catch them. We were working hard at it and Rockwell was out taking his evening walk. He came on over and went down on his hands and knees helping us catch those chickens. He ended up with chicken droppings all over himself!"

The recollection prompted a big grin to the Scout-with-a-deep-cleft-in-his-chin, who now serves as the program coordinator for the Cooperative Extension Service at the university in Burlington, Vermont. Then another memory tumbled forth.

"I had a '48 Chevy truck once, and he would come over just to visit. He loved to get in that truck. He'd ask me, 'Buddy, can I take the truck awhile? It makes me feel *big*!' It was always O.K. with me. We traded cars back and forth lots of times."

Jim Edgerton's earlier comment echoed in my ears. "He was a wonderful neighbor." A familiar expression came to mind. "It takes one to know one!" The Edgertons obviously were good neighbors, too.

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FOOD

THE STAFF OF LIFE

A doctor discovers that perhaps man can live by bread alone—and even like it—providing he has the right recipe.

by Charlotte Turgeon

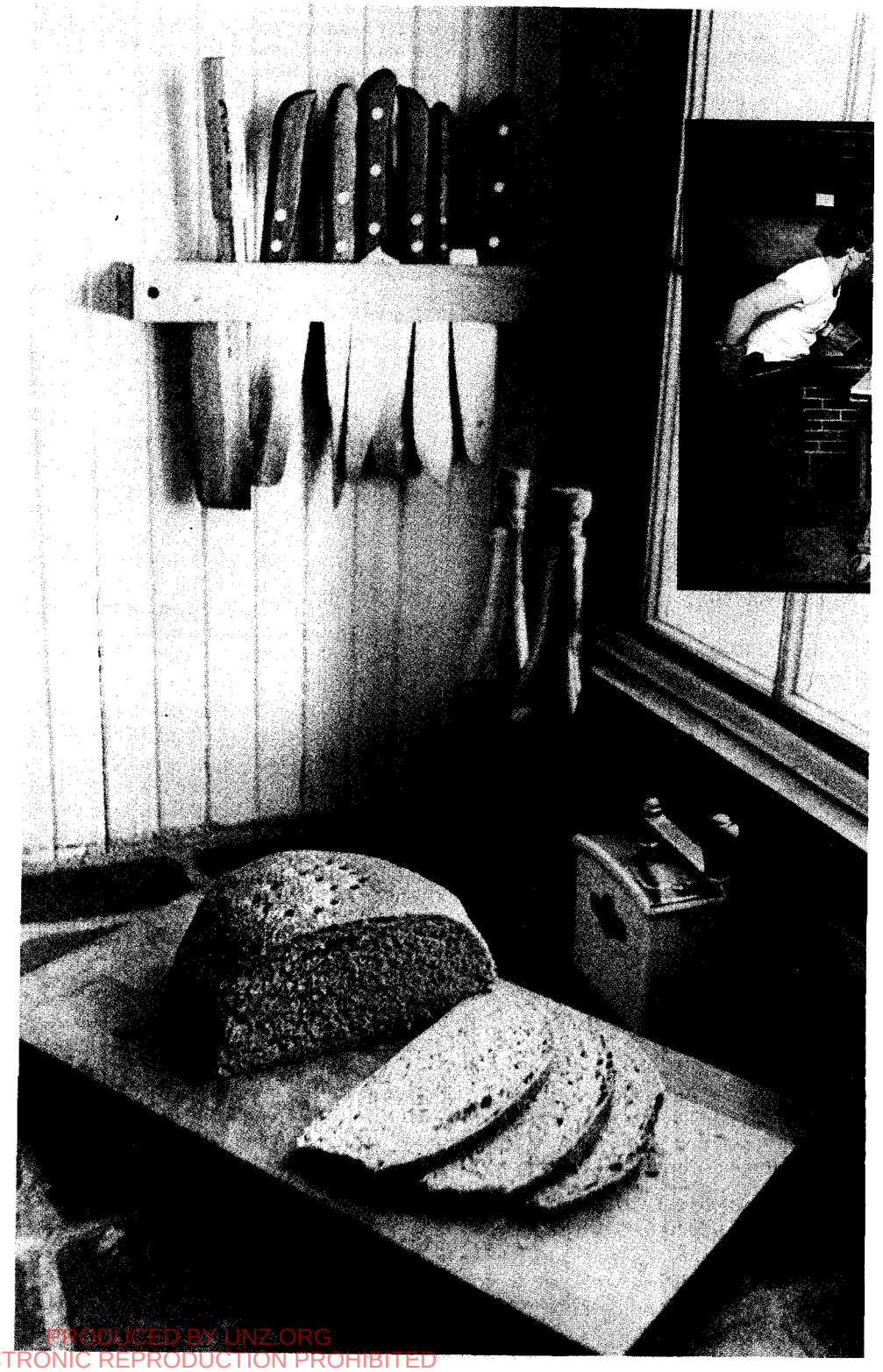
Here is bread which strengthens man's heart and therefore called the staff of life.

—Matthew Henry

If bread is the staff of life, then the mountains of brightly wrapped loaves made of bleached and sterilized flour, overrefined sugar, chemicals, preservatives, and additives are providing a pretty weak support for much of our nation—children and adults alike. But there are voices crying in this wilderness of malnutrition, and two of the strongest voices belong to Hy Lerner and Paul Petrofsky, white-collar professionals turned bakers, who produce perhaps the best tasting bread this side of the Atlantic—or the other—a bread that preserves all the natural vitamins, minerals, and usable protein that nature put into wheat germ, sea salt, and pure water. Since I had been enjoying this bread for almost two years and, in fact, had tried to imitate it in my own kitchen, I decided to invite myself to their bakery in central Massachusetts about 50 miles from Boston.

I found the bakery exactly one minute away from a main artery which traverses the state east to west and connects with all major highways, but, situated as it is up a steep country road called Baldwin Hill, it seems far removed from anything that might be described as commercial life. I was warmly greeted by Hy, whose alias is Dr. Herman Lerner. Throughout his schooling and subsequent residencies he was very impressed by the evidence he saw of the overwhelming importance of proper nutrition in relation to man's physical and mental health.

When Dr. Lerner had completed his medical training he went to



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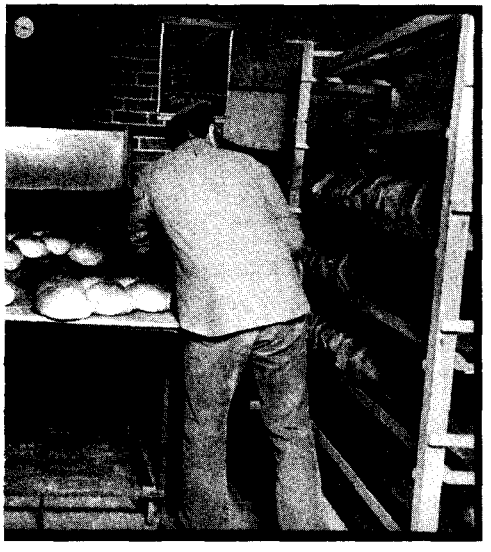
work with the renowned Jeremiah Stamler, who has done much research in preventative nutrition, perhaps most notably in regard to cholesterol. This association confirmed Lerner's own convictions about nutrition, and when he had completed that stint he took a job with Erewhon, one of the pioneer natural foods firms, as doctor and executive consultant. There he was able to study firsthand all the foods available to those who were interested in reducing or eliminating the consumption of meat, and himself became "sort of a vegetarian."

A special carriage feeds the risen loaves into the brick oven. Here, Paul Petrofsky and Hy Lerner unload the freshly baked bread onto wooden storage racks.



It was about this time that Hy and his handsome brunette wife, Lora, decided to seek a new life in a country setting far from civilization. They found their new home in the northern wilds of New Hampshire, but living there was a little too remote and lonely. They missed their friends, most of whom found their home inaccessible. There were a few, however, who came to visit, and there was one in particular. He brought a loaf of bread which he had recently bought in Belgium. One slice of that bread was to alter the course of the Lerners' lives. That was bread as it should be, and somehow, they agreed, that bread had to be produced in this country.

The next year found Hy and his family back in a Boston apartment. He was working as a doctor with the Harvard Research Center, but every spare moment was spent baking bread in an attempt to approximate the Belgian loaf. He met the Japanese nutritionist Michio Kushi, head of the East-West Foundation, and learned much of the Oriental perspective on grains and vegetables. He also met a young architect, Paul Petrofsky, who, though an architect by education, was a mechanical engineer by avocation and a tinkerer at heart. He was also "into" natural foods and was intrigued by Hy's search for the perfect bread. They decided to join forces.

The Lerners and Paul took a huge mansion in the once very fashionable North Shore summer resort, Magnolia, and in one end of the cavernous basement built a bakery where, when they were not working at their life-sustaining jobs, they baked, baked, and baked some more. They sold their bread through a local store and continued to bake, but they never reached their goal. It was not the same bread that Hy had eaten in northern New Hampshire.

After considerable soul-searching, the men took the last of their savings and went to Belgium, to the Lima Bakery, from which the original loaf had come. The Lima Bakery is a closely guarded fortress where the secrets of making bread are jealously kept. But perhaps the powers that be in the bakery considered Americans no threat as competitors, or perhaps they admired the young men's fervor about the importance of the bread. In any case, they were hospitably received—even housed—and were allowed to work in the bakery for over two months, studying every aspect from the mechanical to the culinary. They both came back convinced that this was what they wanted to do—to produce a bread that was so nutritively perfect and at the same time so delicious that man could, if necessary, live by bread alone and enjoy it. The secret that they discovered and which they willingly share is that perfect bread is made with perfect wheat, organically grown and carefully ground, a modicum of sea salt, and pure water. It should be baked in a brick oven over a wood fire.

Continued on following page

Basic Recipe for Whole Wheat Sourdough Bread

Starter:
3 cups whole wheat flour
3 cups water

Bread:
2 cups starter
1 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon sea salt
1½ tablespoons dry yeast
4-5 cups whole wheat flour

Starter: Combine 1½ cups organic whole wheat flour and 1½ cups water in a glass or ceramic jar. Mix well, cover, and let stand at room temperature for 2 to 3 days or until it ferments. It should have a yeasty but not sour odor. Stir in an additional 1½ cups flour and 1½ cups water. Cover and let stand overnight or until it becomes frothy and spongelike.

To make the bread: Put 2 cups of the starter in a large mixing bowl. Dissolve 1 teaspoon sea salt and 1½ tablespoons dry yeast in 1 cup lukewarm water. Mix with the starter. Add 4 to 5 cups organic whole wheat flour, enough to make a fairly stiff dough. Knead 10 to 20 minutes or until the dough becomes elastic in texture. The dough should feel firm but supple; it should not stick to the board or to your hands.

Oil two 7½- by 4-inch bread tins. Divide the dough into halves and knead each briefly to form a loaf. Place in the tins, cover, and let stand in a warm place until the dough rises to the tops of the tins (3 to 8 hours).

Thirty minutes before baking, place a pan of hot water in the bottom of the oven and preheat to 350 degrees F. Place the bread tins carefully in the oven and bake 1¼ hours or until the bread has a hollow sound when tapped. Remove from the tins and cool on a rack. Wait until the next day to slice. These loaves will keep well for a week or two.

Refrigerate all the remaining starter in a covered glass or plastic container. When you want to use it again, combine 1 cup of the chilled starter with 2 cups flour and 1¼ cups lukewarm water. Let stand covered at room temperature 6 hours, then use to make bread. For best results the starter should be used and replenished at least once a week.

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It sounds easy. It isn't.

Their first step was to find a spot for home and bakery. They had planned to build near Boston, but finding a spot with perfectly pure water and a suitable house proved difficult. Word of their quest spread, and eventually they heard about an old farm in the small town of Phillipston. The farmhouse is not the pretty colonial homestead pictured in real estate magazines. It had been a working farm for many decades and had fallen into terrible disrepair. But it had 21 acres of meadows and woods and a well full of 100 percent pure water; so the Lerner family, which now included Sara, a carbon copy of her mother, and Paul, moved in 1974.

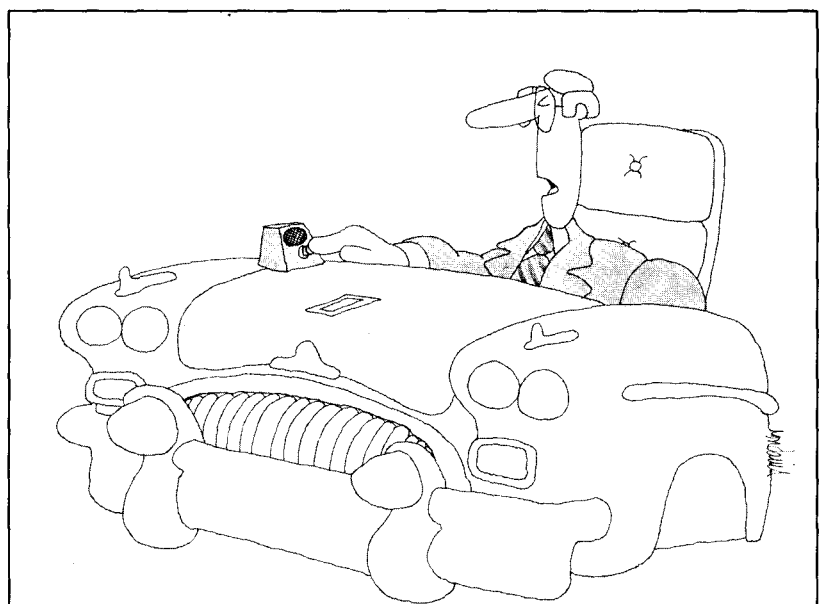
That entire summer and fall were spent in making the farmhouse habitable and in dividing it and the adjoining sheds into two dwellings. Once that was done they turned their attention to the bakery.

It was in December 1975 that they were ready to make their first attempts in the new bakery. Temporary ovens were set up. They were old pizza ovens lined with firebrick. The bread mixer and the "rounder" are European-made. American equipment, I was told, is too rough to produce the desired texture. As I watched the arms of the beater enfold the dough with a tender, almost loving motion, I could sense the contrast with the fierce beating I had seen in other bakeries. The original sourdough starter was made with ground wheat, salt, and pure water—nothing more. That same sourdough is the mother of all the starters that have been used ever since. At Christmastime that year the first 34 loaves were produced and sold to their first and favorite customer, a natural food outlet called Bread and Circus in Brookline, just outside of Boston, Massachusetts.

While they continued to bake in small quantities, they continued to build the oven and proofing room. Fieldstones were gathered from the pastures, and a mason was called in to erect a beautiful wing with a slanting roof on the back of the bakery. The oven with red brick facing and shining copper-plated doors is made with two-feet-thick walls of firebrick. It can bake 170 loaves at a time. A door to the left of the oven goes down a step to the stoking box where wood is fed to a constantly burning fire. Steam is injected into the oven both before and during the baking process and, when necessary, into the proofing room where the bread gets its final rising.

I watched the baking process from beginning to end. The famous sourdough, which is responsible not only for the very special flavor of the bread but also for breaking down the elements of the wheat berry (a power that baker's yeast does not have) is mixed with water and ground wheat. Once thoroughly mixed, it is transferred to a rising table and allowed to rise from six to eight hours. It is then cut by hand, weighed in two-pound portions, placed on huge trays, and allowed to rise.

At the proper time each loaf is spun in a rounder, a special machine for giving the characteristic dome-shaped mounds. The loaves are lined up like so many soldiers on large loading tables with perforated detachable trays lined with heavy canvas. This procedure allows the air to circulate. The loaves are carefully spaced so that when they have finally risen and are ready for the oven they will touch each other in mutual self-support.



"Miss Ogilvie, would you bring my hood ornament in please?"

It takes a real baker to know how the bread will be affected by the weather. If it is a cold, clear winter day, the bread will need to be raised in the temperature- and moisture-controlled proofing room. If it is a hot, humid summer day, the bread will rise quickly without any help; but there are many stages in-between, and it takes a trained mind and a special sensitivity to know what must be done.

At a certain moment, wood is fed into the furnace under the oven. Twenty minutes before baking the fire is allowed to die down so that the heat will spread evenly over the oven. Steam is injected. The loading tables are wheeled to the oven, and the trays are slipped into the oven and then withdrawn, miraculously dropping their burden onto the oven floor. The bread is baked at 450 to 500 degrees F. for 45 minutes, and a watchful eye is kept on it for the last 15 minutes. When the switch is flicked to open the copper doors, a sweet aroma that defies description emanates from within. One of the bakers removes the loaves with a 12-foot peel (a flat shovel) and another stacks the bread on end on slotted wooden shelves. The bread is cooled completely before being wrapped in pliofilm bags showing the distinctive Baldwin Hill logo. The resulting bread tastes as good as it smells and, thanks again to the all-powerful sourdough starter, it will keep for at least two weeks and can be freshened after that.

What is the future of this business? At present it is manned by six people, including Hy and Paul, and they produce 3,000 loaves a week, making deliveries twice a week in a radius of 300 miles. The bakery is capable of turning out 12,000 loaves a week and will be doing that very shortly as the business expands. Paul sells the product mostly through health stores but now is starting on schools and colleges and, within this year, they will expand as far south as New York and possibly further. A mail-order business is also in the offing.

One more wing will be added to the bakery to house a cooling room, a packaging room, and an office. At present the office is the dining room table with Sara and small Joshua in constant attendance, and orders are received on the kitchen phone.

If you can't buy the bread where you live but would like to taste it, write to the bakery, or try following the recipe on page 109.

"Remember, it can't be the real Baldwin Hills bread which is produced under rigidly controlled conditions, but it will be good bread," Hy Lerner says of the recipe. "The secret of success lies in the starter, and it takes long experience to recognize the exact moment when the starter will work its particular magic most efficiently. This is why I use the old adage, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'"

For the home baker, we at the *Post* kitchens find that adding yeast to the starter both encourages the bread to rise and the baker to bake. Also, be sure to use bottled or pure well water. ☒

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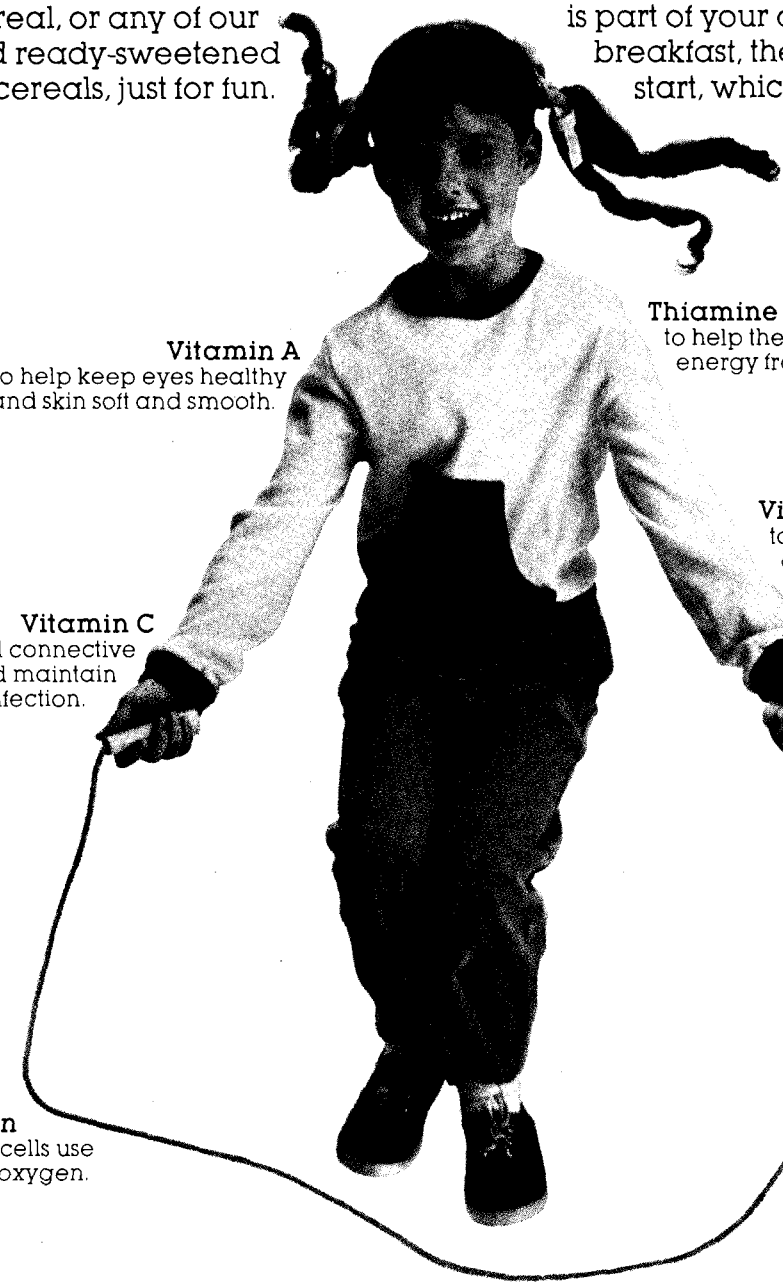

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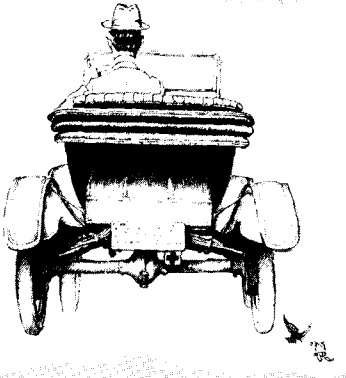

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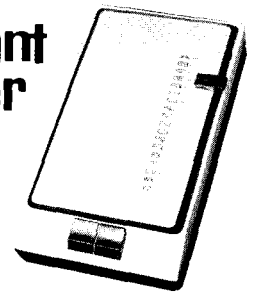

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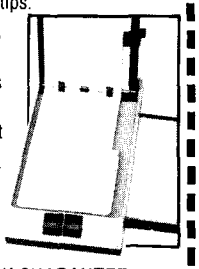

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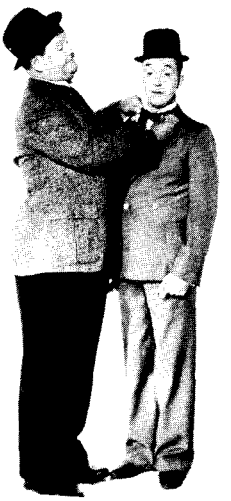

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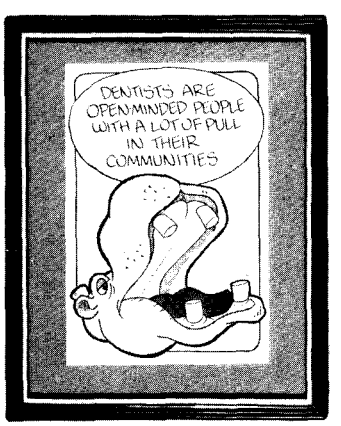

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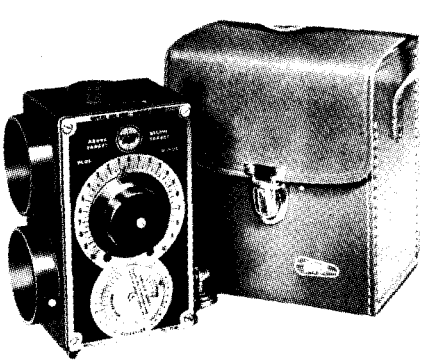

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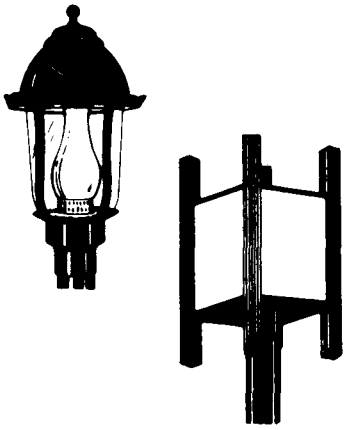
Outdoor lights



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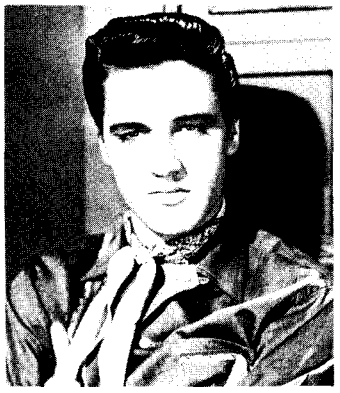

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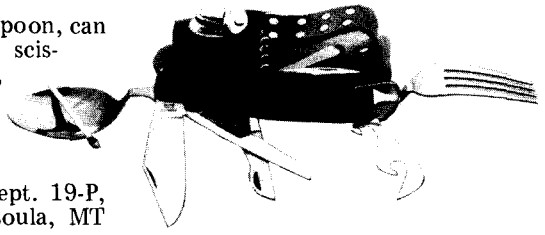

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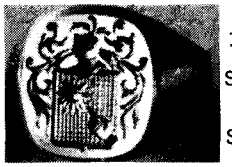

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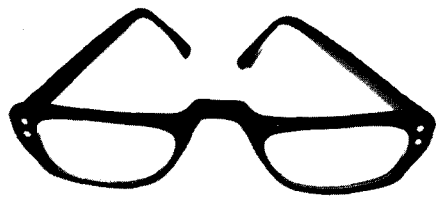

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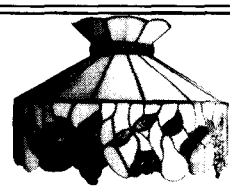

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The Valentine

continued from page 57

He had got up out of the swing and left the porch immediately and gone home, leaving the two girls, his sister and the other one, giggling. But instead of going into the house, where he would have had to face his parents, he had gone around behind to the vacant lot next door, where the kids of the block all played, and sat down by himself on the terraced hillside of it, filled with a strange mixture of emotions he had never felt before, but the sum total of which was bad. Very bad, and very sad, and very unhappy. And whenever he thought of the two girls giggling, he felt sick-mad all over. It was a beautiful warm summer night, and the stars shimmered overhead with marvelous clarity, and even the Milky Way looked bright. Lovesick. It was like some strange and terrible new disease he had discovered in himself, and he kept saying it over and over to himself: "I'm lovesick. I'm lovesick. I'm lovesick." And he was afflicted with a sense of terrible doom that brought terror and helplessness into him through some opened gate, together with a vague but sure knowledge of forces at work in people that would inevitably, someday, destroy him.

Finally he got up and went into the house to bed, and after that he did not think about the incident often, but whenever he did, it brought a sense of shame and a flush to his face; and the terror, diluted now, would creep back into him, and when he woke up on the morning of Valentine's Day he did not know whether he had dreamed about it during the night or whether he had thought about it just as he was dropping off to sleep, or whether it had just popped into his head for no reason as he was waking up. But he was still worried.

The alarm clock was still ringing, its luminous hands showing 4:30 in the dark, and he shut it off and switched on the light. It was always exciting. Nowhere in the silent, dark house did anything move or stir, nor were there any lights, any movement in any of the houses he could see through his windows as he dressed. Savoring the excitement he felt every morning, he dressed himself warmly—flannel shirt, two sweaters under his Mackinaw, warm socks inside his boots, knit cap down over his ears, heavy scarf—then picked up his heavy leather mittens and tiptoed down the stairs to the front door.

Outside it was steely cold, and the handlebars and sprocket and chain of his bike creaked when he moved them. The air burned his nose like dry ice, and when he tucked the scarf up over it and put on his goggles, his eyes were already

Continued on following page

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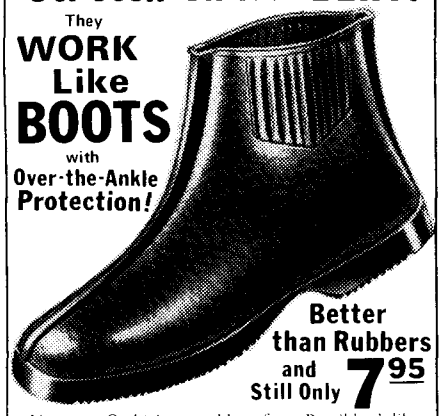

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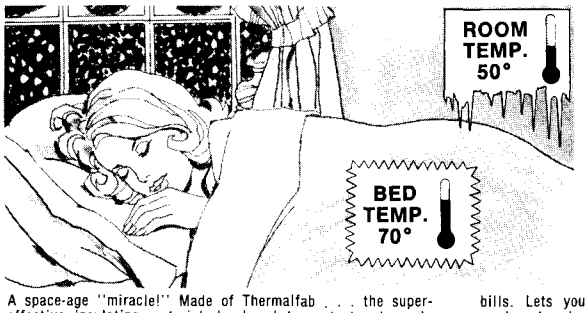

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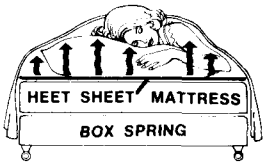

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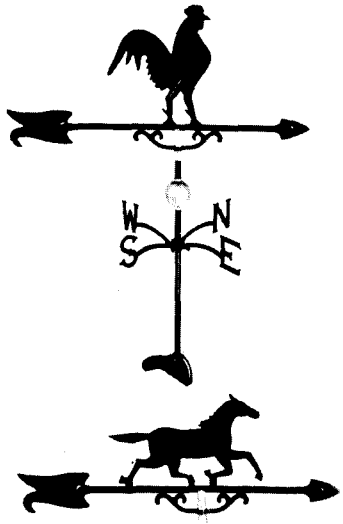

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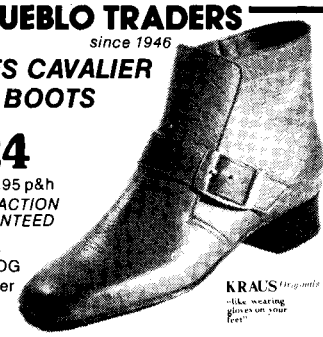

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watering. The freezing cold air flushing the last threads of sleepiness and reluctance out of his mind, he took off on his bike, giving himself joyously up to, and embracing happily, the discomfort which always made him feel important and as though he were accomplishing something, riding the bike downtown along deserted streets of darkened houses where nothing moved and people slept except for a few boys like himself, scattered across town, converging on the newsstand, where the city papers would already have been picked up off the train by the owner.

Actually, nothing disastrous happened at the newsstand that morning. He was razzed unmercifully by the two who had seen him buy the box the night before, and of course their ridicule was immediately taken up by all the others as they stood at the benches folding their papers and stuffing their paper bags under the bare bulbs in the back room, but he kept his mouth shut and did not get mad. It was easy to do because he kept a mental picture of Margaret Simpson happily opening the box in the front of his mind, as a shield. Nobody could touch him when he thought of that. Anyway, folding the papers and stacking them took only ten or fifteen minutes, and then the paper boys were outside and separated, spreading out across the town, and he was by himself again, free to enjoy again the physical discomfort that he suffered not only because of the money it made him but because it made him feel he was strong and had willpower, and also free to dwell upon, and to worry in nervous excitement over, the valentine and his happy picture of Margaret, as he made his route. Then it was back home for breakfast and to change for school.

As he was dressing, and as his excitement mounted to almost unbearably unpleasant heights as the time slid away, he almost decided to drop the whole thing. But once again his ironbound promise to himself, which it was against his private rules to break, would not let him, and sustained him; that and his happy picture of Margaret Simpson's face, warm and loving as she opened up his box, and the natural sequence which automatically followed: of him telling her how much he adored her, and always had, and her warm understanding of his adoration, and then his hands touching her. When he took the box downstairs, hidden in the paper bag, and his mother asked him what it was, he told her it was only a couple of books he was taking back.

On the way to school, as the other kids converged, it was harder to say that. He knew, of course, that the moment would come (it seemed to be rushing down on him swiftly, in fact, like a

Continued on following page

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A LIMITED EDITION . . .

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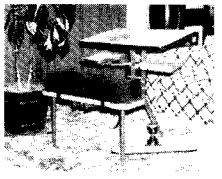

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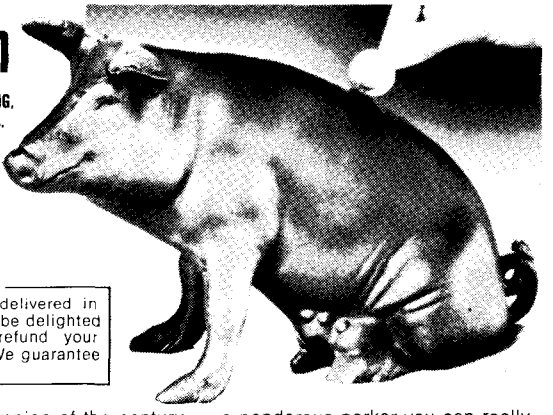

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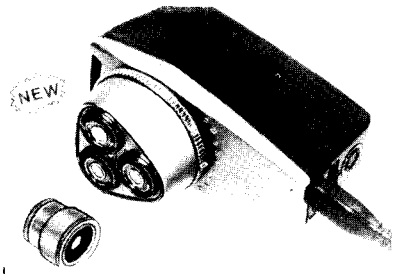

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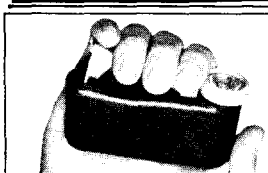

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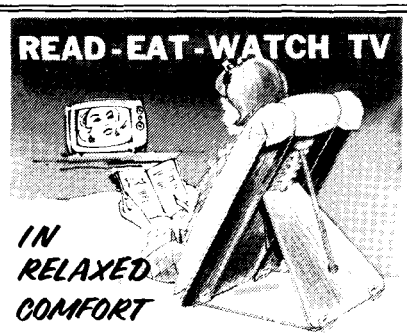

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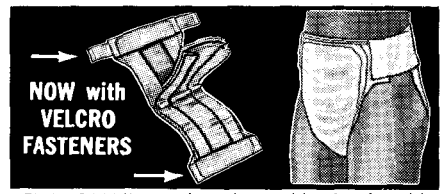

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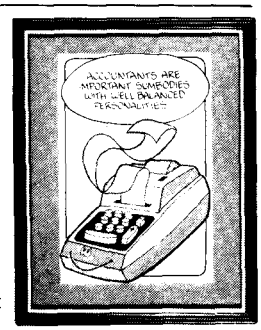

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The Valentine

freight train) when it would have to be made public, when there would be no avoiding saying what it was, or who it was for.

There were several valentines on his own desk in the 8A room when he got there, two of them from girls in the back of the room who thought they were stuck on him but whom he didn't like because they both came from Sacktown and were poor, and not very smart, and often not even very clean. These valentines he opened and looked at, in a kind of daze, hardly even seeing them, and then put them down. Then, painfully aware that he was being watched, he carefully pulled the big box out of its paper bag and laid it on his desk. Big—it was huge! It looked monstrous to him. He had attached a little card which said: *To Margaret, with love, John Slade.* He stared at that awhile. It had cost him deeply in pride and fear to even dare to write it. That word. But he couldn't stare at the envelope forever. Margaret Simpson had not yet come into the room, and the bell wouldn't ring for three and a half minutes. Abruptly, suddenly, he knew he couldn't stand it, just could not wait any longer? He hadn't made a promise to himself he would *hand* it to her, had he? And besides, if he waited to give it to her himself, the way he was now he wouldn't be able to say a word, not a single solitary word. Panic had enveloped him. He wanted only to be out of sight of everyone. The valentines on his own desk had given him an idea. Jerkily, cursing himself for looking so foolish, he picked up the box and walked across the room with it and laid it on Margaret Simpson's desk, and then went out into the cloakroom pretending that he had forgotten something in his overcoat.

There was a little buzz, sort of, that he could hear from the cloakroom, and when he peeked around the door there were several kids standing around her desk looking at it, admiring it maybe. He stayed in the cloakroom. How he could manage to stay three whole minutes in the cloakroom he didn't know, and once, as a subterfuge, he went back in to his desk and got some things out of it, pretending he wanted to put them in his coat to take home.

Then, finally, one minute before the bell would ring, Margaret Simpson came into the cloakroom with two boys who were on the grade school varsity basketball team, and they hung up their coats and went inside. He pretended to be busy with his own coat and did not look at them. Completely demoralized now, no longer able to control what he did, he sneaked to the door and stuck the top half of his head around it, grinning foolishly. Margaret Simpson was just showing the card, his card, to the two

Continued on page 127

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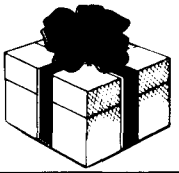

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Funny Start

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rest period, but usually she'd walk among us, looking at our work and chatting. One, a Russian girl, strolled among us nude, smoking a cigar and commenting in broken English on our drawings.

During my second year I was chosen to be monitor of Mr. Bridgeman's class. Monitors got their tuition free, and all I had to do was pose the model and keep order in class when Mr. Bridgeman was absent. On Friday afternoons monitors of the different classes, seven or eight men, would meet to select models for the next week. Once we selected a squat, bowlegged, muscular young woman. The next Monday, when I said, "Rest," she did a cartwheel off the stand and another back onto it. Getting warmed up, she ran through a series of flips, bends, and somersaults, while we sat there open-mouthed.

Finally she stopped and explained that she was a circus bareback rider—"I don't work in winter, but I've got to keep in trim." All that week, during the rest periods, she performed for us. We never got used to it. It shakes you up to see a nude doing cartwheels.

We worshiped George Bridgeman. He was a short, stocky man, his hair was always rumpled, his clothes mussed and untidy. He liked his liquor, smoked big black cigars, and swore a great deal. When he wanted to explain some difficult point of anatomy, he'd haul a skeleton out of his locker and hold it up by a brass ring in the skull. "It's a damned wonderful thing," he'd say. "Take the pelvis. Or the rib cage. Every little bone and muscle working together. . . ."

Then he'd hand the skeleton to me, to be stuffed back into his locker. It was a terrible job. I'd push leg bones and arm bones against the ribs and carefully shut the door; but just as I was about to slam down the latch, an arm would come rattling through the crack. Finally I discovered that the skeleton would stay put if I draped the arms over the coat hooks in the locker.

The profiteering of Dr. Pennington had left me with barely enough money to get through my first semester at art school, so I took a job as a night waiter at a restaurant on Columbus Circle. One day, as I was complaining about the dullness of waiting on people, Harold Groth, a fellow student, said, "Why don't you come down to the Metropolitan Opera with me and be a supernumerary?" It seemed like a good idea. "Meet me at seven tonight," he said. "And bring a suit of long underwear."

That night, backstage at the opera, some 50 supers lined up, all in long underwear, to receive costumes from the wardrobe attendant. The attendant tossed me a loose blouse and baggy pants; the opera was *Boris Godunov*. The costume was foul—ridges of dirt in the seams, greasy blouse, the collar caked with scum. "It's not so bad with the underwear," said Groth. "You'll get used to it."

During the two years I worked at the Met I was the victim of numerous mishaps. In one opera Groth and I were detailed to carry Emmy Destinn, an enormous soprano, very busty and weighing at least 250 pounds, off stage. As I recall it, she had swooned because her lover, played by Enrico Caruso, had just been shot. The first time we had no trouble. Groth, who was a husky fellow, grabbed her under the arms and I took her legs. One night we got turned about. Groth picked up her feet, but I couldn't budge my end. While I wrenched and heaved at her soft shoulders, she giggled up at me, and the orchestra played the same passage over and over. Caruso, who was lying close by, chanted, "One-a, two-a, heave, boys." I strained, red-faced and puffing. The stage manager yelled from the wings, "Change ends, you fools, change ends!" So I went around and got her by the feet, and Groth and I staggered off with her.

Caruso liked Groth and me. He was a good caricaturist, and maybe he felt we were kindred spirits. I remember in *Aïda* we used to be the guards who led Radames (Caruso) down into the tomb. Once down there—the "tomb" was a little room under the stage—we'd sit with Caruso while he, or Radames rather, died of suffocation. There was a light which blinked in time to the music so that Caruso would know when to groan. We'd show him our work, and he'd make caricatures of the other singers, every so often letting out a great, booming groan, sort of offhand, without taking his pencil from the paper.

In the morning at art school we studied the work of the great illustrators. Thomas Fogarty, who taught the class, was slim, polite, and practical about teaching. One day he found me sitting alone in the lunchroom at the League, staring listlessly at my coffee cup. He asked if anything was wrong.

"I just don't seem to be getting anywhere," I said.

"How old are you?" he asked.

I told him I was 17 and three-quarters. He laughed, and tipped me off that the Paulist Fathers on 59th Street needed a few drawings for a Christmas booklet—Santa Clauses, angels, cherubs with

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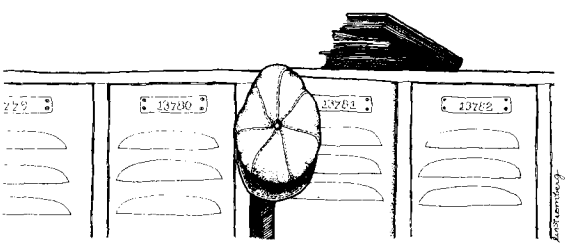

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

The school bell rang, signaling the end of another class, as Ted Elrod shuffled down the hall. As he approached his locker, he heard Mr. Owen, the school vice-principal, tell a police officer standing with him to "go ahead and look through the locker." The search yielded a small amount of heroin. Ted was immediately arrested for possession of the controlled substance and was taken to the police station.

At his trial, Ted's attorney argued that the heroin found in Ted's locker could not be used as evidence against him. "That evidence was illegally obtained," he said. "The police officer had no search warrant and he certainly had no right to search Ted's locker without his permission."

The prosecutor agreed that, in general, evidence obtained in a search conducted without consent must be excluded because of the illegal manner in which it was obtained. "But here," he said, "the vice-principal gave the police officer permission to search the locker. Therefore, the heroin he found is admissable as evidence."

If you were the judge, would you allow this evidence to be used in the trial?

The court allowed the admission of the evidence. It said the search was legal because the vice-principal had the power—by right of the relationship between school authorities and students—to give a valid consent to the search. The court also noted that a student has the exclusive right to the use of his locker—free from the intrusions of other students—but he lacks such a right over the locker when it comes to school authorities.

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trumpets. After I did that job, Mr. Fogarty steered me to others. Once I drew in the backgrounds—trees, grass, people strolling—on almost a hundred photographs of tombstones for the catalogue of a tombstone company. I had to letter in the inscriptions, too, but that was fun. I used the names of my fellow art students: "In beloved memory of Arthur Young." Or, "Weep not long for Harold Groth, he sings with angels."

I also did what they call Surgical Orders, drawings of different parts of the body for medical textbooks. Every smidgen helped. Then Mr. Fogarty sent me down to McBride, Nast & Co., and they gave me a children's book to illustrate. I did 10 or 12 illustrations and was paid $150.

On the strength of that, my first really professional job of illustration, I rented a studio, going halves with E. F. Ward, another art student, in the attic of a brownstone-front house on the upper West Side. The entry was a trap door in the third-floor ceiling. The room was small, without windows, but there was an overhead skylight.

Right off we noticed that there was something queer about that house. At nine in the morning there wouldn't be a soul stirring. Along about noon someone would begin to play a piano downstairs. Every so often one of the girls who lived in the house would come up to our attic in a dressing gown to smoke a cigarette and talk. They didn't seem to have anything to do, but they were pleasant girls, a bit older than we and quite pretty.

About three months after we'd moved in my father came to see me. He climbed the stairs, shut the trap door carefully, and said, "Do you realize that you have a studio in a house of prostitution?"

We moved out the next day, shambling down the street with our easels and paint boxes, rather shamefaced, because the girls had come out on the stoop and were waving and calling good-bye to us.

One day Edward Cave, the editor of *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scout magazine, asked me to illustrate a handbook on camping. Pleased with the way I handled the assignment, he began to give me stories to illustrate for *Boys' Life*. Then he made me art director of the magazine, at $50 a month. I had to do the cover and one set of illustrations for each issue, interview other artists, assign stories, and approve the finished jobs.

With my illustrations for *Boys' Life* and two books as samples, I began to make the rounds of the book publishers and better children's magazines—*St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *American Boy*, *Youth's Companion*. I had a business card printed. In the center, in bold capitals, was my name: NORMAN P. ROCKWELL. Running down the left side of the card was a modest description of my talents: "Artist, Illustrator, Letterer, Cartoonist; sign painting, Christmas cards, calendars, magazine covers, frontispieces, still life, murals, portraits, layouts, design, etc." I tacked on "etc." because I didn't want to miss any job through selling myself short.

Armed with this card and the callowness of youth, I tramped around from art director to art director seeking assignments. It was rumored among art students that Will Bradley, the art director of *Collier's*, favored artists from San Francisco. When I heard that, I rushed over to *Collier's* and sent in my pictures to Mr. Bradley with a note: "Just in from San Francisco."

He came right out and shook my hand. "Well, from San Francisco, eh?"

"Just off the train, Mr. Bradley," I said.

"Whereabouts in San Francisco did you live?"

I'd never been west of Jersey City. The only thing I knew about San Francisco was that *Sunset* magazine was published there. So I said, "Sunset Street, sir."

"Oh," said Mr. Bradley, looking puzzled, "Sunset Street, eh? I don't believe I know it. What district is it in?" I looked around for the exit. "The Sunset district," I said.

"I see," he said, not looking puzzled any more. "You'll have to excuse me a minute, I'm expecting a telephone call," and he went back into his office. He knew I wasn't from San Francisco and wanted to give me a chance to escape. I took it, and I didn't bother to wait for the elevator either; I went out the fire exit and down the stairs.

Many of my forays into the offices of art directors were successful. William Fayal Clarke, the editor of *St. Nicholas* magazine, gave me several stories by Ralph Henry Barbour, a famous children's author of the time. *Youth's Companion*, *American Boy*, and other juvenile magazines assigned me stories regularly. Almost all the pictures I painted for these magazines were in black and white, or brown and white. I took all the work I could get and enjoyed every job. I could now be considered an illustrator.

"I always wanted to be a thief, but I failed the screen test!"

My father had sold the house in Mamaroneck and moved us—my mother, my brother Jarvis, and me—into Mrs. Frothingham's boardinghouse in New York City. For studio space I rented the second floor of a brownstone front beside the boardinghouse. After working there all morning, I'd go back to the boardinghouse for lunch. The men of the house never came home at midday, so I was alone with the wives. They would troop downstairs frowzy with sleep—seven or eight of them in silk wrappers, their hair stuffed haphazardly under boudoir caps or hair nets. After the third or fourth cup of coffee, the chorus of complaints would begin. Mostly they complained about their husbands, who had, of course, much to the wives' apparent unconcern, been working for three or four hours before their wives got out of bed.

One sweltering evening, in May of 1912, I suddenly realized that I'd had enough. The next day I left to spend the summer in Provincetown, on Cape Cod, studying under Charles W. Hawthorne. That summer was an idyllic interlude. I lived the life of a Bohemian artist, painting what I pleased, forgetting my career, editors, and the commerical rat race. I had a grand time. In the fall, when I returned to New York, the children's magazines began to assign me stories and covers regularly. I was earning from $50 to $75 a week—a lot of money in those days.

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The Valentine

continued from page 120

boys. She said something he could not hear, and then laughed and gestured with her head toward the cloakroom where he was hiding, and the two boys laughed. Then she looked down at the big red box with amusement.

He had seen enough, and he jerked his head back and crept back to his own coat, pretending to himself he had to get something out of the pocket. But then he leaned his face against his coat sickly and shut his eyes, trying to shut out not only the light but his own existence, too. He put his hand in the pocket of the coat so that it would look like he was hunting for something in case anybody came in. When the bell rang, how could he ever go back in there? How could he possibly? Sickness ran all through him, all over him, in long waves. And everybody had seen him peeking around the doorjamb like a silly idiot. He had ruined it. He'd messed it all up. He should have made himself stay and hand it to her. Then it would have been all right. He stood that way, clenching and unclenching his fists, knowing the bell would ring.

When the bell rang, he forced himself to walk to the door and to his desk. He sat down, trying hard not to look at anybody. Before the bell rang again, he would have to sit at that desk for 50 whole minutes of his life. ☒

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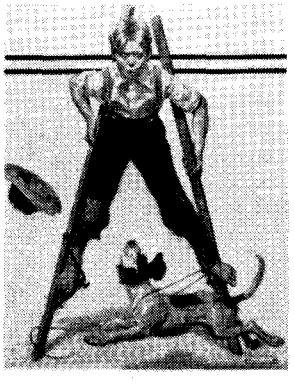

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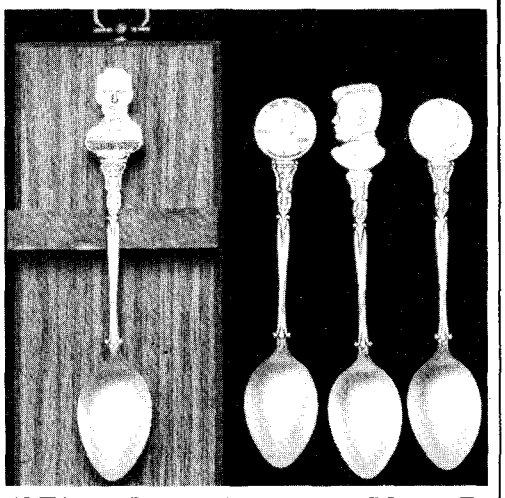

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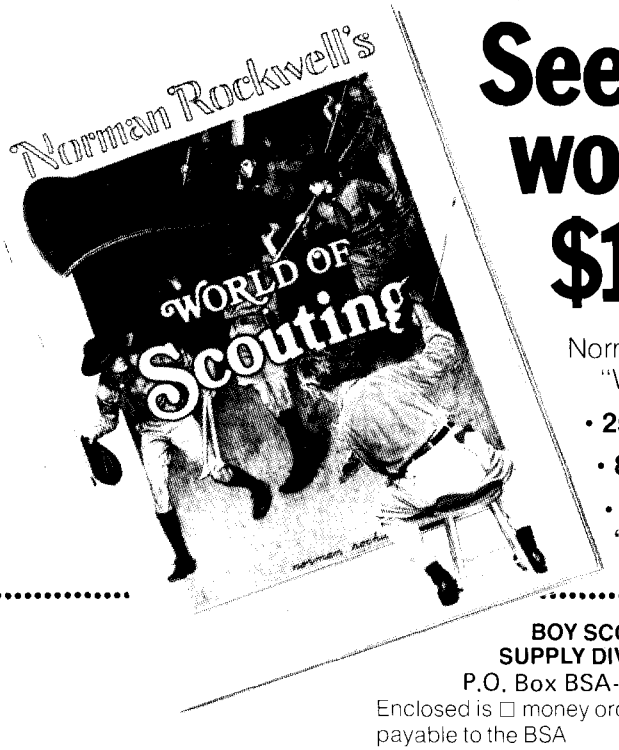

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SEP19

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General Haig

continued from page 54

aspect of the decision the President will have to make in the foreseeable future

SatEvePost: Are you satisified with the pace of progress in theater nuclear modernization programs?

General Haig: Although we have done a great deal in the last ten years to improve our nuclear theater capabilities, as we measure them against those of Russia and its satellites it is clear that we have some additional measures that must be taken—especially in long-term, long-range, and middle-range theater missile capability.

SatEvePost: When you mention the nuclear capability of Russia and its satellites, I assume you mean the Soviet SS-20 missile. Please comment on this.

General Haig: This system that is being deployed today by the Soviet Union—and there are a number of systems already operational—threatens all of Western Europe. The SS-20 has a 2,000-kilometer range and a multiple warhead, ballistic and mobile. It is therefore invulnerable to rapid countertargeting. This missile is a substantial escalatory step on the part of the Soviet Union.

SatEvePost: Does our cruise missile provide part or all of the answer to Western needs?

General Haig: I've made the point that the cruise missile is not the answer to a maiden's prayer. There are a number of uncertainties associated with cruise missile technology: It is not ballistic, and because it is air-breathing it takes considerably longer to arrive from launch to target; in that context, it is not a one-for-one trade-off for the SS-20 missile which the Soviets are deploying in increasing number. It *is* an answer that, combined with several other possibilities, must be considered. By other possibilities I include ballistic systems of longer range than those we now maintain, air-launch systems, and offshore systems, perhaps submarine-launched.

SatEvePost: Is the all-volunteer United States Army working? And will you comment on the regulars and the reserves?

General Haig: In the context of the total force, there are clearly problems developing with the all-volunteer structure. We're short some 500,000 today in our structure, and I'm talking total Army, reserve and active. The strength levels of our organized Reserve and National Guard are below what they should be for a host of reasons, not necessarily attributable to the shift from the draft to the all-volunteer system. Generally, morale is up and court-martials and disciplinary problems are down and, in that sense, we are surviving all right today with the all-volunteer system. On the other hand, if you look into the 1980's when the manpower pool begins to shrink, you see some worrisome indicators on the horizon.

SatEvePost: Would you favor a return to the draft?

General Haig: Well, I will not provide a quotable quote for you on that, but, as I just said, I think there are some worrisome signposts on the horizon. And I do share the judgment of President Carter when, at the outset of his administration, he said: "If we find that the all-volunteer force is not working, then we will have to reverse our current policies."

SatEvePost: Recent reports from the Congress, especially Congressman Lester Wolff (Democrat, New York), among others, indicate a serious hard-drug problem among American G.I.'s in Europe. What remedial steps are being taken?

General Haig: We have not definitised to the degree that I would be satisfied about the actual scope of the hard-drug problem in Europe today. In the past four years the trends have been in a positive direction. Currently, due to increased availability, there may be a worsening trend in usage. We have launched a program designed, first, to handle the treatment, once a user is discovered, and, secondly, to improve our prophylaxis—that is, the prevention. I'm not sure that the legal restraints of a commander who is faced with the problem are as responsive to the threat as is possible. In general, the big question is this: Is the Army ready to fight, or has it lost its combat effectiveness? It is my judgment and the judgment of our commanders here that it is still a fighting Army.

SatEvePost: With the end of the long Vietnam War, most Americans don't want to hear about war or talk about war. But with the focus now on Europe, many wonder about our commitment here. Is the United States carrying the biggest part of the load in NATO?

General Haig: Over the last five years America's contributions to the Alliance have declined about 20 percent while European contributions have steadily increased. Here are the facts: If I were to go to war today, assume command and conduct operations, I would get 90 percent of my ground forces from the Europeans; 80 percent of my naval forces and 75 percent of my air forces would come from European countries, not from America. Also, there has been a misunderstanding about the integral dependence American security has on European security and vice versa. We are, for better or worse, and have been, interdependent. Think about this Defense Department study for a moment: If the United States did not participate in the cost-effective, collective security effort of NATO, we would have to spend twice as much as we're spending for defense today to provide comparable security for the United States. So this is a vital enterprise for America's national security.

* * *

A couple of nagging questions remained for the general—especially about the year he spent as Chief of Staff in the Nixon White House in 1973-74—but, knowing that he has steadfastly refused to discuss this duty on countless occasions before, those questions did not come out. Pity the historians, for veteran Washington political observers say that Haig literally ran the country during that period.

Indeed, publishers have reportedly

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offered General Haig more than half a million dollars to recount his version of the last days of the Nixon Administration. The answer is always No.

"If I had been interested in money," he told a friend at the time, "I would have never joined the Army."

Nor will he discuss his future plans. "I'm very happy in my job here," says the Supreme Commander. "Period."

General Haig has been pretty much his own man since the age of ten when his father, a Philadelphia lawyer, died. "I had to scramble around in a variety of jobs to help make ends meet."

He was a pretty good scrambler, for he saved enough money to attend Notre Dame for two years and then won an appointment to West Point where he graduated in the class of 1947. Since that time his career has had a meteoric rise.

Henry Kissinger, his former boss at the White House, says, "Al Haig is sure to become Chief of Staff of the Army or maybe Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. He has all of the attributes: intelligence, diligence, discipline, and experience."

And a former colleague in the Pentagon was equally impressed with this sophisticated Army officer. "Al knows politics, international affairs, and how to get along with people," he remembers admiringly. "He has a first-rate mind, and he is not afraid to speak it. He is a man of great integrity."

General Haig is still very much his own man. Consider the supposed behind-the-scenes brouhaha he had with President Carter over the neutron bomb. Rumor had it that General Haig was prepared to walk off the job if the President didn't approve the manufacture of the bomb for his arsenal.

"It didn't happen like that at all," says a high-level source at NATO. "That's not General Haig's style. He wouldn't think of storming off the job in a 1978 huff, leaving things in turmoil and confusion.

"Here's what happened: Sure he was angry over the bomb decision, and he let the Administration know how he felt. He also let them know that they should be looking around for his replacement—nothing sudden, no hurry. That is Haig's style. Fortunately, wise heads prevailed in Washington and, as we all know, they wanted him to stay on. And he did."

After four years in the top military job overseas, more than a few key diplomats believe the Supreme Commander has been a "knight on a white horse" in Western Europe. And when he "takes off the suit," as General Haig puts it, more than a few very important people are saying he could be a "knight on a white horse" in America—more than equal to any job he took on, including perhaps the Presidency. ☆

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SEP 5

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Frisian Spoken Here

One of the most picturesque provinces of Holland, Friesland is the home of fine hand-painted procelain, fat dairy cows, and Mata Hari.

by Brenda Burrows

All right, I confess. Openly and honestly for all to know: I'm a travel-holic. What's more, I have no desire to be cured. But I also must confess that I detest the necessary nuisances that inhibit my beloved jaunts to faraway places. Nuisances such as updating my passport, applying for visas, converting my not-so-stable U.S. dollars—that sort of thing. And in my usual, unorganized way I postpone the inevitable until the last possible moment. Then, just before it's too late, I begrudgingly sign on the dotted line, muttering to myself all the while, hoping somebody out there will hear my grumbling and miraculously eliminate those pesky details once and for all.

Imagine my delight when I discovered that somebody out there in Friesland, Holland, has done just that. Those smart Frisian folk endeared themselves to me forever when they issued my "Paspoart foar Fryslan" faster than I could say Leeuwarden. No cameras took unflattering 2" x 2" pics. No birth certificates were required to be produced discreetly. (God forbid my traveling companion discover I'd been shaving five years off my age for the last ten years. Or is it ten years shaved during the past five years? How old am I anyway?) It was all so easy. I just slipped a few guldens (approximately $3) to a friendly desk clerk at the Oranje Hotel and I had it! My very own travel document for freedom-loving Friesland. And I didn't even have to sign my name!

Of course, my signature wasn't required because the document is of no official value. As a matter of fact, the "Paspoart" isn't a passport at all; rather, it's an authentic fact- and coupon-filled guide to this unique, out-of-the-way province in northeast Holland.

For centuries, Friesland remained aloof from the rest of The Netherlands—partly because of the area's geographic remoteness, but more so because of Frisian traditions that set the province apart culturally from both north and south Holland. Then, in 1932, the 21-mile-long Afsluitdijk ("Enclosing Dam") was completed, calming the Zuyder Zee and opening four-lane doors to remote Friesland. Since then more and more "foreigners" have been discovering the province and its own special traditions that have been handed down by generations since the Middle Ages.

According to Frisian history books, the people in this tiny province molded the first dikes by moving immense amounts of earth (some say more than 100,000,000 cubic yards) to form mammoth terps or mounds that rose 30 feet above sea level and spanned 45 acres. It was on these terps that the first Frisian churches were erected; *kop-hals-romp* (head-neck-body houses that brought the entire farm under one roof) were built and bravely defended against the Romans, the French, and the relentless, ever-threatening sea.

Gabled mansions rub shoulders along Amsterdam's canals. Built centuries ago by wealthy merchants, many are now pubs and bistro-style restaurants with authentic culinary Dutch treats.

The Frisians insist "defended" is the correct term. They are by nature a tranquil, industrious people who are quite content to farm, raise Frisian cows (no, those black and white animals grazing the flat, green meadows are *not* Holsteins), speak their own language, and maintain their own culture. They seldom go out of their way to begin conflicts, but at the first hint of intervention they will stoutly defend their right to remain free to continue a culture that is unlike any other in The Netherlands.

Their fierce independence and national pride are reflected throughout the countryside by their own red, white, and blue flag, waving beside the official flag of Holland. The road signs, printed in two languages, remind you that Frisian is still spoken by 70 percent of the population of Friesland. When you listen to it, you'll realize the sound bears little resemblance to the dialect spoken in the other Dutch provinces. And Americans will probably find it easier to understand since many of the words translate with little difficulty. "Dream," for instance is the same in Frisian as in English. "Thin" is *tin* and "green" is *grien*.

Other peculiarities are pointed out at the Frisian Museum in

Continued on page 132

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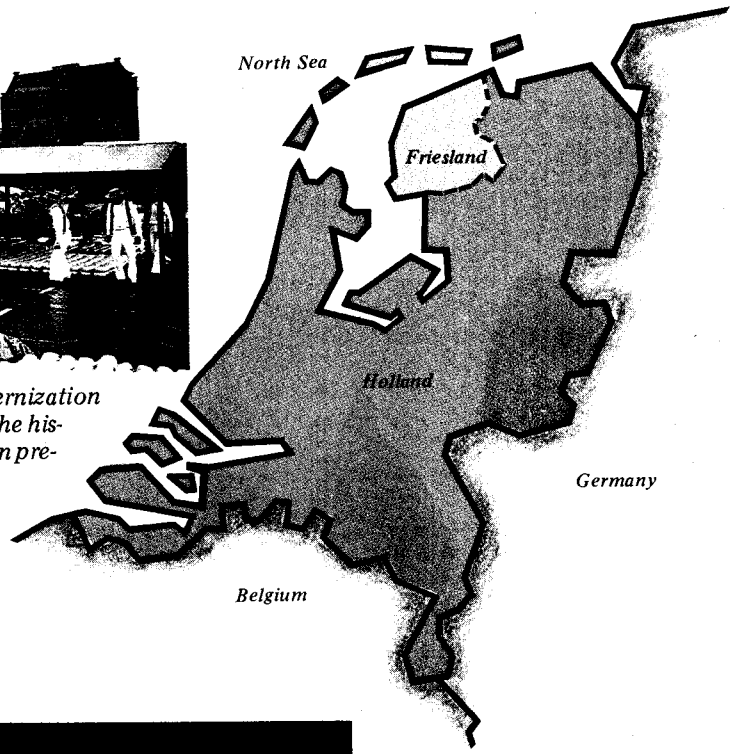
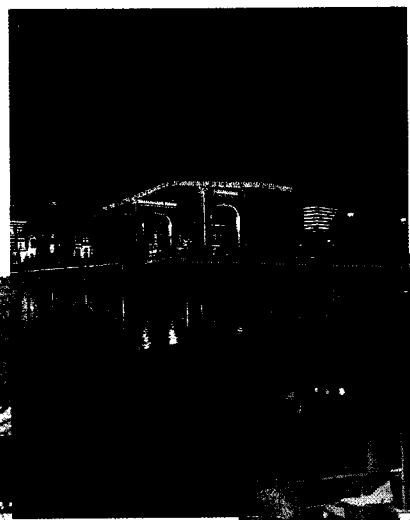
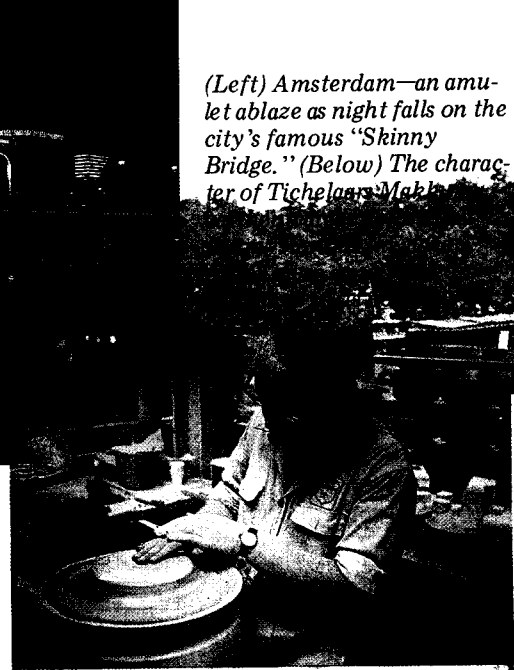


Although expansion and modernization are taking place all around it, the historic heart of Alkmaar has been preserved with great care.





(Left) Amsterdam—an amulet ablaze as night falls on the city's famous "Skinny Bridge." (Below) The character of Tichelaar Makk

Skiffs and lovers of nature are welcomed at Vlieland, but cars are not. Peace and quiet abound on this tiny island, one of four off the Friesland coast.

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Friesland

continued from page 130

Leeuwarden, the largest and capital city of the province, which houses a 36-room display of Frisian folk arts, crafts, paintings, and other views of their civilization over the ages.

Near Leeuwarden is Makkum, the home of Tichelaar's Royal Makkumer Potteries where the finest hand-painted porcelain in all of Holland is made, according to the Frisians. Natives of Delft might disagree—and your guide will magnanimously grant them that right with a knowing grin.

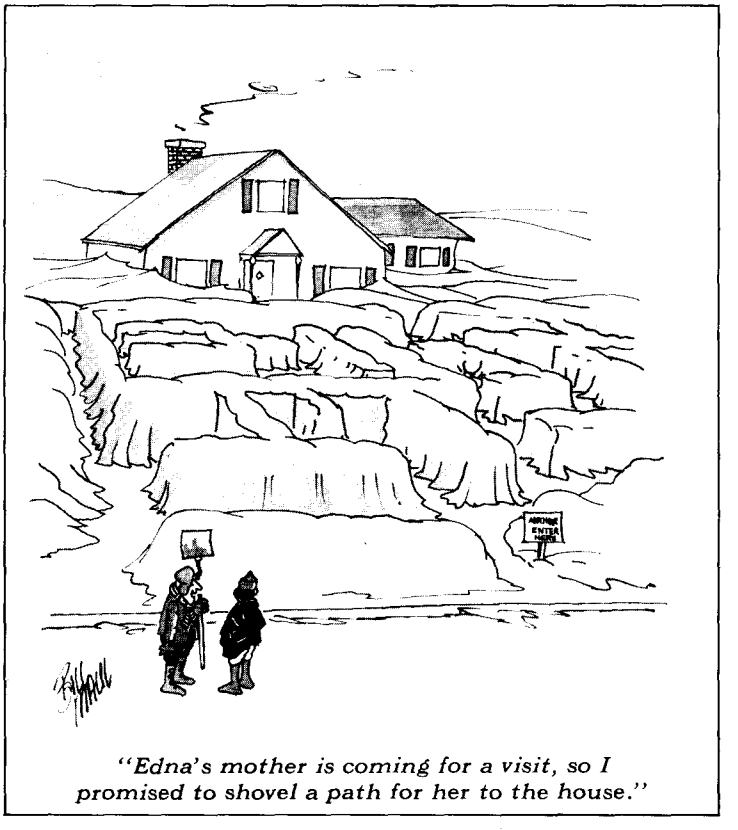
For the Frisians have a sense of humor, too. In fact, their dry wit is in evidence throughout the region from their statues to their folk dances. Even their easy-to-obtain passport is a humorous answer to jokes made by outsiders about the geographic and cultural inaccessibility of the province. Another example of their wit is the monument that sits in the middle of Leeuwarden. Where else but in Friesland would you find a replica of a fat dairy cow smack in the middle of the town square? The statue bears the affectionate name of *Us Mem*—Frisian for "Our Mother." Indeed that symbol does represent one of Friesland's greatest contributions to the world of agriculture. Stock-breeding of the famous black and white cattle led to the Holstein cows we recognize today in the United States. And the area boasts the largest and most modern cow palace in Europe—the Frieslandhal—where cattle sales are conducted every Friday morning. It's been said the cow has played such a big role in the Frisian success story that Dutchmen from the south have been known to tease that of the one million Frisians, half are cows.

A few years ago, however, some citizens felt the joking had gone far enough when a movement was instigated to raise funds for a statue honoring Margaretha Geertuida Zelle. To pay tribute to honorable Frisians such as Peter Stuyvesant who started New York City on its way to becoming the "Big Apple," or Menno Simons who founded the Mennonite Church, was one thing. But to drag out the national skeleton-in-the-closet was quite another. For Margaretha, you see, was a young lass who gained infamy as the notorious Mata Hari. The supporters of the celebrated courtesan won. . .and the statue stands today just outside the gabled house where Margaretha played as a child.

The unique culture of Friesland, her museums (The Princesshof in Leeuwarden offers one of the world's finest displays of Chinese porcelain), and the people themselves make the area a special place to visit.

But her best known attraction has always been her 220-mile coastline and Frisian lakes sought out by avid seamen long before the enclosing dam opened paved routes to the province. Easier access has simply made the area more popular than ever for boating enthusiasts and water sportsmen.

As soon as the lakes freeze hard enough on the mainland, out come the skates, and a seasonal sporting event begins: the 11-town ice-skating race. Winners aren't announced; the acclaim comes from just completing the 120-mile grueling course. Again, it's a matter of pride, and pride is a word that's synonomous with the Frisian way of life.



"Edna's mother is coming for a visit, so I promised to shovel a path for her to the house."

That pride carries over from a time a few centuries ago when the region was wealthier and more grand. The gold, lace-covered casques that are a part of the traditional costumes worn by older Frisian ladies recall the riches of former days when the province was a bustling center of agriculture, shipping, and cattle. In fact, Friesland carried so much clout circa 1782 that her government was able to convince the bankers of Holland to open their vaults to a young man named John Adams who had gone to Friesland to plead for official recognition and loans to assist a newly established nation across the Atlantic called the United States of America. A bronze plaque at The Provinciehuis in Leeuwarden commemorates the event.

The town hall at Franeker is Dutch Renaissance in style and has been standing since 1591. This town is also the home of a planetarium completed in 1781 by a self-educated wool comber named Eise Eisinga in the living room of his home after seven years of painstaking, exacting work. The model still rotates perfectly today and is one of the most popular attractions in the province.

The eccentricities of Friesland should abate the myth that tiny Holland's diversities are limited to tulips, windmills, *klompen* (wooden shoes), and dikes. True, those attractions are significant, but Dutch villages and towns offer even more to be enjoyed. So in search of new discoveries, I ended my Frisian fling and set off south for Alkmaar, a little town that considers itself the cheese capital of the world.

Every Friday morning from April to September, the village square becomes a showcase for row upon row of golden wheels of Gouda and Edam cheeses of all sizes. The wares are displayed in anticipation of the weekly cheese auction, another Dutch tradition that is centuries old. The ritual is reminiscent of a tobacco sale in one of our own Southern states with the auctioneer and buyer outdoing each other in a rapid hand-jive duet as the bidding progresses. The hand-jive culminates in a resounding clap at the end of the bargaining, signifying a deal has been made.

Throughout the bidding, porters in sparkling white costumes topped with brightly colored hats (indicating their respective cheese guilds) team up to ever-so-gently stack the just-purchased cheese on curved red, green, and yellow sleighs and rhythmically trot them off to the Weighing House scales nearby and then casually toss (gasp!) them onto trucks which transport them to the buyer for further aging. I can promise you after spending a Friday morning at Alkmaar, you'll never order a ham and cheese sandwich with the same nonchalance again!

The cheese-tossing spectacle is just

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1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	190,458	214,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	415,221	509,041
C. Total Paid Circulation	605,679	593,041
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or other Means		
1. Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	2,781	3,412
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	508,463	596,453
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11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
Frederick E. Tuttle, President

12. For completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)
39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually, with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."
In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publications named in Item 1 at the phased postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.
Frederick E. Tuttle, President

one of the reasons for a Friday stop at Alkmaar. The auction itself is the hub of all the weekly festivities. Barrel organs grind out merry tunes that float through the temporary stalls displaying the specialities of local craftsmen. You can watch as a chunk of wood is intricately carved into a wooden shoe, or follow the aroma of freshly baked bread and pastries to the nearest bakery shop for a high-calorie, mouth-watering indulgence. If you tarry a bit longer, until noon, you can enjoy an organ recital at Grote Kerk (Church of St. Lawrence), an excellently preserved three-nave cruciform church.

From Alkmaar, the drive to Amsterdam is quick and pleasant. Too quick, in fact, to prepare for the transition from the sixteenth century celebration just left behind to the modern apartment and high-rise buildings of the twentieth century that greet you as you enter the suburbs of Holland's reigning city. The change is especially hard to accept if you know full well that in a few more miles you'll be crossing humpbacked canal bridges that will again take you back a few hundred years.

Amsterdam always surprises me. Every time I return I'm captivated by her antiquity and charm: The narrow, cobblestone streets that wind their way through slim, gabled houses; the hoists punctuating the slanted buildings; the well-manicured and colorful gardens; plus the van Goghs and Rembrandts are all a bit overwhelming. The city's well-preserved age seems to demand a comparatively childish respect.

Then, with the appreciation comes the realization that hustling, bustling Amsterdam is indeed human and right in step with the present day. In fact, it's doubtful that the city would ever raise a sophisticated eyebrow to the same antics her more puritanical Frisian neighbors would deplore!

She's an open and youth-minded city that seems to move to a two-wheeler's beat. And that's a fast and frantic rhythm, my friend! If you doubt it for one instant, try biking through the streets with the Dutch and find out for yourself how quickly those pedals must fly to keep up the pace! But the courageous Dutch continue to depend on their trusty (and sometimes rusty) bicycles to get them where they're going. At times, bikers even seem to outnumber machine-driven four-wheelers as they compete for first place at every traffic signal—even in the rain!

And it rains often in Amsterdam. Complaining about it doesn't help, so just pull your trenchcoat a little tighter and accept the dampness just as the Dutch do. Regardless of the good (rare) or bad (frequent) weather, most residents seem to choose to ignore a situation they can't change. Perhaps that's why they begin every conversation with a *Goed Morgen* or *Goed Avond* greeting.

However, their tendency to disregard the weather is the only subject the Dutch treat with the slightest amount of tact. You'll never have to wonder what your new Dutch friend is thinking. Give him enough time and in his always-curious, outspoken, opinionated way he'll tell you! If you tend to bite your tongue rather than speak your mind, his brusqueness may seem offensive at first. But accept it for what it is. A refreshing "no-games-playing" attitude that pulls few punches and refuses to sacrifice honesty for diplomacy.

Leaving Amsterdam feeling that you've seen everything is probably impossible, no matter how many times you've visited. Browsing through the 40 museums that contribute to her reputation as one of the world's most impressive centers of art and culture could keep you occupied for weeks on end. Even if you never enter one of them (if that's possible), you can spend hours exploring the city on foot or sipping tea at one of the terrace-restaurants overlooking the canal traffic. Or, if you're so inclined, you can pass the time strolling along the spicy Rembrandtsplein (the so-called "red light" district) for a look at the more risque section of the city.

Less adventurous seekers of night life can be entertained by performances of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, The Netherlands Dance Theatre, the National Ballet, or The Netherlands Opera. Or spend hours, literally, savoring every bit served at your *rijsttafel* in one of Amsterdam's fine Indonesian restaurants. If you're in a hurry, stop for a quick *broodjes* (a small roll filled generously with cheese or meat).

Whether you spend your time shopping around Dam Square, gazing at Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, or dining at one of the city's 500 restaurants, end your stay by cruising the famous canals by candlelight. Circles of light from the canal bridges dance on the water while the lights from the undraped, many-paned windows of the seventeenth century gabled houses on the banks respond to create a romantic glow that stays with you.

It stayed with me as I presented my official, signed, up-to-date passport to the uniformed officer at Amsterdam's Schipol Airport. It was still there when I converted my guldens into dollars once again. It grew a little brighter when I tucked my clever "Paspoart foar Fryslan" away with all the other memorabilia I had collected throughout the Dutch countryside. The glow is one of the reasons I remain a travel-holic and refuse to recover. In fact, those trivial, necessary nuisances seem a small price to pay for such an enjoyable, chronic affliction!

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From the October 18, 1924 cover of the Saturday Evening Post . . .

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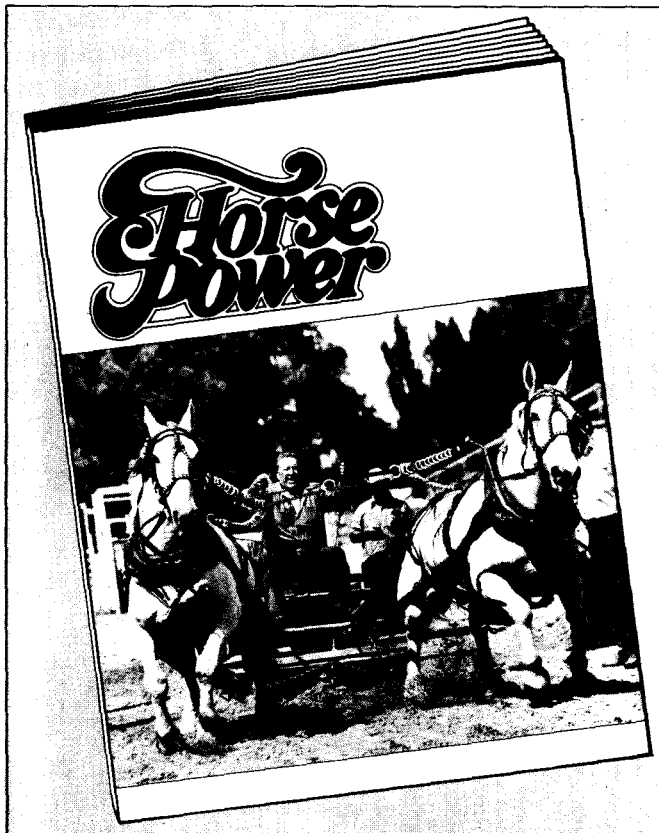

GIDDAP!

IF you or your family like horses, you'll *love* this new book! *Horsepower* is the kind of book you'll read and reread, as it lets you take an armchair visit with more than 150 draft horse owners from throughout the country.

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Stockbridge

continued from page 93

fractious Frank Sinatra turned up meek as a lamb, awed by the honor of a Rockwell portrait.

But when Stockbridge really "took brush in hand" and painted the Norman Rockwell the people loved so well, it was in his eighty-second year, 1976. On his birthday, February 3, 1976, 85 kids from grades one through eight in the Stockbridge Plain School, escorted by their teachers and principal, trooped over to the house on South Street, presented Rockwell with a huge birthday cake, and sang "Happy Birthday" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Norman, always able to get along with kids because he never lost a certain childlike quality, spoke their language as usual in his thanks. Looking at the decorated cake, proudly presented by Marjorie Strider, Brian Wood, and Scott Jenny, he said he was glad that none shared his middle name, which he was pleased to note was missing from the cake. "That's just as well, because I don't like the name of Percevel," he said.

But more and even better things were to come. On May 23, 10,000 spectators and 2,000 participants gathered on Main Street to witness a 90-minute parade in Rockwell's honor, showing *him* this time—via 100 parading units and 25 floats—the Americana he had so many times portrayed for them and the world.

The day was officially declared "Norman Rockwell Day" in town, in committee chairman Charles Piggott's words, "in appreciation of Norman Rockwell's contribution to the great American heritage." I doubt if Norman Rockwell, ever received a more moving tribute.

Stockbridge is too small to have its own newspaper. Stockbridgers read the Pittsfield (Massachusetts) daily *Eagle*. One might think a small town parade of only parochial note in the city newspaper. By no means. The intrepid researcher, generously admitted to the precious files of the *Eagle*, catches in its columns and photos the beat and rhythm of that parade, spreading over both countryside and city.

What a day to remember! Among the marchers and watchers are many of the models who posed for the 317 Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* covers. But perhaps most spectacular of all is the gigantic float reproducing in infinite detail and magnificent style the most famous Rockwell cover of all, *The Doctor and the Doll*. Here is the cover of the March 9, 1929, *Post*, framed in huge logs with the bark still on them. Here are the fireplace and its crowded mantel as seen in that famous painting. And now here is no less than Dr. Donald R. Campbell of Stockbridge, seated in his rocking chair, practitioner's bag at his feet, stethoscope around his neck. Standing tearfully before him is the child who has won a million hearts, the little girl personified here by Beth Anne Bone of nearby Interlaken. Beth hopefully holds out her precious little doll for the doctor's attention as he gravely and sweetly tests the beat of its heart. The scene takes place in front of the mantel, just as in the painting. Both are situated on an honest-to-goodness oval hooked rug, the genuine article, about ten feet in diameter, made by loving hands in Stockbridge. And here come other Rockwell scenes, recaptured on floats: *Homecoming*, a serviceman's return; another medical scene, a little boy in a doctor's office for a backside injection (for which another Stockbridge child originally posed); the touching teacher's birthday party, staged by the Stockbridge Parents-Teachers Association.

The Rockwells were ensconced on a flat-bed truck in front of the Red Lion Inn and took in every second of the parade. When it was all over, the 82-year-old hero of the day sighed and said, "I'm tired but proud."

Stockbridge still talks about what must be Norman Rockwell's most generous gesture of all time. He submitted himself as a model to an art class of 18 ladies who reached for the stars in attempting to do him justice with their work. Somewhere in

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Heaven a halo awaits him for the magnanimity of his comments on their efforts. "I wish I could draw as freely as this." "A skillful piece of fine drawing." "Ain't I the colorful guy?" "I love this one in color."

Now that Rockwell has gone, I think, for a while there will probably be a hush over Stockbridge.

In his last months, the people who flocked on its sidewalks and into its stores were treated to a delicious sense of presence. Main Street has made one or two concessions to the scene in other self-consciously stylish resorts. As in so many other New England towns, Stockbridge has a little gem of an abandoned railroad station, just across the bridge from the Rockwell house, with a single line of track shining its way across the valley to a fieldstone station with a high and almost gabled roof. You can almost see the jitneys there, waiting to take the arrivals up the hill to the Red Lion. Stockbridge isn't going to let this little landmark get away. There is a tiny activity center starting up there, a couple of shops and the like, and no doubt a mall will materialize there on the bank of the Housatonic, and perhaps a little restaurant in the station, and become the most bosky little dell this side of Arcady. There is also a real arcade off Main where visitors may stroll and catch an informal bite to eat, and while in this pleasant former alley, bask in the many aspects of Rockwelliana—prints, reproductions, and sometimes steeply priced photographs of his work in limited editions, the tag going way up there especially when it is a signed copy. (One such is for sale in Manchester, Vermont—just a print, mind you—with his original signature attached, for $12,000. A man I spoke to was seriously considering purchasing it.) Somehow, it made it just a little more precious to the visitor and would-be purchaser to know that *he* was just a few steps away in the little white frame house on South, perhaps watching them as they watched him. The interrelationship was just a wisp of fantasy in the air, perhaps: But it was there just the same. Rockwell himself probably never had an inkling that such a thing was happening. He would have called the simple reality an over-40 statement.

Understatement, verbally, was the Rockwell way. He spoke most eloquently with his brushes. Norman Rockwell always turned away praise for his painting skills with the phrase: "I'm just an illustrator."

There are even some who hesitate to place him among the greats in pictorial art. But centuries ago there was another man who bore much criticism during his lifetime for his artistic concepts. He too was an "illustrator." Michelangelo by name, he painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in St. Peter's Basilica, showing God in the midst of all His creations.

So, if we believe that the America of Norman Rockwell is among those creations, we can truly say that there could scarcely be a higher calling than to "illustrate" this land of ours.

Like his neighbors in Stockbridge, generations to come will look at the paintings of this man, as we do here and now, and say in gratitude: "*It was nobly done.*" ☒

Picked and Precious

To be adopted is not a secret to be kept with shame. It is a glory to be shouted to the sky. It means you were not an accident to be taken care of with regrets, but picked and precious in the picking, you were on a loving wanted list.

If you are adopted, it means you were not chosen for a party, a game, or an afternoon, but for a lifetime. That pulsebeat of joy in your mother's eyes says you were a rose plucked from a glorious garden of little angels; homeless but not unwanted, tightly bound, not by flesh and blood, but by a great cohesion called love. Can you, an adopted child, be loved as much as if you were not adopted? Why not? Your adoptive parents are not flesh of flesh, or blood of blood, yet they are one.

—*V. Neil Wyrick*

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Gestures

continued from page 24

until we found Vern's Coffee Shop, where they served the best grilled English muffins in the world. Sometimes there was little talk over our eggs; at other times we revealed to each other profound emotions which no one else ever saw. That breakfast ritual helped us through the stormy adolescent years. My son is a grown man now and lives in another city, but when he comes home the family understands that the two of us must repair to Vern's at least once during his stay.

The Power of Thoughtfulness

"The roots of the deepest love," wrote Herder, "die in the heart if not tenderly cherished." The power of the miniscule act of kindness is that it demonstrates that you have not taken your beloved for granted. You took the time to think what might bring the other a moment of happiness. Gelett Burgess sent a friend a book, which she promptly acknowledged. But two months afterward she wrote another letter, telling him what she thought of the book, proving that she had read it. "She had the educated heart," Burgess writes, "for to such persons thanks are something like mortgages, to be paid in installments."

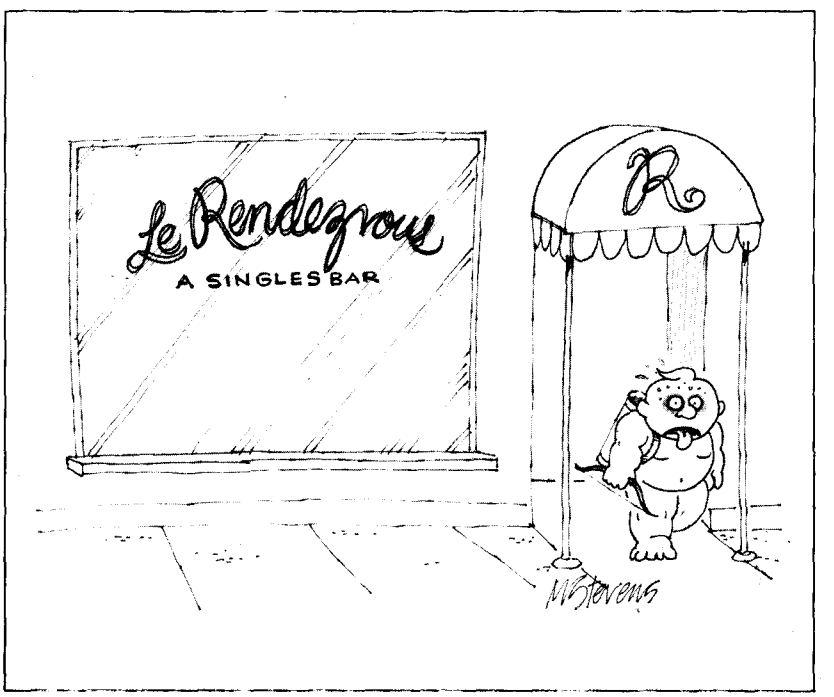
The Art of Giving Gifts

There is an art to one of the oldest gestures of love—the giving of gifts. It is not the lavishness of the gift which bespeaks the most love, as some mistakenly suppose. Rather, it is the thoughtfulness.

My wife's mind is always on the prowl to discover people's little preferences, and that quality makes her the best gift-giver I have ever known. The pen with which I am writing this article, for instance, cost less than a dollar, yet it is one of her innumerable little presents to me. She overheard me saying how nicely a borrowed felt-tipped pen wrote but that I could not find the brand in any store. So she began shopping, and a few days later I had on my desk a reminder of the way she thinks of me often during her waking day.

Exchanging gifts is an important gesture even among animals. For instance, Empididae—the common flies one sees dancing in clouds in the heavy summer air—have an elaborate courtship ritual. When the male goes courting he makes a selection of choice food dainties, wraps them in a shimmering, quicksilvery bubble of silk, and presents them to his desired partner.

Adélie penguins of the Antarctic do not have much choice in selecting love gifts in their barren land. But the male penguin searches among the stones and pebbles until he finds a smooth one, and then he waddles to his lady and lays that humble treasure at her feet.



Dr. Lars Granberg, now a well-known psychologist and college president, was a struggling graduate student in Chicago during the first years of his marriage, and his wife worked hard at her job to support the two of them.

"It was tough on my pride to be so poor and to have my wife working to put me through school," said Granberg, "but I hit on a little investment that made me feel better. At one of the elevated railway stops on my way home at night, an old Italian florist had a small shop. I got off the train there for a minute every evening and bought a rose from him for a quarter. The old man began to look for me and would have the flower ready so that I could hop off the train, hand him the quarter, and get back on the same train before it pulled away. When I came in the door at night with my briefcase in one hand and that flower in the other, my wife would throw her arms around me and tell me how that meant more to her than three dozen bouquets."

Part of the richness one feels in the best relationships is due to such memories garnered over the years. Memories of favors done back and forth, tools lent, errands done, articles clipped for the other to read—all a thousand tiny statements of love.

Kindness Becoming Second Nature

Someone has said that the test of a great man is the way he treats little people, and if one can develop the habit of looking for gestures which build good will, it can become second nature. Birch Foracker was for many years an officer of New York's Bell Telephone Company. He had a reputation for walking out of the theater on a cold night and crawling down into a manhole in the middle of the street. Why? To make sure the crew working down there was all right on a blustery winter's night, and to express his appreciation for their work. Acts such as that may not take more than 60 seconds, but they make a person greatly beloved.

"It is insufficiently considered how much of human life passes in little incidents," Samuel Johnson wrote in one of his wise essays. Our lives are shaped and directed by the accumulation of many common events, and all of us can take time for more gestures of love. ☒

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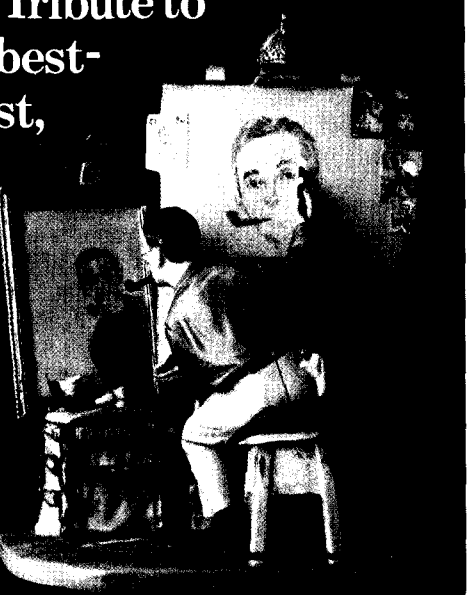
The Cordura Fine Arts Commission Proudly and Respectfully presents a Memorial Tribute to America's best-loved artist, Norman Rockwell 1894-1978



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Probably more than any other artist, Norman Rockwell has earned his special place in the hearts of millions of Americans. For more than sixty years, Rockwell has chronicled American life with exceptional insight and warm humor. Few of us remain untouched by his picture stories on the adjustments of youth, the joys and sorrows of family life, of pride in country, history and heritage. Presidents and the penniless alike have been expressed in the inimitable Rockwell style. Now you, too, can share in the priceless legacy of this extraordinarily gifted American artist.

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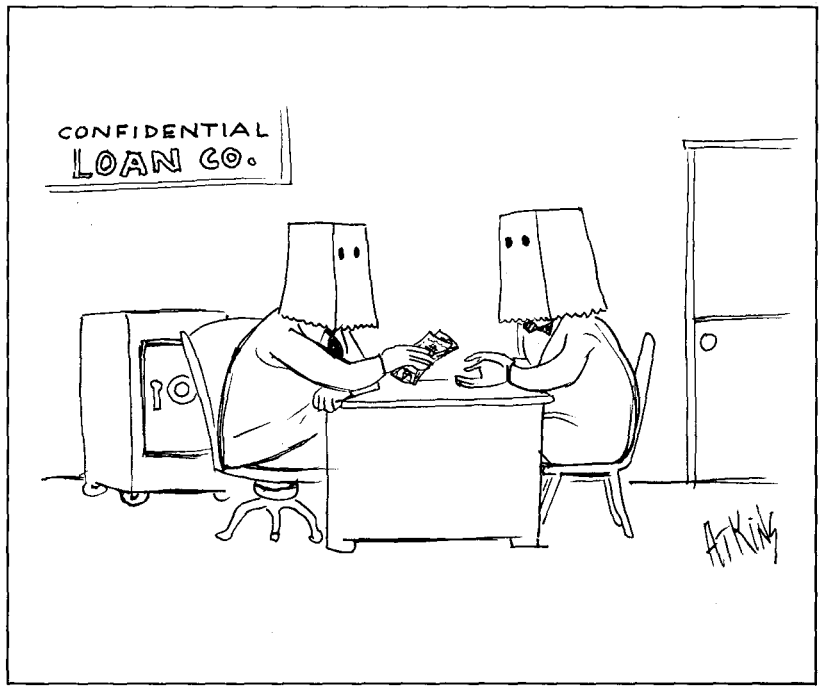
Friendship

continued from page 28

tranquil, rational world of relationships freely chosen—you got away from all that. This alone, of all the loves, seemed to raise you to the level of gods or angels.

Friendship arises out of mere Companionship when two or more of the companions discover that they have in common some insight or interest or even taste which the others do not share and which, till that moment, each believed to be his own unique treasure (or burden). We can imagine that among those early hunters and warriors single individuals—one in a century? one in a thousand years?—saw what others did not; saw that the deer was beautiful as well as edible, that hunting was fun as well as necessary, dreamed that his gods might be not only powerful but holy. But as long as each of these percipient persons dies without finding a kindred soul, nothing (I suspect) will come of it; art or sport or spiritual religion will not be born. It is when two such persons discover one another, when, whether with immense difficulties and semiarticulate fumblings or with what would seem to us amazing and elliptical speed, they share their vision—it is then that Friendship is born. And instantly they stand together in an immense solitude.



Lovers seek for privacy. Friends find this solitude about them, this barrier between them and the herd, whether they want it or not. They would be glad to reduce it. The first two would be glad to find a third.

In our own time Friendship arises in the same way. For us, of course, the shared activity and therefore the companionship on which Friendship supervenes will not often be a bodily one like hunting or fighting. It may be a common religion, common studies, a common profession, even a common recreation. All who share it will be our companions; but one or two or three who share something more will be our Friends. In this kind of love, as Emerson said, *Do you love me?* means *Do you see the same truth?*—or at least, "Do you *care about* the same truth?"

Notice that Friendship thus repeats on a more individual and less socially necessary level the character of the Companionship which was its matrix. The Companionship was between people who were doing something together—hunting, studying, painting, or what you will. The Friends will still be doing something together, but something more inward, less widely shared and less easily defined; still hunters, but of some immaterial quarry; still collaborating, but in some work the world does not, or not yet, take account of; still traveling companions, but on a different kind of journey. Hence we picture lovers face to face but Friends side by side; their eyes look ahead.

That is why those pathetic people who simply "want friends" can never make any. The very condition of having Friends is that we should want something else besides Friends. Where the truthful answer to the question *Do you see the same truth?* would be "I see nothing and I don't care about the truth; I only want a Friend," no Friendship can arise—though Affection, of course, may. There would be nothing for the Friendship to be *about*; and Friendship must be about something, even if it were only an enthusiasm for dominoes or white mice. Those who have nothing can share nothing; those who are going nowhere can have no fellow travelers.

It could be argued that Friendships are of practical value to the community. Every civilized religion began in a small group of friends. Mathematics effectively began when a few Greek friends got together to talk about numbers and lines and angles. What is now the Royal Society was originally a few gentlemen meeting in their spare time to discuss things which they (and not many others) had a fancy for. What we now call "the Romantic Movement" once *was* Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge talking incessantly (at least Mr. Coleridge was) about a secret vision of their own. Communism, Tractarianism, Methodism, the government against slavery, the Reformation, the Renaissance might perhaps be said, without much exaggeration, to have begun in the same way.

There is something in this. But nearly every reader would probably think some of these movements good for society and some bad. The whole list, if accepted, would tend to show, at best, that Friendship is both a possible benefactor and a possible danger to the community. And even as a benefactor it would have, not so much survival value, as what we may call "civilization value"; would be something (in Aristotelian phrase) which helps the community not to live but to live well. Survival value and civilization value coincide at some periods and in some circumstances, but not in all. What at any rate seems certain is that when Friendship bears fruit which the community can use it has to do so accidentally, as a by-product.

Others again would say that Friendship is extremely useful, perhaps necessary for survival, to the individual. They could produce plenty of authority: "Bare is back without brother behind it" and "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." But when we speak thus we are using *friend* to mean "ally." In ordinary usage *friend* means, or should mean, more than that. A Friend will, to be sure, prove himself to be also an ally when alliance becomes necessary; will lend or give when we are in need, nurse us in sickness, stand up for us among our enemies, do what he can for our widows and orphans. But such good offices are not the stuff of Friendship. For Friendship is utterly free from

Continued on following page

By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend on the corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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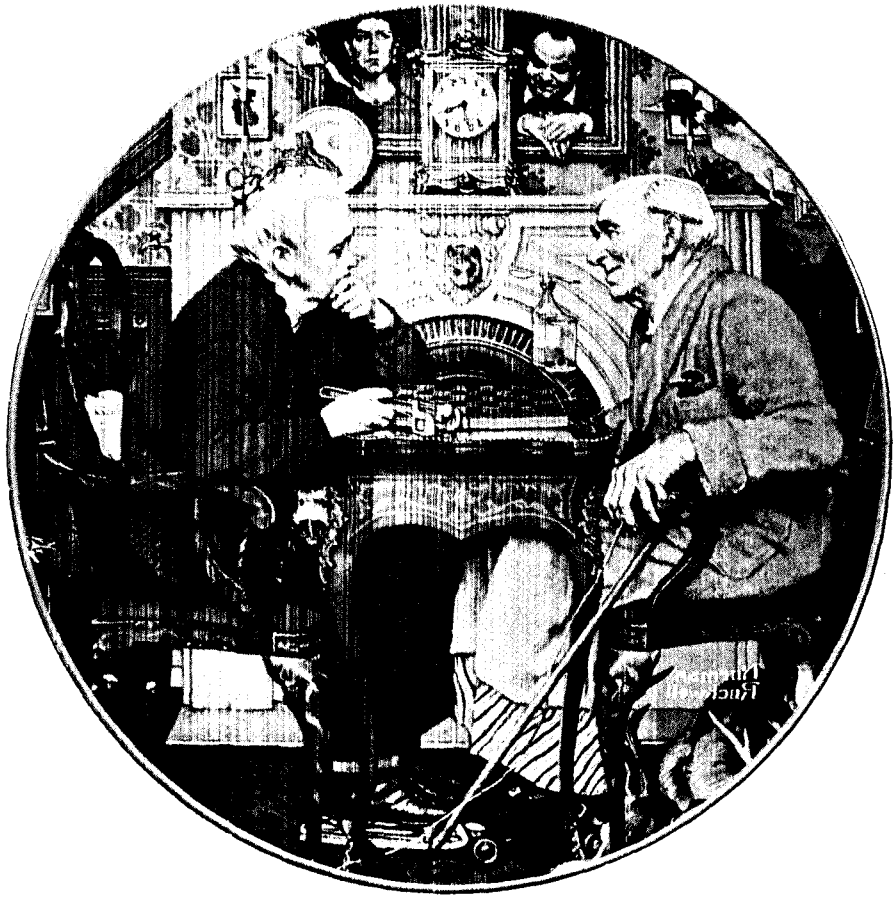

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Affection's need to be needed. Even gratitude is no enrichment to this love. The stereotyped "Don't mention it" here expresses what we really feel. The mark of perfect Friendship is not that help will be given when the pinch comes (of course it will) but that, having been given, it makes no difference at all. It was a distraction, an anomaly.

I have no duty to be anyone's Friend and no man in the world has a duty to be mine. No claims, no shadow of necessity. Friendship is unnecessary, like philosophy, like art, like the universe itself (for God did not need to create). It has no survival value; rather it is one of those things which give value to survival.

I have, I hope, made clear why to me at least it seems no wonder if our ancestors regarded Friendship as something that raised us almost above humanity. This love, free from instinct, free from all duties but those which love has freely assumed, almost wholly free from jealousy, and free without qualification from the need to be needed, is eminently spiritual. It is the sort of love one can imagine between angels. Have we here found a natural love which is Love itself?

Before we rush to any such conclusion let us beware of the ambiguity in the word *spiritual*. There are many New Testament contexts in which it means "pertaining to the (Holy) Spirit," and in such contexts the spiritual is, by definition, good. But when *spiritual* is used simply as the opposite of corporeal, or instinctive, or animal, this is not so. There is spiritual evil as well as spiritual good. There are unholy as well as holy angels. The worst sins of men are spiritual. We must not think that in finding Friendship to be *spiritual* we have found it to be in itself holy or inerrant. Some significant facts remain to be taken into account.

The first, already mentioned, is the distrust which Authorities tend to have of close Friendships among their subjects. It may be unjustified; or there may be some basis for it.

Secondly, there is the attitude of the majority toward all circles of close Friends. Every name they give such a circle is more or less derogatory. It is at best a "set"; lucky if not a "coterie," a "gang," a "little senate," or a "mutual admiration society." Those who in their own lives know only Affection, Companionship, and Eros, suspect Friends to be "stuck-up prigs who think themselves too good for us." Of course this is the voice of Envy. But Envy always brings the truest charge, or the charge nearest to the truth, that she can think up; it hurts more. This charge, therefore, will have to be considered.

The mass of the people, who are never quite right, are never quite wrong. They are hopelessly mistaken in their belief that every knot of friends came into existence for the sake of the pleasures of conceit and superiority. They are, I trust, mistaken in their belief that every Friendship actually indulges in these pleasures. But they would seem to be right in diagnosing pride as the danger to which Friendships are naturally liable. Just because this is the most spiritual of loves the danger which besets it is spiritual, too. Friendship is even, if you like, angelic. But man needs to be triply protected by humility if he is to eat the bread of angels without risks.

Perhaps we may now hazard a guess why Scripture uses Friendship so rarely as an image of the highest love. It is already, in actual fact, too spiritual to be a good symbol of Spiritual things. The highest does not stand without the lowest. God can safely represent Himself to us as Father and Husband because only a lunatic would think that He is physically our sire or that His marriage with the Church is other than mystical. But if Friendship were used for this purpose we might mistake the symbol for the thing symbolized. The danger inherent in it would be aggravated. We might be further encouraged to mistake that nearness (by resemblance) to the heavenly life which Friendship certainly displays for a nearness of approach.

Friendship, then, like the other natural loves, is unable to save itself. In reality, because it is spiritual and therefore faces a subtler enemy, it must, even more wholeheartedly than they, invoke the divine protection if it hopes to remain sweet. For unless our lives are to be miserably impoverished it must be for us in our Friendships as it was for Christiana and her party in *The Pilgrim's Progress*:

"They seemed to be a terror one to the other, for that they could not see that glory each one on herself which they could see in each other. Now therefore they began to esteem each other better than themselves. For you are fairer than I am, said one; and you are more comely than I am, said another."

There is in the long run only one way in which we can taste this illustrious experience with safety. And Bunyan has indicated it in the same passage. It was in the House of the Interpreter, after they had been bathed, sealed, and freshly clothed in "White Raiment," that the women saw one another in this light. If we remember the bathing, sealing, and robing, we shall be safe. And the higher the common ground of the Friendship is, the more necessary the remembrance. In an explicitly religious Friendship, above all, to forget it would be fatal.

For then it will seem to us that we—we four or five—have chosen one another, the insight of each finding the intrinsic beauty of the rest. The other loves do not invite the same illusion. But in Friendship, we think we have chosen our peers. In reality, a few years' difference in the dates of our births, a few more miles between certain houses, the choice of one university instead of another—any of these chances might have kept us apart. But, for a Christian, there are, strictly speaking, no chances. A secret Master of the Ceremonies has been at work. Christ, who said to the disciples, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," can truly say to every group of Christian friends, "You have not chosen one another, but I have chosen you for one another." ☒

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by John Bryan, Director
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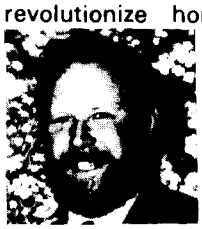

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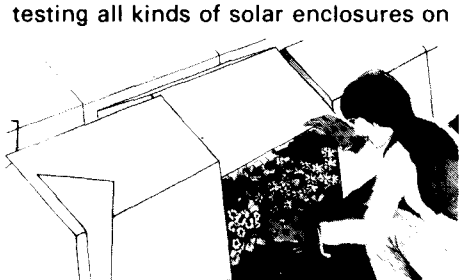

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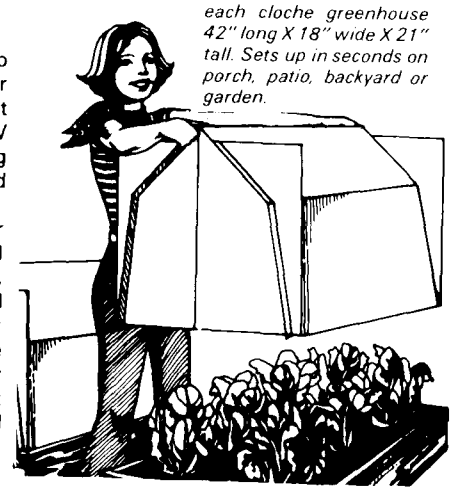

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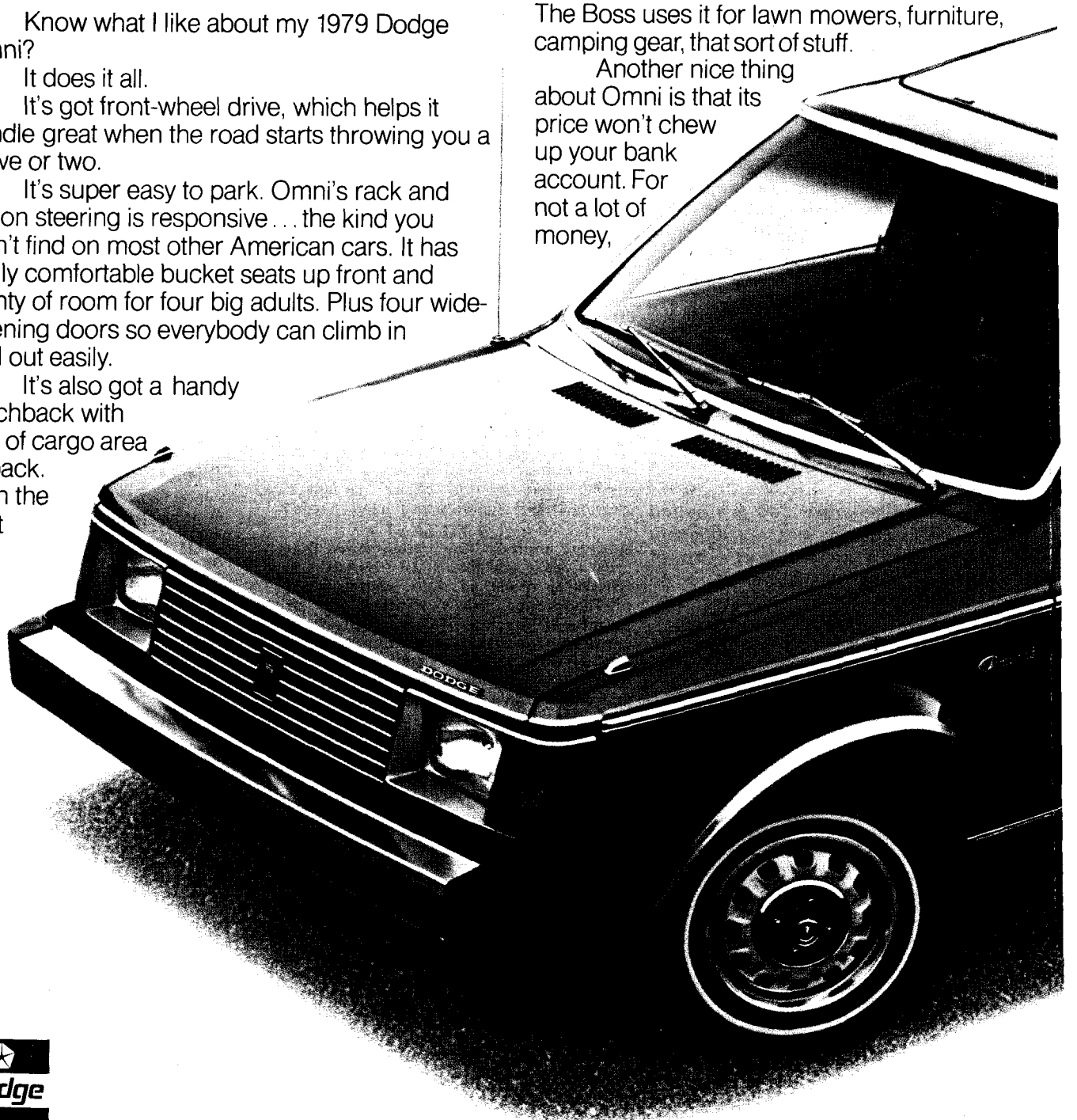

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